The Children's Wonder Book

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THE DREAM PEDLER.

The Children's

Wonder Book

Tales of Marvel, Mystery, and Merriment

BY

POPULAR STORY-TELLERS

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THE CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK.

THE DREAM PEDLER.

UP the streets of Slumber-town
Comes the crier with his bell;
Calling softly, up and down,
"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell!
Will the children choose to buy?
Such a world of them have I.

"Here are dreams for merry spring,
Fashioned where the blossoms wake;
Where the fields and meadows ring
With the songs the breezes make;
Dreams, O! Dreams, O! come and buy;
Who has merrier dreams than I?

"Here's a dream that winter brought
From his palaces of snow;

Well his frozen fingers wrought
  All its wonders long ago,
When the stars shone, pure and bright,
On your blessed Christmas night!

"Here are dreams for summer sleep;
  Fancies light as thistle-spray,
Woven where the fairies keep
  Carnival and holiday;
Dreams here! Dreams here! buy and try;
Who has daintier dreams than I?

"Dreams to sell in Slumber-town!
  Sure you'll buy these glowing dreams!
Warp and woof of red and brown
  Chosen from the autumn's gleams!
Ah, no pedler far or nigh
Sells such gorgeous dreams as I!"

On the streets of Slumber-town
  Ever sounds a silver bell,
As the crier wanders down
  With his curious wares to sell,
Crying softly: "Come and buy!
Who has sweeter dreams than I?"

"HERE ARE DREAMS."

CINDERELLA UP-TO-DATE.

CINDERELLA couldn't find her slipper. It was a glass slipper which her fairy godmother had given her along with a magnificent ball costume and the loan of a coach and six from the livery-stable. In point of fact, there had been a pair of slippers, and very pretty they were; only they were rather hard, and when Cinderella tried to dance in them at the court ball, they hurt her toes dreadfully; besides, they were so smooth that her feet kept sliding away from under her, and that was awkward, especially as she had the Prince for her partner. The Prince was a polite young man, and he told Cinderella that she skated beautifully, only he found it hard to keep up with her because he had left his own roller-skates at home. But Cinderella explained that it was only her glass slippers which would make her wander around, and she begged permission to take them off while she was dancing; so she did, and danced all the evening in her stocking-feet, and I am sure she danced very nicely, too. She enjoyed

herself so much that she forgot her promise to be home by midnight; so when the clock struck twelve, she was quite frightened, and hurried away as fast as she could go. It must have been then that she lost her left slipper. She remembered picking up both of them and slipping them in the pocket of her gown; but when she came to look for them in the morning, she could only find one. Now, Cinderella was very proud of those slippers, though they did pinch her feet; and she hunted high and low for the missing one. She turned all the bureau drawers topsy-turvy; she looked in all the vases, and behind the pictures, and in the canary-bird's cage; she even lit a kerosene lamp and looked down cellar; but not a sign of that slipper could she find. All this made her neglect her kitchen work. Cinderella's wicked sisters scolded her because breakfast was late, and they complained that the mutton-chops were burned and the buckwheat-cakes were heavy. But, by and by, they went off to their dressmaker's, and then Cinderella looked in their room, thinking they might have been mean enough to steal the slipper; but it was not there. It occurred to her

that she might have dropped it in the carriage; so she went to the corner drug-store and bought a postal card, and wrote to the owner of the livery-stable, asking him to look. She got an answer by the next morning's mail. The man said he was very sorry, but the carriage had unfortunately turned into a pumpkin and the horses into mice; he had looked inside the pumpkin before it was made into pies, but had found only pumpkin seeds.

When she read that, Cinderella just sat down and cried.

She dried her eyes presently, and went out for a walk. While she was walking she met Robinson Crusoe. He was dressed in a magnificent suit of goatskin, with the hair hanging about his waist and knees; he had an axe and a saw in his girdle, and a great goatskin umbrella over his head, and he carried four or five muskets across his shoulder; his parrot was perched on one of the muskets, and his tame kid walked behind.

"Good afternoon," said Robinson Crusoe; "are you Beauty?"

Cinderella blushed and hung her head a little. "Some people say I am," she answered. "Are you the Beast?"

"I'm afraid I look like it, my dear," said Crusoe; "but it isn't my fault; I live in a desert island and keep the only dry-goods store in the place; it's a very fine store, but just now we're all out of cloth, so I'm obliged to content myself with goatskins. I'm expecting another shipwreck soon, and then we can replenish."

"Why don't you go to one of the big Sixth Avenue stores?" asked Cinderella. "My godmother always does her shopping at one of those places."

"Oh, my dear! that would never do; what would all the boys and girls say if I got my clothes in such an irregular way? Besides, I have no money except Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight, and I believe they're not current at present."

"Please," asked Cinderella, "have you seen a little glass slipper anywhere?"

"No," said Crusoe, "I don't think I have. I saw the print of a man's foot down by the seashore, but there were no signs of a slipper about it."

"It's not a man's slipper I'm looking for," said Cinderella; "I've lost one of my own slippers, and I can't find it anywhere. I'm sure I had it on at the court ball; I took it off because it was so uncomfortable to dance in."

"Perhaps you left it there," suggested Crusoe. "Why don't you telephone up to the palace and ask?"

"I would," sobbed Cinderella, "only I'm so ashamed of my carelessness. What would the Prince think of me? He said he did admire a good, careful housekeeper above all things."

"I'm sorry," said Robinson kindly; "if you'll come over to my hut perhaps I can fit you with a goatskin pair; I'm sure they'd be softer than glass, and probably warmer."

"I don't want goatskin slippers," said Cinderella, pouting; "I want my own glass slipper."

"It is very unfortunate," said Robinson Crusoe. "I can't think of anything else, unless you advertise in the paper. But I must really say good-by now; I'm told that several canoe-loads of cannibals are in sight, and I must go to the top of the hill where I can

watch them through my perspective glass," and he hurried off.

Cinderella sat down on a log, feeling very sad. She buried her face in her hands, and thought bitterly of her loss.

"What's the matter?" asked a soft voice. Cinderella looked around and saw Little Red Riding-hood, in her scarlet cloak, with a basket on her arm.

"Have you found a glass slipper?" asked Cinderella.

"No," said Red Riding-hood; "have you lost one?"

"I lost it yesterday; such a beautiful glass slipper, you can't think! Maybe it's in this wood; do help me to find it; that's a dear girl!"

"I would," said Red Riding-hood, "but I'm afraid to go into the wood again; there's a wolf there. Do you know," she added confidentially, "I had quite a narrow escape this morning. I met the wolf, but fortunately he had just eaten my grandmother, and he really had no room for another meal. He looked dreadfully fierce, and he had my grandmother's night-cap and spectacles on; but he didn't eat me; wasn't it lucky?"

"Indeed it was," said Cinderella warmly; "lucky for you, I mean," she added; "but perhaps it was a

"THE PRINCE TOLD HER SHE SKATED BEAUTIFULLY."

little unpleasant for your grandmother. Was she very old?"

"About eighty. We always said it was careless of her, living in that lonely house, with no lock on the door, but only a latch-string. The wolf got in by pulling the latch-string, and he ate my poor grandmother in bed."

"When is the funeral?" asked Cinderella.

"I don't know yet," answered Red Riding-hood; "you see, we don't know just how to arrange matters until somebody kills the wolf."

"I'll do that!" cried a voice near them. It was Jack the Giant-killer; he had on a fine suit of clothes, and carried a tremendous great sword which he kept flourishing all the while; it made Cinderella and Red Riding-hood quite afraid of him.

"If you please, sir," said Red Riding-hood, "I should like very much to have the wolf killed; but I'm afraid it wouldn't be safe for you."

"Oh! perfectly safe; a mere bit of sport;" and Jack the Giant-killer swaggered around and slashed with his sword worse than ever. "A wolf is nothing at all beside some of the giants I have killed. By the way, can't I rescue any poor lady from the wolf's den?"

"I don't know," said Red Riding-hood; "the wolf has eaten my grandmother already, so I don't see how you are going to rescue her."

"It is difficult, but perhaps not impossible; nothing is impossible to me," said Jack the Giant-killer, with another swagger. "Is it long since the poor lady was eaten?"

"It was only this morning. Oh! do rescue her, if you can," pleaded Red Riding-hood.

Just then a little girl ran screaming out of the wood, her long yellow hair flying behind her.

"A fair lady in distress!" cried Jack the Giant-killer. "To the rescue!" and he rushed about, making a great show of peering among the bushes for a giant or a dragon. Then he led the little girl up, holding her hand above her head, as if he were walking an old-fashioned minuet.

"Why! it's Little Goldilocks," exclaimed Cinderella; "what can be the matter?"

"Matter enough," cried Goldilocks; "you'd be frightened yourself if you saw a great big bear and a middle-sized bear and a little wee bear altogether."

"Bears!" exclaimed Jack the Giant-killer. "Really, this wood is very interesting. And now I think of it, they want to buy some bears and wolves for the Central Park menagerie. I must see if I can't turn an honest penny in this business." With that he screwed his face into a scowl which he imagined to be a look of fierce resolution, and pulling a bit of whetstone from his pocket, he began to sharpen the sword, with an immense parade. Cinderella couldn't help thinking that he boasted too much; and though he had very pretty clothes and a fine sword, she liked the Prince much better.

Presently Jack bowed to them and ran off into the wood, slashing and prancing, throwing his sword up into the air and catching it as it came down. But he had scarcely been gone a minute before he appeared again, this time scampering for dear life, with his sword trailing behind.

"It's coming!" he panted; "save yourselves, ladies, or you will be devoured."

"What's coming?" asked Cinderella, in great alarm.

"A wolf! or a bear! or — or something! Oh! there it is! Save me! save me!" Jack the Giant-killer didn't

look a bit heroic as he dodged about, trying to get behind Little Goldilocks. At length he dropped his sword and began to climb a tree; but he only got half-way up the trunk, and there he stuck.

The girls all screamed and were going to run away, but Red Riding-hood happened to look around, and saw something trotting out of the wood. When she saw it, she stopped and sat down on the grass, and just laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks; and whenever she began to recover herself she looked up and burst out with new peals of laughter. It was really quite delightful; only Jack the Giant-killer, looking down from where he was clinging, didn't like it a bit.

"What are you laughing about?" he growled.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear me!" panted Red Riding-hood; "oh! it's too funny for anything. Why, that isn't a wolf at all; ha, ha! nor a bear! it's only just Mary's Little Lamb."

"Are you certain?" asked Jack, in a trembling voice. But sure enough, the Lamb came running out when Red Riding-hood called it, and laid its head in her lap; it knew her very well, and liked her almost as much as it did its own mistress.

"I ain't afraid of it!" screamed Jack the Giant-killer, in a great passion. He slid down the tree, tearing his fine clothes in two or three places; then he caught up his sword. "I'll kill it!" he bellowed.

JACK UP A TREE.

Red Riding-hood jumped up. "If you do, I'll slap your face!" she cried very fiercely; and then she began to sob.

"And I'll pull your hair," chimed in Little Goldilocks, crying also.

"And I'll scratch you and stick pins into you," added Cinderella. She was older than the rest, and didn't cry a bit.

Jack the Giant-killer scowled and swaggered; but by this time they knew what his courage amounted to. So Cinderella and Red Riding-hood and Little Goldilocks and the Lamb all ran right at him, and they scared him so that he

fairly took to his heels and fled; and that was the last they ever saw of him.

"The great coward," said Red Riding-hood, "to take Mary's Little Lamb for a wolf or a bear!" and she fondled the Lamb lovingly.

"Oh! but there are really true bears in the wood," said Goldilocks; "I saw them, and they were dreadful."

"Did any of them have a glass slipper?" asked Cinderella.

"I don't know," said Goldilocks; "but they had nice chairs and beds, and excellent porridge. I'm very fond of porridge when it's neither too hot nor too cold."

"I don't like porridge," remarked Cinderella; "cracked wheat mush is ever so much better."

"Or oatmeal," said Red Riding-hood. "Grandma always ate oatmeal for breakfast before the wolf ate her."

"By the way," asked Cinderella, "do your folks use saracella in house-cleaning? I saw an advertisement of it at the court ball."

"Sold by all grocers," squeaked a little fellow at their feet. He was a very little man, so small that they had not noticed him before; and he was busy pasting advertisements on all the trees and fences and houses.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Goldilocks. The advertisements were mostly about soap, and indigo, and patent medicines.

"I do it to improve the landscape," said the little man; "and to teach the children to read; and I'm paid for it."

"How much do they pay you?" asked Cinderella.

"Sometimes more, sometimes less. Yesterday they gave me a bean."

"A bean!" exclaimed Cinderella. "Isn't that very poor pay?"

"That depends on how you look at it; a bean alone isn't much; but if I plant it perhaps I shall get half a cupful of beans from it; and if I plant those, I shall get a peck; and if I plant those, they will yield twenty bushels; and if I plant those" —

"But," objected Cinderella, "you will have to wait a long time, unless your beans grow very fast."

"This kind is said to be a rapid grower," said the little man.

"Oh! do plant it now and let's see," exclaimed Goldilocks; "I never saw a bean planted."

"So I will," said the little man, drawing the bean from his pocket; then he made a hole in the ground, put the bean in and covered it up. No sooner had he done so than the earth broke away, and a bean-plant began to rise very fast.

"Oh, dear me!" squeaked the little man; "Oh, dear! I'm ruined!"

"I DO IT TO IMPROVE THE LANDSCAPE," HE SAID.

"What's the matter?" asked Cinderella, in great surprise.

"Oh! don't you see? I've lost the bean! It came up on top of the plant, and now I'll never see it again.

Yes, I will! I'll climb for it!" and he threw off his coat and began to climb up the beanstalk. But as he climbed it kept growing.

Cinderella called after him, "If you see a little glass slipper up there, please bring it down."

"I will," said the little man; but the bean plant kept growing, and the little man kept climbing, until he was quite out of sight.

"I'm afraid I never shall see that slipper again," sighed Cinderella; and she said good-by to the others and went slowly and sadly home.

But the next morning the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers:

"If the lady who dropped a small glass slipper at the court ball will please write to Room 753, Royal Palace, she will hear of something to her advantage."

Cinderella saw this, and wrote at once, saying that she had lost a glass slipper and would like to get it back again. Next day, one of the king's officers came with the slipper; he had a black dress-suit on, and a feather in his cap, and a little golden sword strapped to his side. Cinderella saw all this through a crack in

the door, while she pretended to be examining the gentleman's card. She thought him very fine-looking indeed.

When she went into the drawing-room, the gentleman rose and made such a very low bow that his little golden sword stuck straight out behind him. Cinderella courtesied, and the gentleman bowed again, and placed a chair for her, and made her ever so many compliments, which were very nice; but he didn't say anything about the slipper at first. The fact is, he was a celebrated diplomat. Diplomats are remarkable for a great many things; among others, for a custom they have of always avoiding the very subjects that they wish to talk about.

At length Cinderella thought it better to open the business herself; and because she was not a diplomat, she went straight at it.

"Have you brought me my slipper?" she asked.

"My dear young lady," said the Diplomat, "I have done myself that honor; and permit me to confess a mistake which I made; it is the less to be deplored because it gave me an opportunity of conversing with your charming sisters — only less charming than yourself, of course."

"Oh!" said Cinderella; "have you seen my sisters?"

"I have, indeed; but it was through a mistake. When I first entered the house, your sisters alone were visible; and I naturally imagined — not having seen you — that one of them was the owner of the slipper. In fact, each of those two ladies claimed it; but it was an illusion on their part, or a mistake, or possibly a prevarication, or" —

"Never mind," said Cinderella; "how did you know it was not theirs?"

"My dear lady, the Prince requested me not to give up this slipper without first making certain of the owner by a test."

"What is that?" asked Cinderella.

"The lady is to try the slipper on. Now, your sisters, though perfect in every other way, failed to meet the requirements in this one particular; their feet — I whisper it only in confidence — were miles too big; neither of them could get the slipper on.

"At first I was greatly disappointed, but bethought me to ask if there were any other lady in the house; and they informed me that there was none, except one

who — I hesitate to mention it — was performing menial services in a part of the dwelling which, I am credibly informed, is known as the kitchen."

"Oh!" laughed Cinderella; "you needn't be afraid to speak of it; I work in the kitchen every day; I like it."

"The kitchen is refined and beautified by your presence," said the Diplomat, with a bow. "Now as to this slipper, I am forced to trouble you to try it on."

THE DIPLOMAT.

"Is that all?" said Cinderella. "Please let me take it and I will put it on now."

"Could I permit you to?" exclaimed the gentleman; "nay, allow me but to kneel and I will place the slipper on your foot."

"If you please," said Cinderella; "but I think it will be rather like a shoemaker's shop." However, the gentleman insisted; he first laid a handkerchief on the floor, to protect his fine clothes, then he knelt down. Cinderella took off her left boot, and the gentleman held the

slipper while she put her foot into it; of course it fitted exactly.

The Diplomat got up and made a very low bow again; then he kissed Cinderella's hand, which she thought a very surprising thing to do.

"Madam," he said, "I congratulate you. The Prince, my master, saw your beauty and grace at the court ball; he had no means of finding you save by this slipper; he now, through me, offers you his sincere homage, and is desirous to marry you."

Cinderella arose and courtesied as well as she could with one boot on; her heart was beating very fast, but she tried to look cool and collected.

"I will see if I have any previous engagement," she said, turning over her ivory tablets. She knew very well that nothing was written there, but she thought it looked well to consult the tablets, because the Diplomat was such a very ceremonious gentleman.

However, she had to say something, and what she said was: "Thank you; I shall be very happy to marry the Prince."

So the bells rang, and the cannons were fired, and

there was great rejoicing over the marriage of Cinderella to the Prince. She walked in procession through the crowded streets to the church, and little girls — Goldilocks was one — strewed roses in her path, banners waved everywhere, and because the banners were not enough, the good wives hung all their carpets out of their windows; with music and perfumes, and better than all, with love, Cinderella went to marry the Prince. And then they walked back through the street; and when they had passed, the crowd went away, and the banners were furled, and the good wives took in their carpets, and their husbands had to tack them down again, which was not so pleasant. Really, it was a magnificent celebration. The newspapers had several columns about it next morning, under the title "A Wedding in High Life," and Red Riding-hood has all the descriptions cut out and pasted in her scrap-book, where you may see them if you are acquainted with her.

Cinderella made such an excellent housekeeper that the Prince found he could live cheaper married than single; they didn't even have to keep a hired girl.

THE FAIRIES FROM MOGG.

"OH! where are you, where are you, Will-o'-the-wisp?
And say, is your lantern all lit?
For over the bog two fairies from Mogg
This night have determined to flit.

"They're dressed in pink doublets, with white silken hose,
And one is a lady, you see;
Should they sink in the moss, what a terrible cross!
They've sent you a message by me.

"You mustn't go hopping and skipping across,
But steadily light them the way;

Your duty not least, to find them a priest,
And let them be wedded ere day."

Said the Will-o'-the-wisp, "My duty I'll do."
His lantern he slung on his back.

Stepping over the bog went the fairies from Mogg,
And he steadily showed them the track,

Till under the leaves of a pickerel-weed
He pointed the home of the priest —
A wonderful frog, in green velvet tog,
Who couldn't talk Latin the least.

But he managed somehow to tie up the knot,
And Will-o'-the-wisp kissed the bride.
Safe o'er the bog were the fairies from Mogg
Ere the sun o'er the hillside had hied.

UNDER THE PLUM-TREE.

LAWRENCE lay on a sunny bank under a plum-tree, where hung a few late plums, ripe and tempting. He was not looking happy; he said, half-aloud, "I am the most unlucky boy! Nothing ever goes right with me!"

Just then a plum fell from the tree quite near him; then it rolled down the bank, out of reach.

"There!" he exclaimed, "that is always the way; If I had been some other boy, it would have fallen where I could have reached it!"

At that moment he felt himself slowly sliding along, not down, the bank in a most peculiar way. Presently he stopped, and just then another plum fell, hitting him sharply on the mouth; but it bounded off, and followed the other, out of reach. He heard a merry laugh, close beside him — a very small laugh, but as merry as sleigh-bells, and as musical. Then a voice, still full of laughter, said, "Oh! you should have had your mouth open!"

He turned his astonished head, and, as a tall flower

nodded towards him, he saw a dainty figure about the size of a grasshopper, with a face like that of a lovely little woman, balancing itself above the shrubs about him.

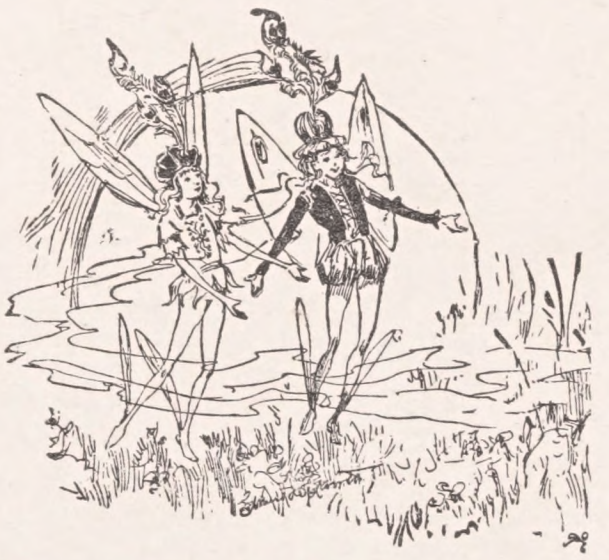
"A DAINTY FIGURE ABOUT THE SIZE OF A GRASSHOPPER."

"I heard your naughty speech," the voice went on, "and I thought I would give you a lesson. You were talking nonsense, you know very well; because there is nothing in luck, except in being in the right place at the right time, and having your mouth open. That means that you must be all ready yourself to take the good that comes to you."

"Was it you that pulled me along the bank just now?"

"Oh, no!" rippled the soft laughing voice; "I never do anything myself. I have little people to work for me. Now, two of my servants, very plain creatures they are, but cheerful and good to have about one, are just the people to help you; I always call them 'Right Time' and 'Right Place,' and I told them to drag you with their strong little hands, to be ready when the plum fell. But you wouldn't open your mouth!" And again the voice laughed in a teasing way.

"I wish I could have such slaves always," said Lawrence, growing a little red under this constant laughter.



"RIGHT TIME" AND "RIGHT PLACE."

"Well," she said, "wherever you go, they shall go with you, if when you feel the touch of their little hands you will obey them. They will lead you where and when the gifts of fortune shall be; all that you need do is to remember to have your mouth open!"

Slowly Lawrence rose, and went home, a different boy from the one of an hour ago.

From that time it was astonishing to see how he prospered. Boys wondered; and, as he grew to manhood, men wondered at his success. When, at the close of a long life, full of honors and riches, some one asked him the secret of his prosperity, he said, smiling:

"'Right Time' and 'Right Place' have been the leaders of my life, and all that was left for me to do was to obey them, and keep my mouth open when the plums fell!"

THE FAIRY STORY.

THE OGRE WHO ATE THE SHAKING JELLY.

GRANDMA gave wee Dick and Nelly
Each a saucer of shaking jelly;
Dick gave the saucer a funny long look—
He saw how the jelly shivered and shook.

"Oh, I see!" said he. "You're afraid of me!"
Then with a stern voice: "And you'd better be—
For spite of all your quaking now
I'm going to eat you anyhow!"

ONCE upon a time, a long while ago, a prince started out to seek his fortune. So he left the grim old castle, where he and his father and his father's father had been born, and "took the world for his pillow," as they say in old legends. For, you see, a stay-at-home prince was not thought much of in those days, it being the fashion to have adventures.

He started out one morning so soon as the sun was up and shining, and journeyed toward a great forest that stretched dim, deep, and mysterious away to the

west. Now this forest was enchanted, and it was said that in the middle of it stood a wonderful palace that was as green as the ocean, and had a thousand and six little windows with a dwarf looking out of each.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

In this castle lived a wizard, who was quite out of the common run of wizards, for he had nineteen legs and twenty-one hands, and a poor, pretty enchanted princess.

Well, the prince reached the forest just at nightfall.

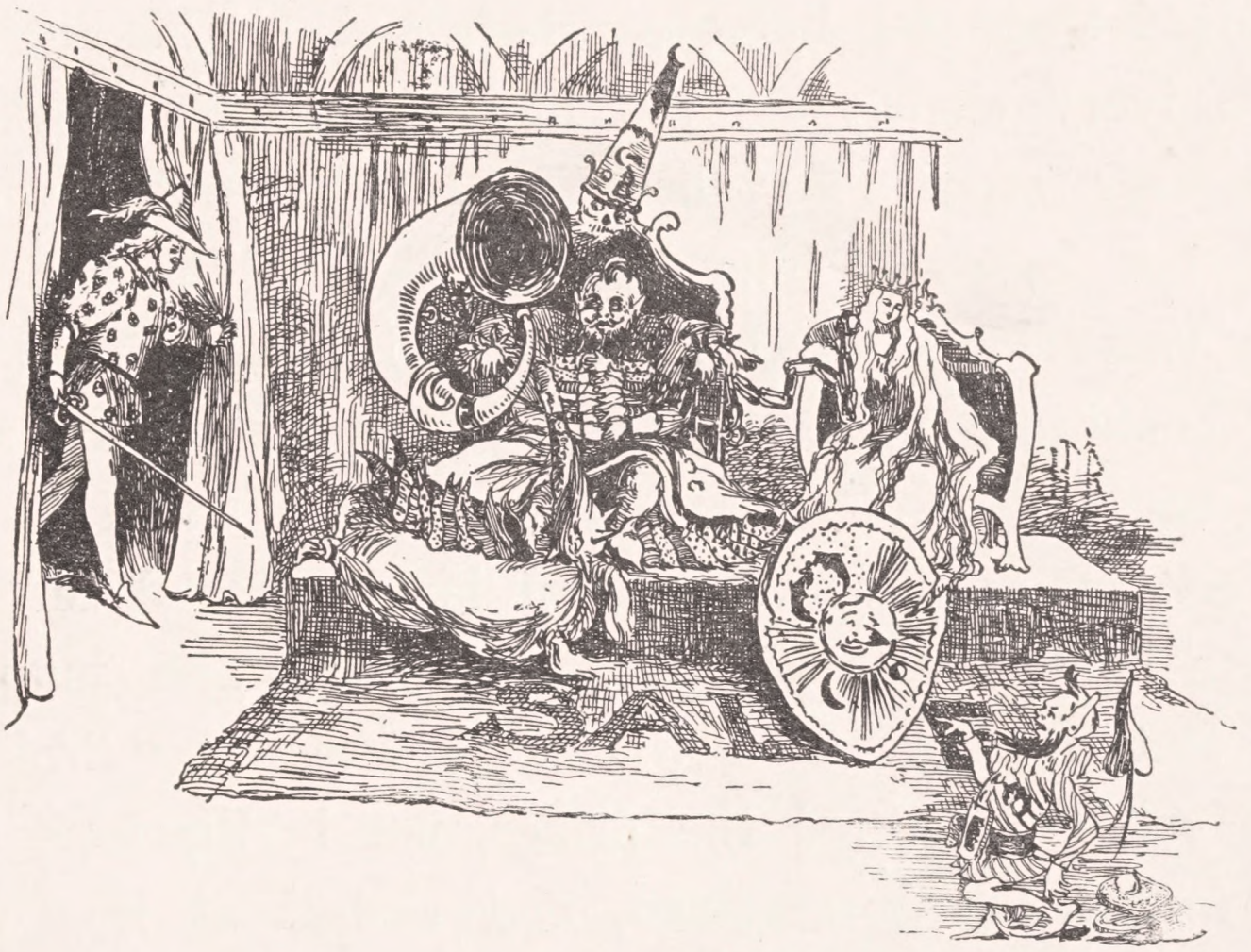
It was a curious place, for every flower had a little head peeping out of it that nodded to him, and the tall trees shook their great sides with laughter, and, bending down, tried to wrap their arms around him as he passed. And this was truly dreadful; for if those goblin trees had once caught the prince, they would never have let him go.

Suddenly he heard loud cries, and looking around saw a will-o'-the-wisp rushing toward him, chased by a large bat, who was trying to blow out its lamp with its wings. Now, everybody knows that a will-o'-the-wisp is of no use whatever without its light, so the prince drove the bat off with his cap. "Many thanks, my dear prince," said a tiny voice in the dancing flame; "when you reach the palace remember to say, 'Brek-kock! jock-lock!' to everything they ask you, and you will gain the princess." With that it danced off.

The prince went on, and after a long time he reached the palace, which shone like the sun in the dark wood, and just as he reached it the thousand and six little windows flew wide open, and a thousand and six dwarfs stuck out their heads, and screamed all together, "Krek!

"THE TALL TREES TRIED TO WRAP THEIR ARMS AROUND HIM."

krek! lak!" — "Brek-kock! jock-lock!" answered the prince, and they all gave a horrible yell, dropped to the ground, and rushed into the forest.



THE WIZARD AND THE PRINCESS.

"Come! they are done for, any way," said the prince, and he opened the door and went into the great hall. A wonderful place it was, to be sure. The floor was of gold, and the walls were covered with odd

figures that danced and swayed, and looked out laughing from between the cobweb curtains.

Right in the middle of the hall was the old wizard, sitting in a great silver chair, with his twenty-one hands folded and his eyes shut, and by his side, in a little ivory chair, was the loveliest maiden the prince had ever seen. For her face was as fair as a lily, and her eyes as blue as the sky, while the lovely hair that rippled to her feet was like spun gold. Any one could see with half an eye that she was a true princess.

Just then the wizard opened his eyes, and seeing the prince he seemed ready to die of rage, and jumped to his feet roaring, "Flip! flap! fliddle!" "Brek-kock! jock-lock!" answered the prince, not in the least afraid. Then the wizard screamed, and rushed at him. Dear me, how they fought! while the poor little princess got behind her chair and sobbed. But at last the prince gave him a dreadful slash that cut his head off, and then there was nothing left to do but to comfort the princess.

The princess showed him where the wizard kept his

treasure, and they put some chests of gold on two horses and rode away to the prince's castle. Then they were married. They had sixteen children — eight boys and eight girls — and the princess dressed the boys in blue, and the girls in pink, and they all lived happily ever after.

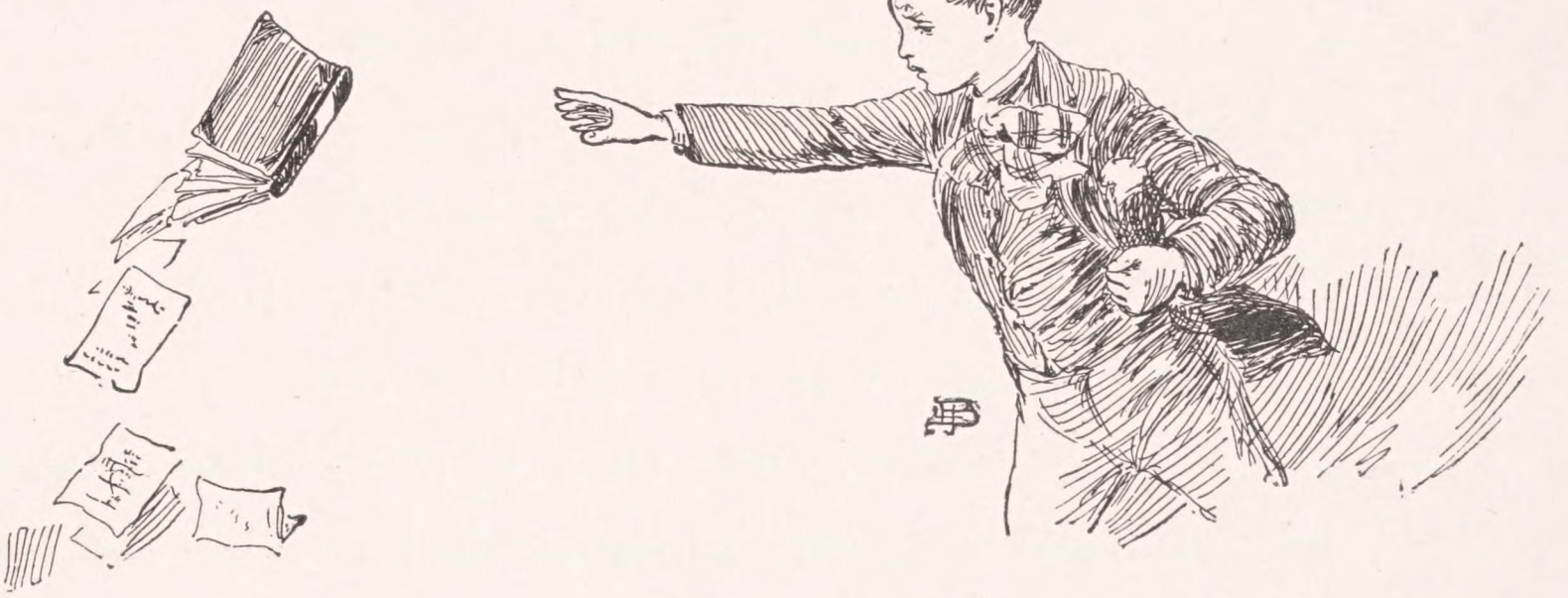
THE ALPHABET-TREE.

TO Jack all play was good,
All learning very bad,
Until one night, when tired out,
A charming dream he had:
In a wide garden space,
All shine and green, stood he,
Where, in the sunniest, fairest place,
Grew an Alphabet-tree.

Fruits purple, gold, and red,
  Bent every tiniest twig;
A's were apples, the bunches of B's
  Bananas yellow and big;
He spied an orange—O;
  A plum, and that was P;
C was a cherry, Q a quince,
  And a great blue grape was G.

How full of juice they were!
  How ripe the syllable-seed!
And when he had eaten from every bough,
  Behold, Jack liked to read!
He ate from red-streaked A
  Way down to X, Y, Z,
And cried: "There never was anything
  So nice as this Alphabet-tree!"

BEHIND THE WARDROBE.



"I HATE the old thing! So there now!" cried Ned Langdon, throwing his loathed arithmetic with all his might across the room. "I just wish there were no such thing in the world as arithmetic, especially fractions. I know some one invented fractions just to torment boys."

Ned was far from being a stupid boy. He really shone in history and geography; he stood fairly well even in grammar; he was a great reader, and wrote the best compositions of any boy in his room. But he so detested arithmetic that a wilful stupidity seemed to becloud and

benumb all his faculties whenever he went into that class. The blunders he made, and the way in which he didn't know his lesson, and couldn't do his problems, were the despair of his unlucky teacher.

To-day he had fallen into even worse than usual disgrace, and had been kept after school to do problems, when the first skating of the winter had come, and the moment school was out all the other boys had rushed off to Bullhead Pond to try it. Their merry voices echoed back into the gloomy, deserted school-room, darkening already as the short day declined toward evening, and in the growing shadows Ned and the master had stayed until nearly supper-time.

It was too late to go skating when Ned was finally released, with the order to take his arithmetic home for evening study. He had rushed home, feeling himself an abused, persecuted martyr, and had amazed his mother by breaking into the room with the wail of despair already recorded.

"Ned, I am surprised!" exclaimed his mother.

Before she could say more, she was further surprised by Ned's giving his arithmetic a hearty kick that sent it flying nearly to the ceiling.

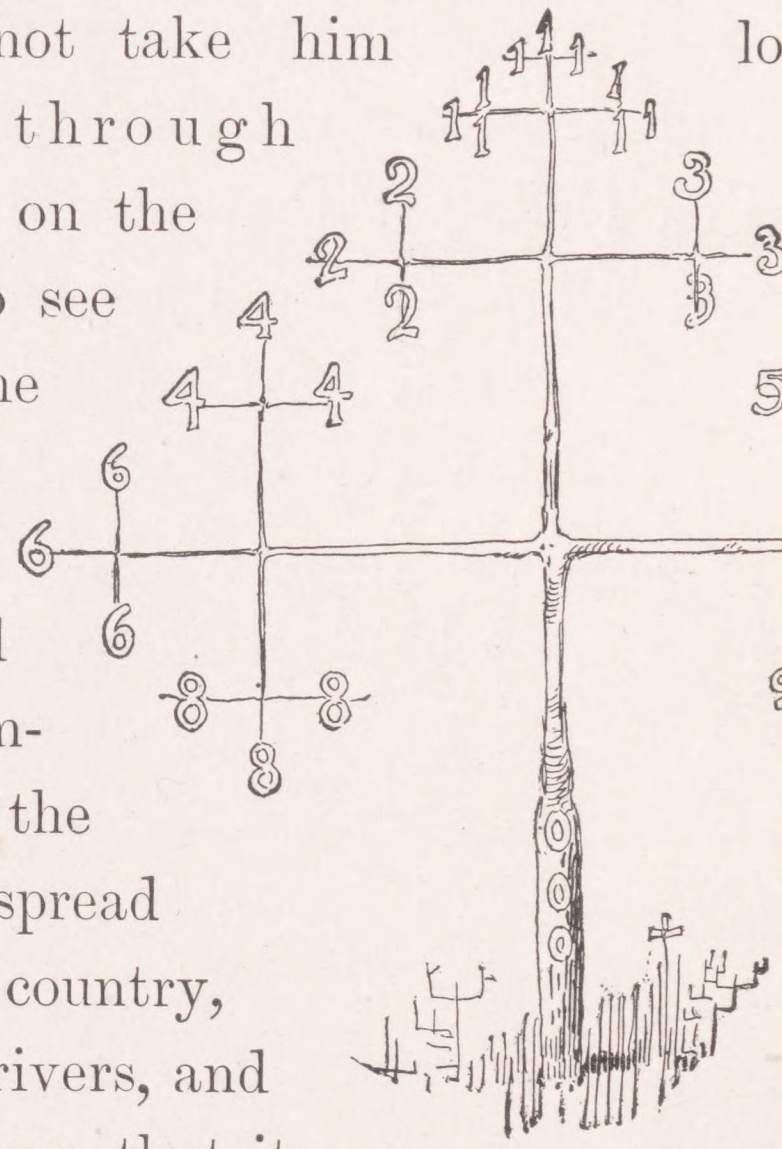
"Ned," said his mother, "pick up your arithmetic, and go to your own room. Your supper will be sent to you, and by and by, when you are in a more reasonable frame of mind, I will come up and see you."

Ned sulkily obeyed, glaring at the hated arithmetic as he mounted the stairs, feeling it the cause of all his troubles. His supper was brought up by good-natured Nora, with whom Ned was a great favorite, and who did not hesitate to tell him that, in her opinion, "it was a shame, a downright shame, so it was," which rather comforted Ned, even though, at bottom, he knew he was in the wrong, and that he was getting no more than he deserved.

As the darkness deepened, Ned began to grow sleepy, and just to keep himself awake, thought he would get his skates out of the wardrobe, and see if they were in good order for to-morrow. On opening his wardrobe, he was surprised to see a small door in the rear that he never remembered noticing before. Opening it cautiously and peeping through, to his amazement he found himself looking outdoors, into a country new to him. A pathway, starting from the little door, wound invit-

ingly away over some pleasant-looking hills that hid the distant landscape.

Ned was of an adventurous turn of mind, so it did not take him long to decide to squeeze through the little door, and set forth on the pathway, resolved to see what lay beyond the hills. He walked rapidly on, full of curiosity, and soon found himself at the top of the hill. Below him lay spread out a wide tract of country, varied by farms, villages, rivers, and brooks. But Ned saw at once that it was all strikingly different from any country he had ever seen. Everything was so regular, exact, precise. The fields were divided by fences into either squares, parallelograms, or triangles. The rivers ran through the land like straight, deep ditches, with



THE FIGURE-TREE.

no curves. Whenever their course changed, they made a right angle instead of a bend, and the little brooks, which were also rigidly straight, flowed into them at exact right angles. All the houses were alike, square, with doors in the centre, and precisely as many windows on one side as on the other.

As Ned walked wonderingly on down the hill, he could not but notice that even the trees and bushes grew up perfectly perpendicular, like walking-sticks, with exactly as many branches upon one side as on the other. It seemed to him that their leaves and twigs took the form of figures. Ned thought this must be only his fancy, so he rubbed his eyes and looked again. No, wherever he looked, a bewildering lot of 5's, 6's, 7's, 8's, etc., waved about him.

"This is queer," thought Ned. He noticed, too, that the trees, instead of being scattered about the fields irregularly, here a clump, there a group, yonder scattered single ones, stood with almost painful regularity in rows, each just so many feet from its neighbors.

The effect of the whole landscape was very prim and precise, and Ned wondered at it greatly. As he saw some

boys playing in front of a house he was approaching, he resolved to question them.

The boys had a game not unlike "Twelve Men Morris" marked out on the ground with pegs, and were jumping at right angles from peg to peg. They stopped and stared as Ned advanced, and asked them:

"What country do you call this?"

"Why, Arithmetic Land, of course," answered the largest boy.

Ned hardly knew what this meant, but pursued his inquiries.

"What makes your trees grow so regularly?"

"Why, everything has to be planted by rule, of course," replied the boy, who, like his companions, looked extremely keen and wide-awake. He was very thin and active, and seemed to cherish a fairly good opinion of himself.

"If that field is twenty rods square, what is its area?"

"I don't know," said Ned, without stopping to think, as was rather his habit in arithmetic. In truth, he so detested it he would not try to think.

"He don't know! He don't know!" shouted all the little boys, derisively.

"Why, stupid," said the first boy, "it contains four hundred square rods, of course. Now, if you have three hundred and twenty-four trees you wish to set out in that field, in how many rows will you place them, and how far apart will the rows be?"

Ned, disgusted to find that this was what was involved in being in Arithmetic Land, answered again:

"I don't know. I should never set trees out like that. I should just let them come up any way."

"He'd just let them come up any way!" shouted the chorus of boys.

"What is your name?" asked Ned of the oldest boy, who seemed to be regarding him with silent scorn.

"My name is A," replied the boy; "and these others are B, C, and D."

Ned shuddered. How often had he declared that he "hated" A, B, C, and D, who were always dividing things in such foolish, unnecessary ways, involving no end of fractions, and consequent trouble for boys!

But A was so small, though his face looked so keen and old, that Ned was moved to ask one more question.

"How old are you?"

"That's easily told," replied A, briskly. "D is six years old" —

"But I don't care how old D is," interrupted Ned. "I asked your age."

"No matter," replied A, severely. "All questions must be solved by rule. D is six years old. Two-thirds of D's age is just one-third of my age. What is my age?"

Ned would not answer, but noticing that C had some apples, and feeling hungry, he said:

"Give me an apple, will you?"

"Ha!" exclaimed C, "don't you wish you might, now? I have only four apples. If I divided them equally among us five boys, what part of an apple would each boy receive?"

"I don't know and I don't care," snapped Ned, his appetite for apples suddenly gone.

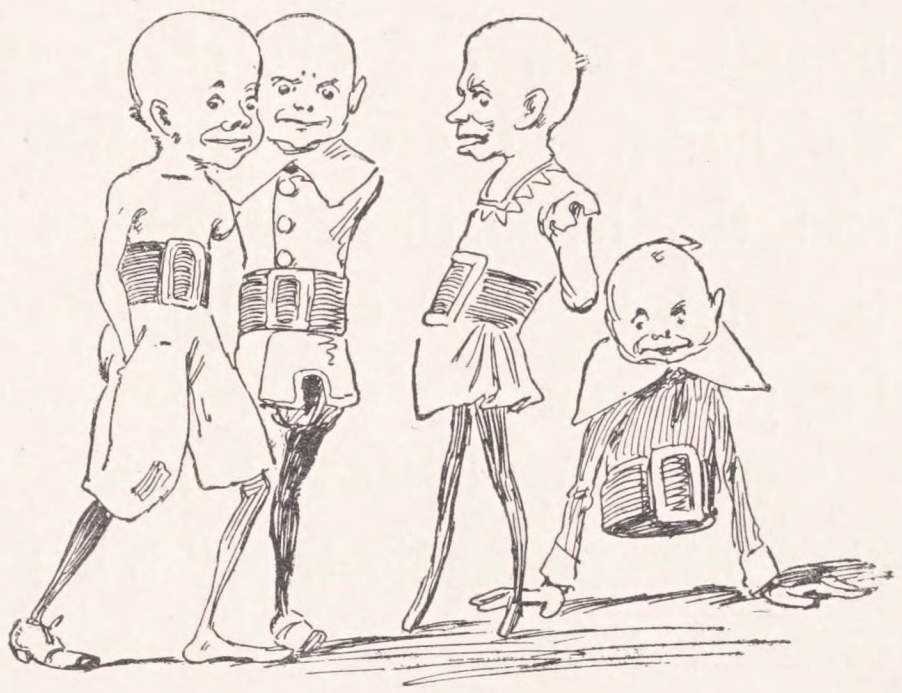
"He don't know and he don't care!" shouted all the boys.

Ned resolved to leave such disagreeable companions, and push on, hoping for better things ahead. Remembering that, as it was only Tuesday, he still had some of this week's pocket money left, he resolved to

walk on toward a village in the distance, where he would, of course, be able to purchase a supper. He ventured one more question, however, as he turned to go.

"How far is it to that village?" he asked.

"If you walk at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, you will reach it in as many hours as one-third of fifteen multiplied by two," rattled off A.



THE FRACTION BOYS.

"He can't tell! he can't tell! S t u p i d! stupid!" shouted the boys, as Ned, with a puzzled look, turned and walked off.

Presently a man overtook him, driving a fine horse.

"Will you give me a ride, please?" asked Ned, uncertain how many miles of walking lay before him.

"Certainly," said the man, who had a kind, pleasant face. "Hop in."

In Ned hopped, and away trotted the horse with a good will.

"This is a fine horse," remarked Ned, by way of opening conversation with his new friend. "What does such a horse cost here?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the man, pleasantly. "I bought a cow and two sheep at the same time I bought the horse. The cow cost twice as much as the sheep, and the horse three times as much as the sheep, and they all together cost me one hundred and eighty dollars; so you can easily see what the horse cost."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Ned hastily, hurrying to change the subject. "What a nice, thrifty-looking orchard this is."

"Yes," replied the man; "it's mine. This is my farm. One-half of these trees bear apples, one-quarter peaches, one-eighth pears, seven trees bear plums, and three, cherries. Now how many trees should you say there were in that orchard?"

Ned would have been puzzled to tell, but luckily, as he thought, just then he saw over the stone wall a hound in hot pursuit of a fox. The fox was a long

way ahead. Over the ground they sped like lightning toward a piece of woods.

"Ha!" shouted Ned, standing up in his excitement. "See there! See that fox run! How the hound springs along! I wonder if he'll catch the fox!"

His friend seemed also somewhat excited by this spirited sight. He said:

"The fox had seventy-six rods' start, but that hound runs fifteen rods to every ten the fox runs. In how many rods will the hound catch the fox?"

"Oh! I hope he won't catch him at all," exclaimed Ned. "I hope the fox will get away!"

The man looked at him in mild surprise, as if this were not the sort of answer he had expected, but said nothing. Ned, on his part, now carefully refrained from stirring up his new friend by asking any more questions, and they drove on for some time in silence, until they came to a group of men working on a stone wall who seemed, by their loud, angry tones, to be quarrelling.

Ned's friend stopped. The men seemed to know him, and the employer said:

"See here, X, I'll leave it to you. C claims that

he has the job of building this wall. But I can't wait for him to do it alone, and I've hired A and B to help. A and B can build it in eight days, but with C's help they can do it in five. Now how long do you say it will take C to do it alone?"

Ned was so fearful they might refer the question to him, that he said hastily to his friend:

"I think I'll walk on now. I'm ever so much obliged for the ride," and scrambling down, hastened on by himself.

After trudging on a while he began to feel tired. It was growing dark, and the road ahead seemed to run up a high hill, steep and rough, looking particularly hard to climb. Ned was therefore glad to see a man approaching, driving a flock of sheep.

"Good-evening, sir," said Ned, as the man drew near. "What a large flock of sheep. You must have a hundred at least."

"No," said the man, "not a hundred; but if I had as many more, one-half as many more, and two sheep and a half, I should have one hundred. How many"—

But Ned hastily burst in:

"DON'T INTERRUPT," SAID THE DROVER.

"Excuse me, I'm in a great hurry. I'm tired and hungry, and I want to get to the next village as soon as possible. How far off is it?"

"If you walk ten miles," began the drover —

"Ten miles!" exclaimed Ned, his heart sinking within him.

"Don't interrupt. If you walk ten miles less eight, and divide the remainder by three, you will have the distance to Fractionville, the next village."

"Fractionville!" exclaimed Ned, horrified. "But I don't want to go there, of all places."

"But you have to go," replied the drover. "But don't be frightened. The road isn't so hard as it looks. One step at a time, and you get to the top before you know it. You seem to be a stranger in these parts, so I'll tell you something to your advantage. Don't be afraid of the fractions. They are fractious-seeming fellows, to be sure, but if you meet them bravely you'll find out they're not so bad as they look. Good-night. I must push on. The man to whom I sold these sheep is coming to meet me. We were ten miles apart when we started, an hour ago. As he

travels three miles an hour, while I only travel two, you can easily tell how soon we shall meet."

"Thank you. Good-night," said Ned, hurrying away.

At the foot of the hill he was rejoiced to see a small country store.

"I'll have something to eat before I go another step," thought Ned.

Examining his pocket, he found he had only fifteen cents, and decided to content himself with crackers and cheese, with possibly a few apples.

He stepped into the store, and said to the store-keeper, a withered, precise-looking old gentleman, who peered sharply at Ned through his glasses:

"I'll take half a dozen of those crackers, please. How much are they?"

"Ahem!" said the old gentleman. "Those are expensive crackers. I bought eight boxes of them, and paid for them with cider at four dollars a barrel. It took six barrels of cider to pay for them. There are twenty dozen crackers in a box. Now, if you will tell me what one half-dozen cost me, and add one cent and a half, which is my profit, that will be what you owe me."

The old gentleman rattled all this off in a matter-of-course way, as if this were quite the ordinary way of selling crackers.

"I can't tell," said Ned, gazing hungrily at the crackers.

"You can't, hey? Then you're not so smart as the boys of your age in these parts."

"I'll pay whatever you say," said Ned, meekly.

"We don't say," said the old gentleman testily, replacing the box of crackers on its shelf. "People have to find out for themselves."

Ned thought he would make one more effort.

"How much are your apples apiece?" he asked, looking longingly at a basket of large red apples.

"I sell oranges" — began the storekeeper.

"Apples! I want apples!" shouted Ned, thinking the old man must be deaf.

"I sell oranges," continued the old gentleman sternly, "at three for six cents. Apples are worth only half as much as oranges. Now, what is the price of an apple?"

Ned's head felt so confused by all he had heard in

this puzzling land that it was some time before he ventured to falter timidly:

"One cent."

"Q. E. D.," said the storekeeper, brightening up, and handing Ned five apples in return for his nickel.

Ned had barely taken one enormous bite, when a farmer entered the store to buy cloth for a suit of clothes. He selected a piece, and said he would take three and three-fifths yards. The storekeeper said it was five dollars a yard, and turning to Ned, remarked:

THE STOREKEEPER.

"He expects to pay this for cloth with butter at three dollars a box. How many boxes will it take?"

Ned mumbled something about being in a hurry, plunged out the door, and began to rush up the hill, so anxious to escape these perpetual problems that he forgot, for the moment, that Fractionville lay just ahead. But suddenly, through

the growing twilight, he saw strange forms running down the hill, a whole swarm of them. Instinctively Ned turned to flee, but in an instant he was surrounded and seized, while a wild yell of triumph went up from his captors. He realized that he was in the clutches of his deadly foes, the fractions.

"We have him at last!" shrilly screamed the leader of the band, whose name Ned soon learned was Eight Ninths, "Hold him fast, Two Fourths. Don't let him escape. Bring him right up to Problem Quadrangle, and we'll put him through. He 'hates' fractions, does he? We'll show him!"

Seizing him at once in their bony hands they bore him up the hill so rapidly that he was too much out of breath to speak, even had he been inclined.

As they swept on, Eight Ninths, noticing Ned's apples, said:

"Subtract those apples from the prisoner and divide them among the company," which operation was quickly and accurately performed, and Ned was left to brew ruefully over the problem:

"If a boy has five apples, and you subtract five

apples from him, how many apples will he have left?"

At the top of the hill, Ned was borne by his captors into a large building, and into its dining-room apparently, as a long table was set in the apartment.

Ned was now able to see the fractions. They had high, bald foreheads, and wonderfully sharp, quick eyes. They seemed to be clothed in fragments. No one had on a whole suit. Each wore a broad belt, which seemed to divide him into two parts. All were maimed: some lacked a leg, some an arm, some a foot or a hand. But, whatever portion was missing, all had heads, and they were all so wiry and active that a few trifles of limbs gone seemed no obstacle to their activity.

A delicious smell of dinner now penetrated the room, a bell rang, and, to Ned's relief, the fractions seemed to be genuine boys in their appetites, at least, judging by the headlong rush they made for the dinner-table, bearing Ned with them. Ned now remembered the drover's advice, — not to be afraid of the fractions, as they were really very good fellows at bottom. He began to think the man must be right, and to feel in better spirits.

Presiding at the head of the table was an exceedingly keen, wide-awake-looking man, whom Ned afterward learned was the Original Lightning Calculator. Ned was seated next below him.

Soup was the first course. The Lightning Calculator took off the cover of the tureen, letting out a most appetizing, savory steam. Ladle in hand, he said to Ned:

"This ladle holds a quarter of a pint of soup. The tureen holds a gallon and a half. If I give each boy two ladles full, how much will he receive?"

This almost took Ned's appetite away, big as it was. In dismay he faltered out the old familiar school answer:

"I don't know."

The fraction boys were all holding up their hands, wriggling them frantically, and grinning derisively at Ned.

"Next," said the Lightning Calculator.

Eight Ninths, who sat next, rose to his feet, and rattled off glibly:

"If in one gallon of soup there are four quarts,

in one and a half gallons there are six quarts. If in one quart there are two pints, in six quarts there are six times two pints, which are twelve pints. Twelve divided by twenty-four equals twelve twenty-fourths, which, reduced, equals one-half. Therefore, each boy will receive one half-pint of soup."

"Those who think that answer correct may raise their hands," said the Lightning Calculator, quickly.

All hands went up instantly but Ned's, and all the boys were served with soup except Ned.

"Can't I have any soup?" whined Ned.

"Certainly not, sir," said the Lightning Calculator, severely. "Those who 'don't know' can't eat in Fractionville. Keep your wits about you, and look sharp when the next course comes."

While the rest were eating, Ned had time to look about him. The walls of the room were made wholly of blackboards. The sombre effect, however, was relieved by the chalk-work which covered them from top to bottom, problem upon problem, so that it really made Ned's head ache to look at these decorations. There was not a whole dish upon the table, the cloth

consisted of three joined, and, as Ned noticed later, the food was all divided into sections or portions.

The soup was now carried out, and roast meat and vegetables brought in. Ned pulled himself together, resolving to be very bright.

"How much beef, at eighteen cents a pound, can you buy for a dollar and eighty cents?" Ned was asked.

"One pound!" he shouted, jumping at a hasty answer, then seeing his mistake, but too late.

"Next!" said the Lightning Calculator, before the fatal words were hardly out of Ned's mouth, and he saw there was no meat for him, while all the fraction boys laughed and seemed to enjoy their roast-beef with livelier relish because Ned had none.

Nor could he tell at once how many bushels of potatoes, at forty-five cents a bushel, you must give for six pecks of onions at fifteen cents a peck. So he had no vegetables. When the bread was passed, he did manage to say that, if bread were ten cents a loaf, he could buy ten loaves for one dollar, and twenty loaves for two dollars, so he had a large slice of

delicious bread, delicious partly because he was so hungry. A little encouraged now, and stimulated by the atmosphere around him, so to speak, as well as by hunger, he actually managed to say that if cheese were eighteen cents a pound, and you wished to pay for it with butter at twenty cents a pound, it would take nine pounds of butter to buy ten pounds of cheese. So he had both butter and cheese, and he felt that he deserved it, too, after such an effort as that.

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

All this made him exceedingly sharp for his dessert, especially as he saw that it consisted chiefly of lemon pie.

"Now," said the Lightning Calculator, "look sharp! If eight pies be each divided into sixths, and those sixths divided equally among twenty-four boys, what part of a pie would each boy receive?"

Ned's mind, strained to its utmost, worked with a lightning-like rapidity never displayed in the arithmetic class.

"Six times eight are forty-eight; twenty-four in forty-

eight twice," he dashed through mentally, then shouted, "Two-sixths!" before the question was hardly out of the Lightning Calculator's mouth.

"Very good, indeed," said the Lightning Calculator. "You are improving. You should have said one-third, but you shall have one piece of pie, your answer was so nearly correct, and I will take your other sixth myself."

Four large watermelons were now brought on. Ned "loved" watermelon as much as he "hated" arithmetic, and he had not seen one yet this season. So he looked very animated.

The Lightning Calculator said: "You shall have one-fourth of this melon" —

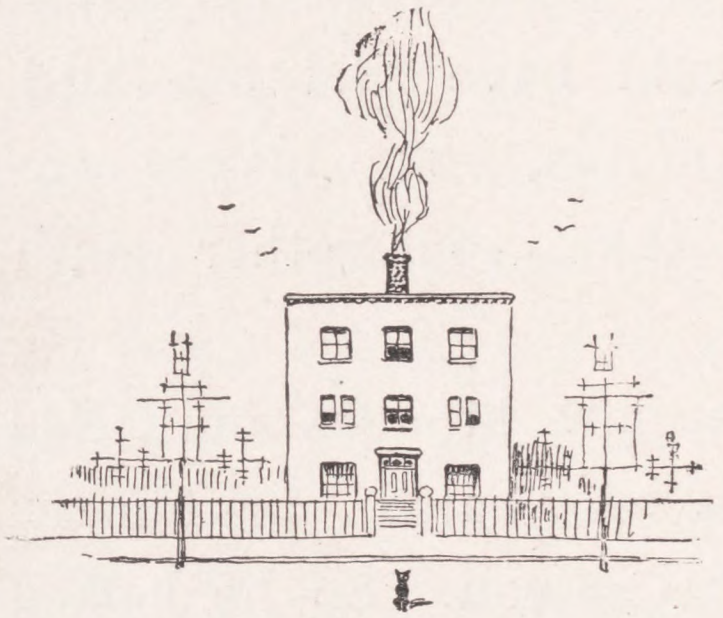
Ned's face shone with anticipation.

"If you will divide it as follows: one-fourth to yourself, two-fifths to me, three-tenths to Eight Ninths there, and the balance to Six Sevenths."

Alas and alas! Ned could not divide it, and the melon was withdrawn from his reluctant hands, and placed before Eight Ninths, who quickly and cleverly divided it into twenty parts, and distributed as requested,

and was soon revelling in the quarter that might have been Ned's.

After dinner the fractions proposed to play "Messenger Boy." Ned cheerfully followed them, as he liked that game. But the fraction boys played it quite differently from the way to which he was accustomed. Instead of playing it with little figures representing messenger boys on a checkered board, the floor of a large room was marked off in squares, the boys donned messenger caps, and hopped themselves from square to square, going forward or back according to their answers to arithmetical questions put by the Lightning Calculator.



IN FRACTIONVILLE.

It may be supposed Ned did not shine in this game. He was the laughing-stock of all the boys, who passed on far ahead while he stuck again and again on "Stupidity," and was forced to go "back to Carelessness." Finally he reached "Inattention," whence he was

sent back to "Discipline," where he had to stand on a dunce block with a fool's cap on his head, until the game broke up.

Ned was so completely fagged by these agreeable diversions, that he was only too glad when the Lightning Calculator announced that it was bedtime.

He wearily followed the fraction boys upstairs, into a large room, where stood several beds. To his dismay, the Lightning Calculator said to him:

"You will share this bed with Six Sevenths, Five Eighths, and Nine Tenths. You will easily see what portion of the bed belongs to you."

"But," remonstrated Ned, "I don't wish to sleep with any one. I want a whole bed to myself."

The fraction boys roared at this.

"Do hear him," they said. "He must think he is an integer!"

"I am!" exclaimed Ned, glancing down proudly on his strong legs and arms, where not even a toe or finger was lacking.

"Boy," said the Lightning Calculator, "it is a wise boy that knows himself. You are not even one ninety-

ninth. Your grandmother always insisted that you had no head for arithmetic. You have no head."

Ned raised his hands to his head. Alas! they met in vacancy, just where his brains should have been. Horrified at this discovery, he gave a great groan and —woke up, to find himself lying on the floor before his wardrobe, and his mother bending over him with an anxious look.

"Ned!" she exclaimed, still shaking him. "Wake up! You seem to be having such a bad dream."

Ned sat up and felt his head in a bewildered way.

"It's all there," he said.

"Come, Ned," said his mother, laughing; "you're not half awake yet. Come downstairs and get your arithmetic lesson for to-morrow, and then you can go to bed, and do your sleeping in more comfortable fashion."

The next day, when Ned presented himself in the arithmetic class, instead of the usual bored, listless, inattentive look and air that were his teacher's despair, his face wore such a wide-awake, smiling look, that the teacher was alarmed, and watched him carefully,

thinking some new form of mischief must be brewing. But when Ned went to the board and actually performed correctly a quite difficult problem in fractions, following it with an explanation so quick and clear that it would have done credit to the Lightning Calculator himself, the master, equally pleased and surprised, said:

"Well done, Ned! I have always told you that you had as good a head for arithmetic as any boy in the room, if you would only give attention and try."

In short, now that Ned could see an amusing side to arithmetic, and could fancy himself battling with and overcoming his old foes, the fraction boys, he no longer "hated" it, and that made all the difference in the world.

A WINDY STORY.

PERHAPS you may not know it, but all the winds, Zephyrus, Notus, Boreas, and Eurus, live on an island with their king, Æolus.

It is the strangest kind of an island, for there are four different kinds of weather on it, and all at the same time.

The western part, which belongs to Zephyrus, is sunny and bright; birds sings there, sweet flowers bloom, and the dear dimpled baby winds are always playing hide-and-seek in the leaves.

The northern part belongs to Boreas. All is blustering and cold there; the ground is shining white with snow, the streams are frozen thick with ice, and the sturdy winds wear fur coats and mittens, and pelt each other with snowballs when they go out to play. They practise their blowing exercises every morning, and Boreas gives prizes to those who can blow the strongest.

Boreas himself lives in a deep ice cave, and walks

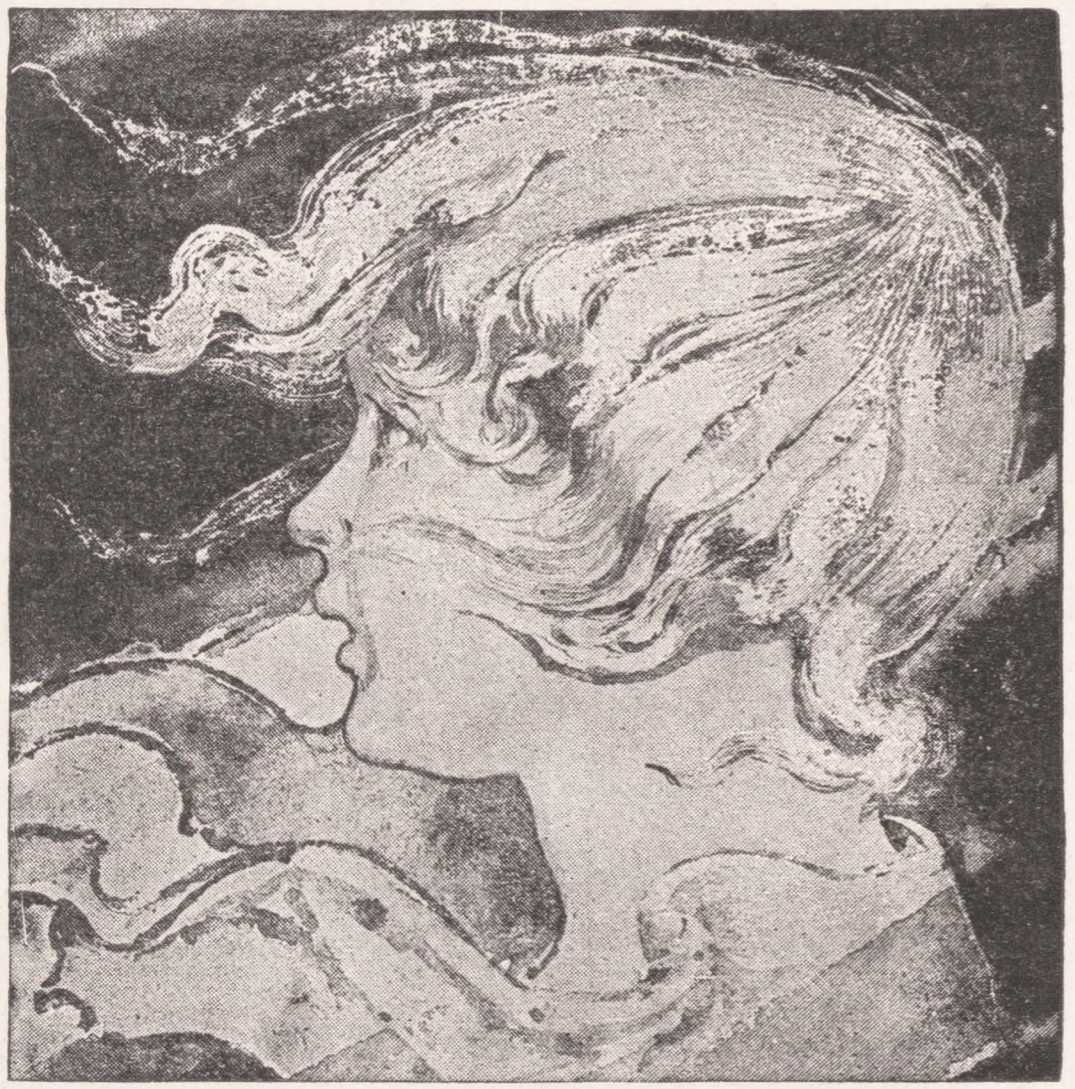
about leaning on a stout, glittering icicle all muffled in furs, and with a great white bear running by his side.

The East is Eurus's home. How gray the sky is, full of dark clouds always ready to send down rain and hail! Eurus is a hard, rough old fellow, and the young winds are very much like him. Their favorite play is called "Going-a-Shivering." They all take hold of hands and dance and sing in a circle.

The chorus is nothing but shivering and teeth-shaking and blowing, and he's the best wind who can blow the others down. I don't call it a nice play myself; but if I were an East wind I dare say I should think it great fun.

The southern part of the island, the home of Notus, is very warm indeed. Tigers and lions roam about in the high grass, there are long-tailed green and red birds in the trees, and even monkeys swinging by their tails from branch to branch. The winds are lazy, and sleep most of the time; but now and then they awake in a rage and blow very wildly, tearing the flowers to pieces, frightening the birds from their perches, and uprooting the great trees.

All the little wind-children go to school every day and learn many things; the points of the compass, of course, the way to sail the ships, to turn the mills, to chase the clouds away, and a great many more



LITTLE BOREAS.

difficult studies — such as how to make a monsoon, and the proper strength of a cyclone.

None of the winds are ever allowed to come to earth where the children live until they have been to school,

and king Æolus thinks they know how to behave. I'm sorry to say, however, that you can't tell any more about winds than you can about children; sometimes they are extremely naughty when they really know how to be good, and could be if they chose.

That was how it happened with little Boreas, one day.

I forgot to say, didn't I, that all the young winds were named after their fathers? It was the custom of the country, and you had to tie a tag on yourself to make sure which was you and which somebody else.

Little Boreas had been promised that as soon as he knew his catechism and his wind-song, and could spell aeronaut, — which is a very difficult word, I can tell you, — he might go to earth and have a long play-day with the children. He could say his catechism nicely. It began with easy things, such as "What is your name?" and "Who gave you that name?" and went on to the whole duty of a good wind, and other difficult questions.

The answers were all in rhyme, so that they would be simpler to remember, and the last two lines of the whole duty of a wind were:

"To make no trouble,
And pleasure double."

"That's easy enough," said little Boreas.

"Easier to say than to do," said his father; "but you'd better go and try. Of course I don't expect you to be soft and gentle, like your cousin Zephyrus. Your family is a strong and rollicking one; but try to do some good whenever you blow, and don't tease the children."

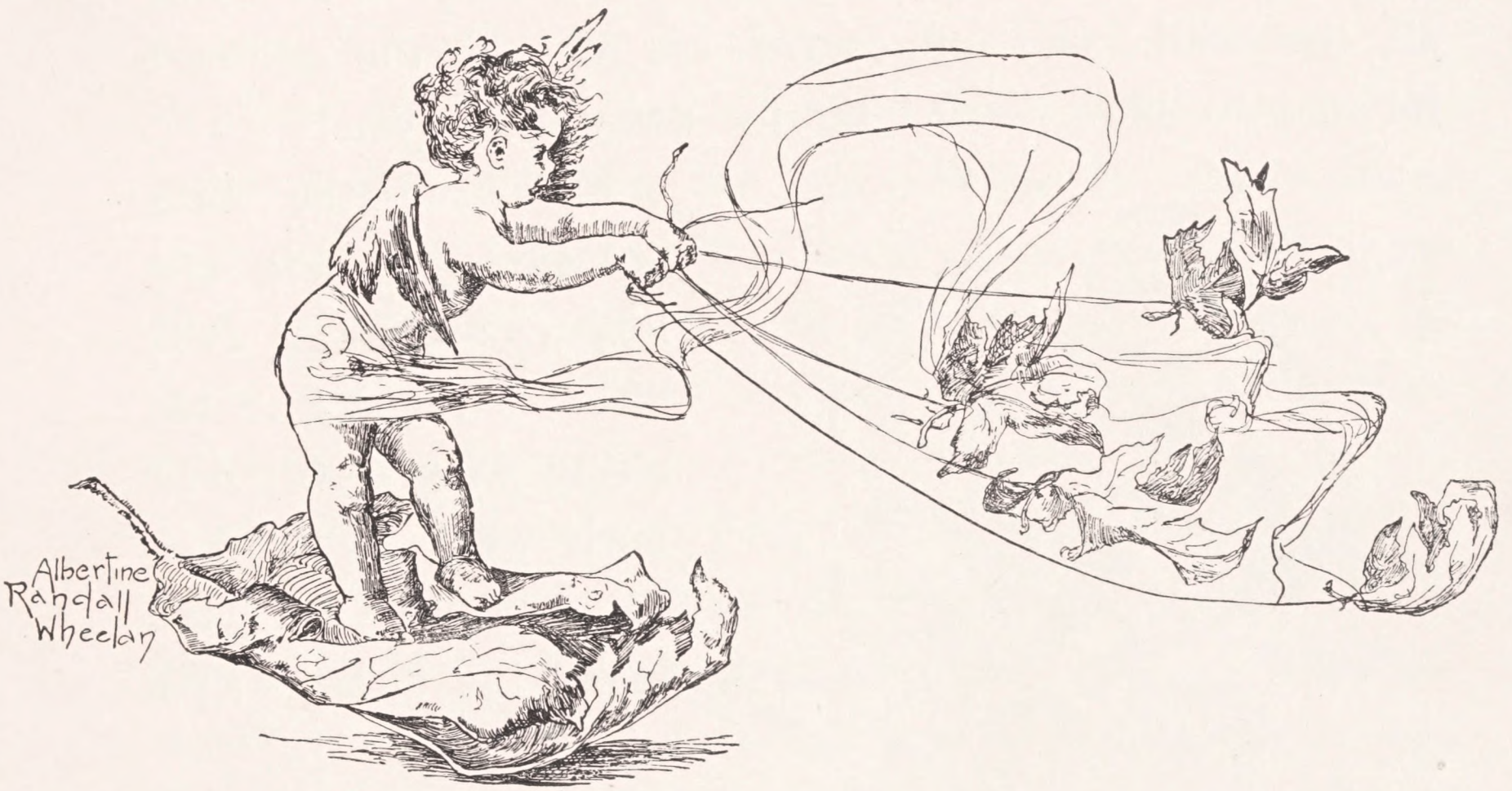
"No, indeed," said little Boreas; and away he blew, singing his song in a deep, strong voice.

The weather-cock soon felt little Bo whizzing along, and turned his golden tail to the north. "You must move quickly for the Boreas family," said he, "or they'll blow you down. They don't like to wait for rusty joints."

"What fun!" said little Bo; "that big shiny thing turned just for me. Let's see; aren't there any more?"

Oh, yes; there were several more, — a great fish on Jack's stable, a horse on a barn across the way, a golden arrow on the church steeple, — and each obediently turned as Bo bade him.

"How strong I must be!" said Bo; "everything moves when I speak. Hurrah! there's a boy with a kite. Now see me send it up."



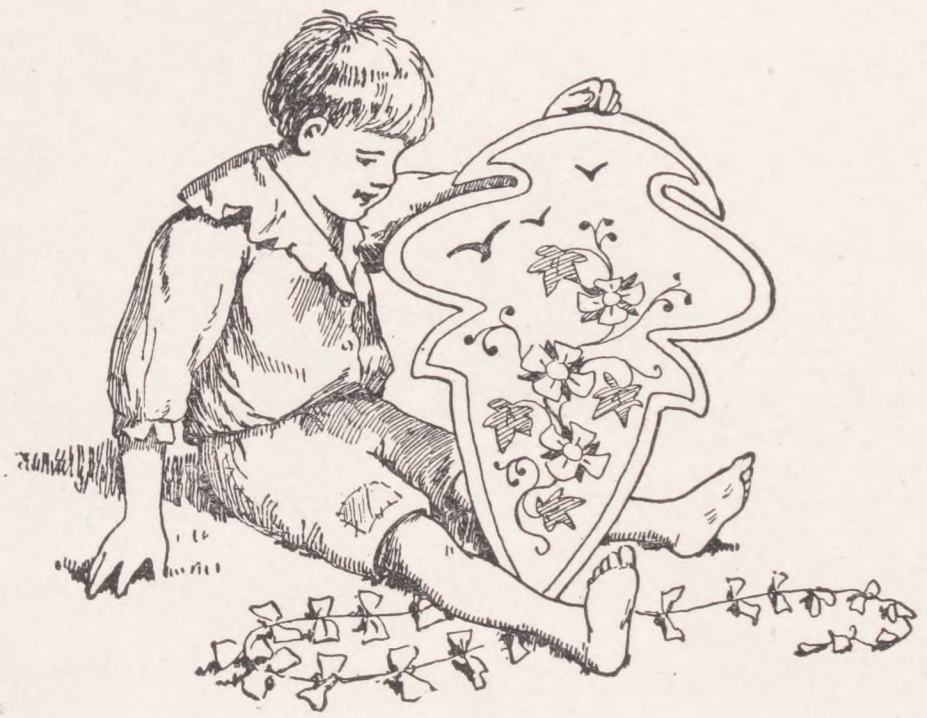
"WHOOP! HALLOO!" CRIED BOREAS.

It was Jack's new kite, and it was a little timid yet about flying, for it hadn't had much experience. "Whoop! Halloo!" cried Boreas, and ran for it.

"Oh! gently, gently," begged the kite, "you'll break my string. How about that catechism you learned—

"'Make no trouble,
And pleasure double'?"

"It's no trouble to the boy," said Bo; "I'm doing all the work, and of course it's double the pleasure for me to blow hard. So fly away with you!"



"IT WAS JACK'S NEW KITE."

Up went the kite, not daring to talk any longer; away ran Jack after it, tugging at the string, when — Oh, dear me! what a pity! — Bo wrapped the tail round the telegraph wire.

"There, you rude thing," said the kite, "see what you've done; and you'll make Jack cry, he's so little. Now, how are you going to get me down?"

"Get you down, indeed," laughed Boreas. "I'm too busy. You may thank me for putting you up so high; you couldn't have done it yourself;" and away he

whizzed, leaving the kite sadly hanging to the wires, and Jack crying.

Rude little Boreas travelled some distance before he found any new mischief quite to his mind; but he amused himself very nicely on the road, blowing the roosters' tails the wrong way, puffing the smoke in people's eyes, flapping the wet clothes in the washer-woman's face, whirling the leaves about in a mad dance that made them giddy, and pulling at the flags till they stood out straight in the air, and begged their poles to let them free.

At last he met a flock of children coming from school. How he jumped at them, and whistled with glee! He blew Ruth's hair into her eyes so that she couldn't see the way, and fell into a puddle; he turned Mary's cape inside out over her head; he blew Tom's papers out of his hand and over a high fence, and then tweaked off Harry's cap, and made him run for it.

"Ha! ha!" laughed little Bo; "I call this fun."

"Great fun for you," said an old tree standing near; "but I thought your father told you not to tease the children."

"That's true," said Boreas; "but this is only play, and I'll be good pretty soon." However, he travelled a little more slowly for a few minutes.

But quite near by, on a pretty little pond, Dick was launching a toy ship. She was painted bright blue, with her name, "Nancy Lee," in gold letters on the stern, and on her deck sat a beautiful doll in a sailor dress of blue and white. It was Nellie's dollie, and she brought her to have a sail on the new boat.

The "Nancy Lee" slid gracefully into the water, and Bo came up just in time to fill the sails and begin the journey. The dollie really had a delightful time at first, for Bo blew very gently, remembering what the old tree had said; but in a few minutes this grew very tiresome.

"Come on, 'Nancy,'" cried he, "let's see how fast you can go;" and he gave the boat such a sudden push that she bent over almost to the water. She righted herself in a minute, and flew like a bird over the angry waves Boreas had made; but where was the passenger?

"Oh, my dollie, my dollie!" cried Nellie from the bank,

as the yellow head and blue dress sank below the water.

"OH, MY DOLLIE, MY DOLLIE!" CRIED NELLIE.

"Has that awkward doll fallen off?" cried Boreas. "Now I have been naughty;" and he stopped a minute to consider what he should do.

Did he — while he was thinking — did he hear a deep, strong voice somewhere calling, "Boreas! Boreas, come home!" or was it the trees sighing?

"Oh! never mind," he said, "Dick is going to get the doll;" and brave Dick waded deep into the water, and pulled the poor thing out, with her yellow hair all dripping and her pretty dress soaking wet.

NELLIE.

Nellie took her in her arms and cried all the way home, and Boreas started off in a hurry so as not to see the tears. He really felt quite sad, and said to himself several times, "Now I really must begin

"'To make no trouble,
And pleasure double.'"

In a minute, though, he rushed to a roof where a shingle was loose, and was just about to send it flying down on Rover's head, when he certainly did hear close to his ears, "Boreas, come home! come home!"

"I'm afraid it's King Æolus," he said; "but I won't go just yet, all the same;" and he whizzed away to a tree near by, where a mother robin was cuddling five specks of baby robins. The mother didn't see Boreas, and as it was time for her to get up and rest her legs, she fluttered away, leaving her darlings with only rude little Bo for their nursemaid. In a minute he came tumbling along and looked into the nest. His very breath made the birdlings shiver, and when he began to rock them they all twittered with fear.

"You little 'fraid-cats," he cried. "I won't hurt you; I'm just going to rock you a bit;" and away went the nest, tossing like a ship in a storm.

One wee birdie nearest the edge was so little and weak that he couldn't hold himself in, and he fell over to the ground calling and crying for his mother.

"Boreas, Boreas, Boreas!" called King Æolus again, and this time in so loud and strong a voice that the doors and windows rattled, and the trees shivered.

Little Boreas himself shook and trembled at the angry voice, and felt all at once as if he must have been very naughty indeed. He didn't dare stop another

minute, but flew to the North at the top of his speed.

But as he came nearer and nearer his island home, he blew more and more slowly, and began to think of Jack's kite and Harry's cap, of Ruth's curls and Nellie's doll, and of the poor frightened baby robins.

Slower he went until he almost crept, and then he began to cry — great drops that fell to earth so fast that children ran to the windows and cried, "Oh, dear! it's raining."

King Æolus and his father were both waiting for him, and they felt very sad when he came along sobbing, "I will be good; oh! I will be good."

"Be quiet, Bo!" said the king, "and tell me if you're not ashamed of having been such a naughty wind to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said Bo, in so tiny a voice that you wouldn't have believed it could belong to him.

"And are you sorry?" said his father.

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," sobbed Boreas.

"I'm very much disappointed in you," said Æolus; "and you cannot go to earth any more until you are

a better wind; you are to go away by yourself without any work, and sit on the ice all alone to think about being good. Some day I shall send you to earth to undo some of your mischief. Zephyrus can go down and play with the children. He won't tangle their hair and drown their dolls."

"Oh, dear! I never will again, either; I'm so sorry," cried little Bo; and he gave his hand to his father, and went away crying.

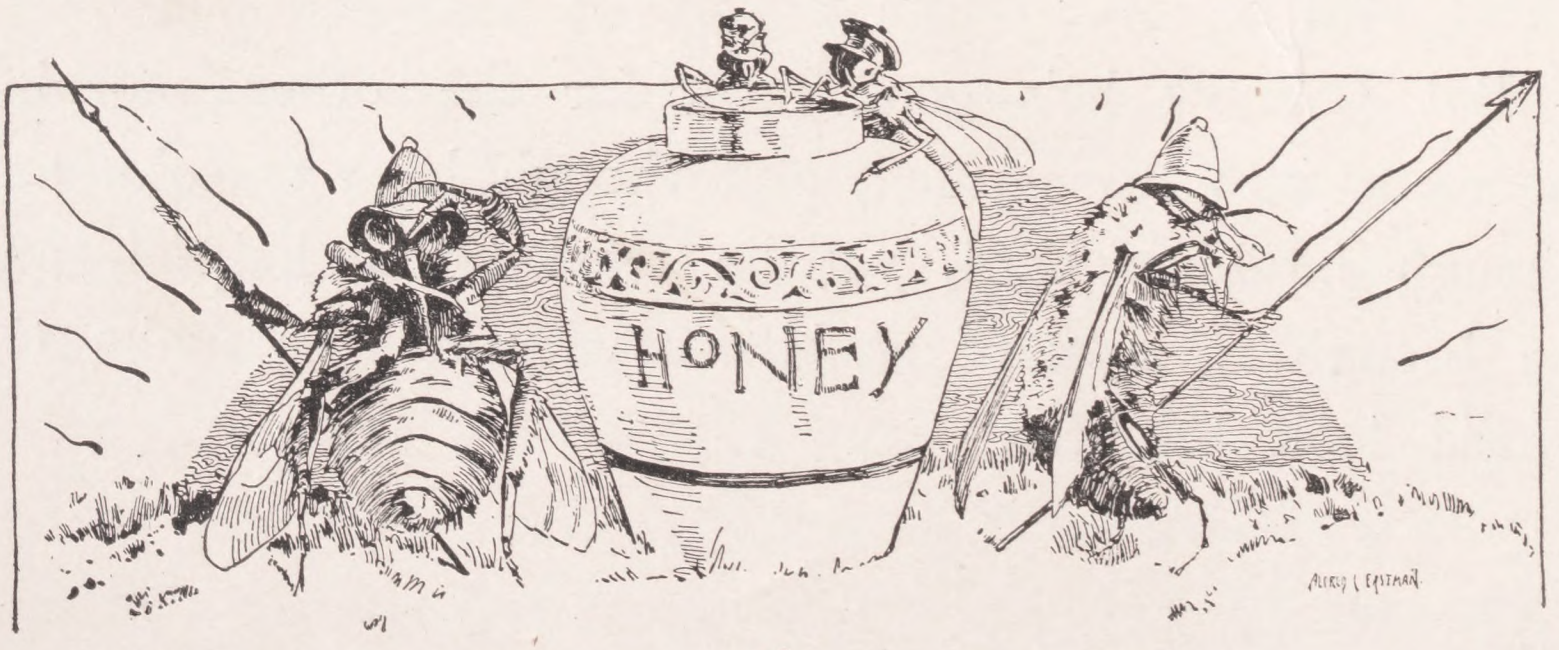
He sat down by himself on the ice as the king had commanded, and was very, very sorry — so sorry that he wept a little river of tears that kept freezing and freezing around him. Indeed, if Notus hadn't passed by and melted him a little, I'm afraid he'd have been there still.

But I know he's good now, for the other morning he came into my garden, and though he was cold, and though he blew hard, yet he tried to be helpful, and he brought a host of sunbeams with him to make the world look brighter.

THE TAX-GATHERER.

UT pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the Bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"



Little Pepper-corn.

Will you hear the story of Pepper-Corn,
Dear little Pepper-Corn?
A boy he became, but a bean he was born,
Dear little Pepper-Corn.

A Smyrna Folk-Tale.

A WOMAN went across a field
To sow some beans in early spring;
She thought how much the land would yield,
And of the price her beans would bring
When they were ripe and fairly grown.
And as she worked there all alone,

She saw how every little bean
Was plump and round and white and clean,
And said, "I would these beans so fine
Were every one a child of mine —
Nay, these indeed were not too many!
But I, alas, must grieve and pine,
For chick or child I have not any."
Behold! as from her fingers fell
The beans she scattered on the ground,
They changed to children — who can tell
How many! dancing in a round.
"I know not what this wonder means!"
She cried. "Go back into my basket
And all be beans as heretofore,
And I will wish for nothing more;
Or if I do, I will not ask it!"
And all went back, and all were beans,
Save only one, a little boy.

She took him home; and he became
Her husband's pet, the household joy;
And Pepper-Corn they called his name,

Because the little boy was small
As any fly upon the wall.
But one sad day, alas for him!
Incautiously, with tug and toil,
He climbed upon the kettle's rim
Wherein the soup was set to boil.
The steam arose, his sight grew dim,
He slipped, fell in, and could not swim.
The woman came her soup to skim —
Pity she had not come more soon! —
She found him floating on the broth,
And took him in a silver spoon,
And dried him in a linen cloth.

But drowned in the soup was Pepper-Corn,
  Dear little Pepper-Corn!
The woman went weeping, the man went unshorn
  For dear little Pepper-Corn.

When the dove heard the news, she plucked out every
    feather;
  "And why?" said the tree. For Pepper-Corn!

The tree shook its apples, they fell all together;
"And why?" said the well. For Pepper-Corn!
The well poured its water all out on the sand;
"And why?" said the maid. For Pepper-Corn!
The maid broke the pitcher she had in her hand;
"And why?" said the queen. For Pepper-Corn!
The queen broke her arm, when for grief she fell down;
"And why?" said the king. For Pepper-Corn!
The king of the land threw away his gold crown;
"And why?" said the people. For Pepper-Corn,
For dear little Pepper-Corn!

The woman is weeping, the man is unshorn,
The dove and the tree and the well are forlorn,
The maid and the queen and the king, they all mourn
For dear little Pepper-Corn.
And this was the end of Pepper-Corn,
Dear little Pepper-Corn.

A BOY'S THUNDER.

THEY are grinding in the skies.
I hear the rocks turn,
I almost can smell
The hot meal burn.

They are grinding; for here
Is a sprinkling of mist —
The first mealy dust
From the first run of grist.

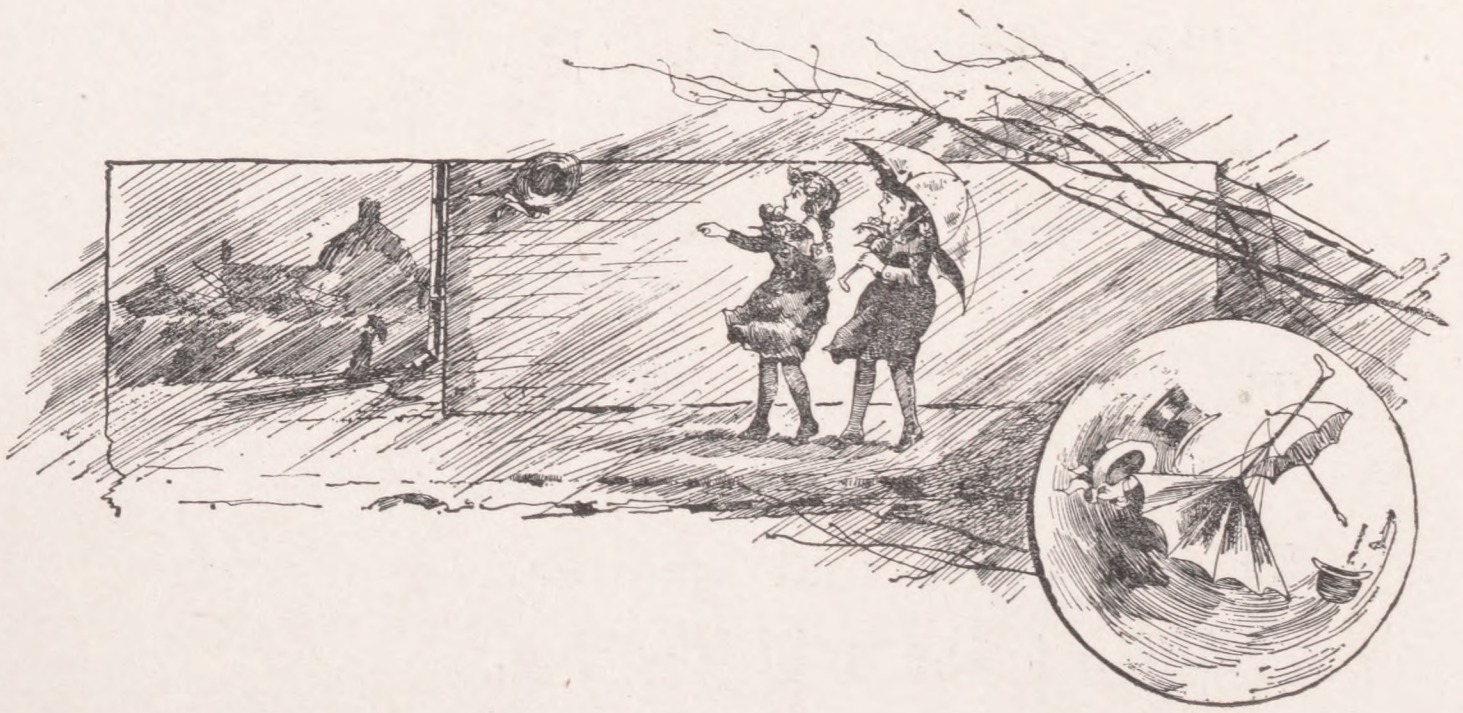
The old mill rattles,
The overshot turns,
The rocks go spinning,
The hot meal burns.

They are grinding; for now
Comes the water downpouring —
There's rattle and splatter
Against the mill flooring.

They are grinding; for fast
  The miller boys come;
They are grinding; for, scudding,
  The boys go home.

Their white sacks are loaded;
  For, see the downpour
When they get overhead
  To the mill-house door.

The weir-gate is heightened,
  For ev'ry big turn.
Oh! hear the mill rattle,
  And smell the meal burn.



THE THRILLING STORY OF CAPTAIN NOMAN.

ARCHIE and Clement, two boys just out of knickerbockers and just into Greek, were sitting on the steps of the back piazza one September afternoon with their First Greek Books in their laps. They were not studying much, however. It was not a good place to study. The day was too fine; and the outdoor scene with the green lawn and tennis court, and the grape-garden beyond, and the stable-yard where Dennis was washing carriages, and Lance, the big mastiff, lay asleep in the sun, was too attractive. But the rule had been made that they should give an hour to to-morrow's lessons each afternoon, before going out to play. And here they were.

"Bother the Greek!" Archie exclaimed. "It has bothered me enough already, although we've not yet learned the alphabet. What's the use of learning Greek, anyway? I'm never going to Greece, am I? For my part I abominate them, Latin and Greek both."

"Hi, hi!" here broke in a cheery voice beside them.

"What's that you say about Latin and Greek? Never speak ill of the dead languages, my boy — *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

They looked up and there was Leroy, dressed in his tennis flannels and with his racket under his arm. Leroy was a student at Harvard. He had no lessons to get this bright afternoon. His school did not begin until the last of the month.

Leroy took out his watch and stood a moment, looking at it and at the boys.

"Look here, you fellows," said he. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got just fifteen minutes. Now if you'll promise to study hard and make up for it when I've done, I'll stop and tell you a story."

The promise, as may well be imagined, was readily given. So Leroy sat down on the step.

"Once there was a man," he began; and then paused a moment as though to get his facts together. "This man was a great fellow," he went on. "Some people consider him a hero, but I don't think I should call him that. To my mind he was nothing more than a common adventurer, after all, who sailed about, from

one place to another, doing about as he pleased, and helping himself to what he liked."

"Was he a pirate?" inquired Archie.

"Well, yes; I don't know but you might call him a pirate. He may not have sailed under the black flag; but I dare say he had a red one, or some other color — like the Red Rover, you know."

"What was his name?" asked Clement.

"Oh!" said Leroy, "he had various names, as pirates do. At the time I'm telling you of he called himself Noman — Captain Noman. Well, one day, Captain Noman was cruising about in his ship, when the look-out at the mast-head reported land in sight. The ship's course was accordingly altered, and about four o'clock in the afternoon they came to anchor off the shore of a lofty island."

"Was it an island in the Spanish Main?" Clement interrupted to inquire. Clement had lately been reading some articles on "The Buccaneers and Marooners of the Spanish Main;" and these, with the pictures that illustrated them, were still vividly in his mind.

"No," said Leroy; "it was not in the Spanish Main.

But it was in a sea quite as full of islands as that is, and quite as thickly infested with pirates."

"All right," interposed Archie, nodding impatiently. "Go on, please, Leroy, and tell us what they did. Did they go ashore?" Fifteen minutes was not a very long time in which to tell a story, and Archie did not want any of it wasted.

"Yes," said Leroy; "the captain ordered out his gig and they pulled ashore. Come to think of it, I believe it was the cutter, though. The gig would have been too small. You see, he wanted to take as many men as he could, for he didn't know what dangers he might encounter. And, besides, they were going in search of supplies. They left one man at the beach to look out for the boat, and the rest of them, with Captain Noman at their head, started off to explore the island.

"They wandered about for a long time without meeting any inhabitants or finding anything that it seemed to them worth their while to appropriate. By and by, however, they came suddenly upon a big hole in the side of the mountain. They peered into it, but could see nothing; and presently, mustering courage,

they went in. They found themselves in a huge cavern, hollowed out of the rocks; and after a moment, as their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they perceived that somebody lived there, and that the place was used as a sort of dairy. There were several neatly-kept pens or inclosures in which were lambs and kids; and on the rocky shelves around there were great quantities of cheeses, and vessels of milk and cream.

"They were very glad to see all this (those are just the things that sailors like, you know, when they have been at sea a long while and lived on salt junk and biscuit), and they were proceeding to help themselves, when all at once they heard a noise outside, as though somebody were throwing down a whole cord of wood at once, and then the mouth of the cavern was darkened, and the owner entered.

"And such a fellow as he was! The very sight of him was enough to set them quaking in their sea-boots and wishing with all their hearts they were safe on board ship again. He was a perfect giant in stature, as large and strong as a dozen ordinary men; and his face, with its heavy jaw, its teeth that looked like

tushes, its tangled beard and hair, and its one great round glaring eye, was absolutely frightful. Strangely enough, he only had one eye, and that was in the middle of his forehead. He drove into the cavern a flock of sheep and goats, and then rolled to the opening, completely stopping it up, a huge rock so heavy that twenty oxen could not have drawn it. And there were Captain Noman and his men, shut up in the place with that horrible monster, with no possible way to get out. You can imagine how they felt.

"They did not feel any better either when the monster, glancing about the cavern, presently discovered them.

"'Who are you?' he demanded, in a voice so deep and loud that it rolled and reverberated against the walls of the cave just as a peal of thunder might have done.

"At this, Captain Noman stepped forward and tremblingly explained that they were a band of innocent voyagers who had landed upon the island in search of water and provisions, and who humbly besought his hospitality.

"The monster did not deign them a single word in reply. He simply glared at them a moment with his terrible eye, and then reaching out one of his long arms he seized two of the men and hurled them bodily against the side of the cavern, dashing their brains out instantly. Then, having thus killed them, he actually sat down on a rock, and with great apparent relish, proceeded to devour them. You see, he was a cannibal. Meanwhile Captain Noman and his crew huddled themselves together in the darkest corner they could find and fearfully watched him, wondering what he would do next."

"Oh! I say," broke in Archie at this point, with some show of disappointment. "This isn't a true story, is it? It couldn't be."

"Never mind if it isn't," cried Clement, eagerly. "Please go on, Leroy." True or not, Clement was intensely interested — as was Archie, too, for that matter; only Archie was a good deal of a realist.

So Leroy went on, without saying whether the story was true or not:

"Well, pretty soon after this, the monster, without

seeming to take any further thought as to his prisoners, stretched his enormous length on the floor of the cavern and fell fast asleep. And then, one would think, was Captain Noman's time. Up to this moment he had no thought of making an attack. Well he knew that, though he and his men numbered quite a company, they were no match for such an adversary. But now that he was asleep, what could be easier than to fall upon him with their cutlasses and put an end to him? And the crew all thought so to a man; but Captain Noman shook his head. He was a wise fellow, celebrated the world over for his cunning.

"'No, my brave boys,' said he, 'that will never do at all. For don't you see, there is that big rock at the door of the cavern? We never could move it from its place ourselves, not if we put our shoulders to it at once and gave a heave, all together. The giant is the only one that can move it; and if we go and kill him, why we'll just be shut up here, unable to get out, and doomed to die a miserable death.'

"Which was all quite true; and the men saw that it was so; and there was nothing for them to do but

bide their time and wait and see what the morrow would bring forth.

"The next morning the first thing the monster did was to repeat his dreadful performance of the night before. He seized two more of the men and dashed them against the walls, and then ate them for breakfast. After that he rolled the rock from the door, drove out his sheep and goats, and then, carefully replacing the rock, went away, leaving Captain Noman and his men still imprisoned in the cave.

"Then they held a long consultation as to what it was best to do. Captain Noman at length hit upon a plan. He directed his men to take a huge bar of wood which stood there against the wall and which apparently was used by the monster for a staff, and to sharpen the end of it as sharp as they could get it. Then he told them to season the point well in the fire that had been left burning, and after that to hide it carefully in the straw, so they would know where to find it when it was wanted. This being done, he selected four of the coolest and bravest of his men, and taking them apart, instructed them fully as to the

manner in which they were to assist him, when the time came, in the daring project he had in view.

"The monster came home at night at the expected time, drove in his flocks as before, and then closed up the door again with the bowlder. Next he milked his ewes and set the milk apart in the pans, some for drink and some for the cream to rise. And then — just as they knew he would, of course; but not a thing could the poor fellows do to prevent it — he laid hold of two more of the ill-fated band and slew and ate them as before.

"When he had finished his horrible supper, and while he was sitting there by the fire, comfortable and self-satisfied as people are apt to be after a hearty meal, Captain Noman stepped up to him and offered him some wine that they had brought with them — for trading purposes, I suppose — when they came on shore. The monster took it and drank it, and then eagerly called for more, which Captain Noman freely gave him as often as he wished it. This made the old fellow, by and by, grow quite hilarious; he asked Captain Noman his name (which the captain told him, of course),

and vowed that he was a fine fellow, and promised him that in consideration of his distinguished merits, he should be the very last one of the party to be devoured — a promise by which, as you may imagine, the captain was not particularly elated. At length the monster began to show signs of drowsiness. He nodded stupidly as he sat there, tried to rouse himself once or twice, and then, all in a moment, he fell over on the floor and was sound asleep.

"Then, surely enough, the time for action had come. Captain Noman called for the sharpened stake, and thrusting the end of it into the flames, kept it there until the point, though not blunted at all, was just a solid burning coal of fire. Then while not a sound was heard in the cave save the deep breathing of the sleeper, the captain, with the four men whom he had chosen, took firm hold of the stake (it was very heavy and cumbersome, you know, and a very delicate piece of work it was, too, that they had in hand), and raising it straight up in the air, they held it poised for an instant directly above the horrible eye of the slumbering monster of a cannibal; then, with all their might,

they brought it down, making sure of their dreadful but necessary work.

"Then what a scene took place! The monster sprang instantly to his feet, roaring with pain, but utterly unable to see anything about him, his sight, of course, being totally destroyed. He began rushing up and down the cavern, fairly beside himself, seeking to lay hands on the captain and his men, who, he well knew, must have done him this injury. But they, keeping perfectly silent, and moving nimbly about, were easily able to avoid him, now that his sight was gone. His loud cries, however, quickly brought some of his neighbors (it seems that there were neighbors, after all) to the door, who called out to know what was the matter, and why he disturbed their slumbers in this way at this time of night.

"'Oh, friends!' the monster cried in reply, 'I am dying, and Noman gives the blow.'

"'Oho!' they answered to this, 'if no man hurts thee, then it is the stroke of Heaven.'

"And so saying, they went back to their beds again, leaving him still howling.

"There was no more sleep in the cavern that night, you may be sure, either for the monster or for Captain Noman and his men. The one could not sleep for pain, the others for anxiety. And a long, dreary night they had of it.

"But morning came at last. And by and by the monster, blind and beside himself though he was, prepared to drive out his flock as usual. He was very cunning, however. As soon as he had rolled away the rock he sat himself down, right beside the opening, and calling to the sheep and goats to pass out, he carefully felt of each one of them as they went by, to be sure that none of his prisoners went with them. It was evident that he did not mean them to escape.

"But Captain Noman was quite his match in cunning, at any rate. He quickly whispered to his men to take some willow withes that were lying on the floor of the cave, and to tie the rams of the flock together, three abreast. And as fast as this could be done, he directed the men, one by one, to suspend themselves on the under side of the middle ram, taking firm hold. And so, one after another, they every one of

them passed safely out. You see they were protected, on either side, by the other two rams; and the monster, in passing his hand over them, only felt of the back of the middle ram. Captain Noman himself was the last to pass out. He was a true sailor, and he knew that the captain should always be the last man to quit the post of danger.

"And so they made their escape. They were not yet out of the woods, however. The old fellow soon discovered that they were gone, and came out, blind though he was, in hot pursuit. He followed them by the sound, for, you see, they drove some of the sheep and goats down to the boat to take on board ship, and these made quite a noise; so he arrived at the beach just after they had pushed off. Captain Noman, while the boat was still only a short distance from shore, called out to him exultantly that he was well repaid for his cruelty to their comrades; whereupon the monster, picking up a huge piece of rock, hurled it with all his might in the direction of the voice. And he came very near hitting them, too; the rock just cleared the stern of the boat, and it made such a splashing and

commotion that they were nearly swamped as it was. You may be sure Captain Noman did not shout again till they were well out of stone's-throw. Then he could not refrain from repeating his cry, just to let the monster know that they were safe.

"And that," said Leroy, getting up from the step, "is the end of my story."

Archie and Clement each drew a long breath. They had been deeply interested.

"It's a good story," declared Archie, with emphasis.

"Indeed it is!" cried Clement. "A capital story. Did you make it up, Leroy?"

"No," said Leroy; "I read it. I have the book in the house. Would you like to see it? It's full of such stories."

"Indeed we would," cried both boys together.

"Well, Archie, you go and get it, will you? It's a green book with red edges. You'll find it on the library table. I was using it this morning."

So Archie jumped up and ran in; and presently he came out again, with slower step and rather a crestfallen air, holding the open book in his hand.

"Why," said he, "this is all printed in Greek, just like what we are studying."

Leroy burst out laughing. "To be sure it is," cried he. "It's Homer's 'Odyssey.' But the story of Captain Noman is there, almost exactly as I've told it to you. It's the story of Ulysses and Polyphemus. And the book is full of just such stories. You ought to read it."

"But we can't read it," said Archie, ruefully.

"Oh, yes! you can, after you've studied a while. You'll have to read it, you know, or something equivalent to it, before you can get into college. But look here" — Leroy took out his watch again, and whistled softly as he looked at it. "Whew! I'm behind time already," said he; "I ought to be over at the Evans' this minute. But I'll give you the moral of my story: You just pitch in for two or three years and study your Latin and Greek faithfully, and you'll begin to see then, much better than you can now, what they are good for. You'll like them, too; and you'll find they'll let you into a lot of good things besides stories about monsters with only one eye in their heads. I can't stop any longer; but remember, you promised to go to work like

good fellows, and learn your lessons. Good day to you." And off he went.

Archie slowly turned over the leaves of the book; his eyes dwelt longingly first on one page and then on another, though one was very much like another to him.

"I declare," he said, "it would be nice if we could dig this out, wouldn't it, and read all the stories?"

"Yes," said Clement, "it would. But the only way to be able to do it is to study, of course; and I suppose we must begin with the alphabet."

"Yes," Archie answered, with a sigh, and took up his lesson-book.

Then for a long while no sound was heard on the back piazza save the humming of the bees, or now and then a murmured "*Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta,*" or "*Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron,*" as one or other of the boys forgot himself and spoke his lesson aloud.

THE LITTLE PIXY PEOPLE.

IT was just a very
Merry fairy dream!
All the woods were airy
With the gloom and gleam;
Crickets in the clover
Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
Their old honey-song.

In the mossy passes,
Saucy grasshoppers
Leapt about the grasses
And the thistle-burrs;
And the whispered chuckle
Of the Katydid
Shook the honeysuckle
Blossoms where he hid.

THE PIXIES.

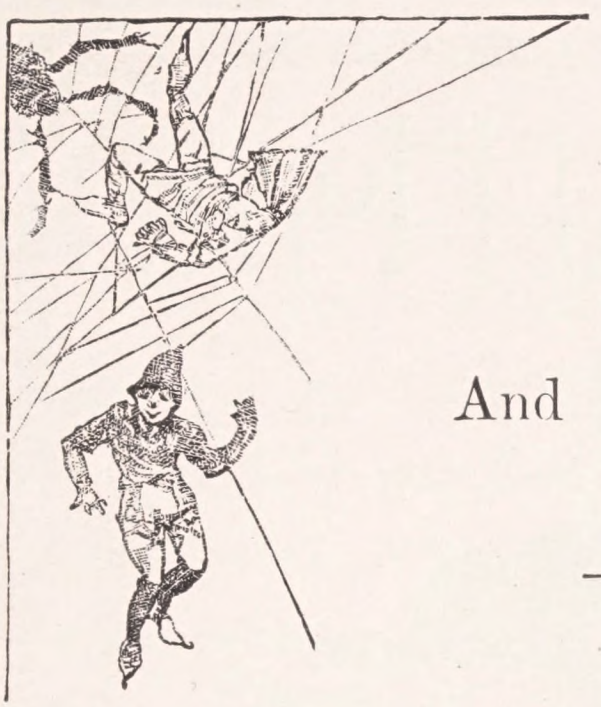
Through the breezy mazes
  Of the lazy June,
Drowsy with the hazes
  Of the dreamy noon,
Little Pixy people
  Winged above the walk,
Pouring from the steeple
  Of a mullein stalk.

One — a gallant fellow —
  Evidently king, —
Wore a plume of yellow
  In a jewelled ring
On a pansy bonnet,
  Gold and white and blue,
With the dew still on it,
  And the fragrance, too.

One — a dainty lady —
Evidently queen —
Wore a gown of shady
Moonshine and green,
With a lace of gleaming
Starlight that sent
All the dewdrops dreaming
Everywhere she went.

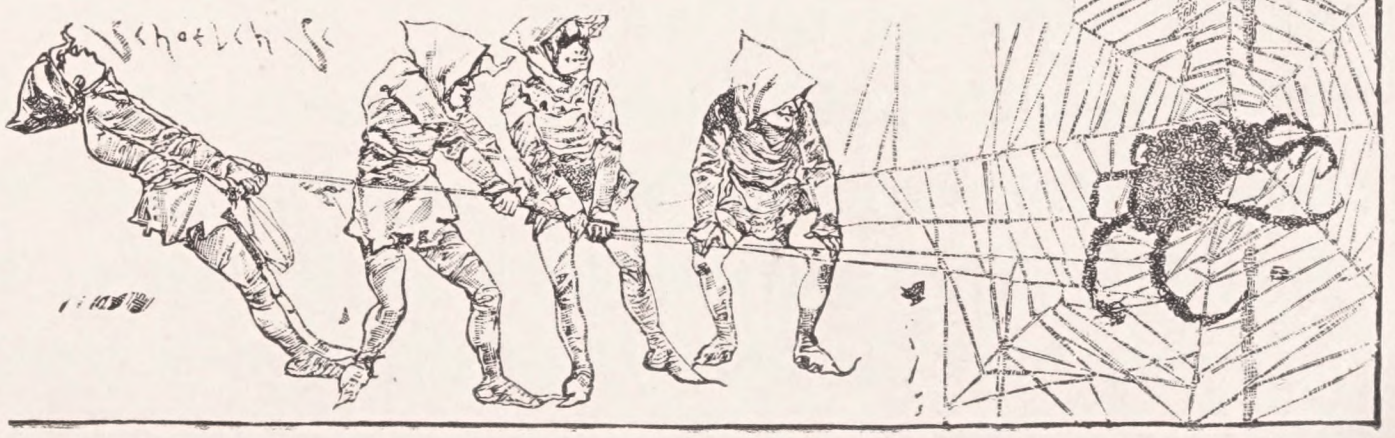
One wore a waistcoat
Of rose-leaves, out and in;
And one wore a faced-coat
Of tiger-lily skin;
And one wore a neat coat
Of palest galingale;
And one a tiny street coat,
And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho! sang the king of them,
And Hey! sang the queen;
And round and round the ring of them
Went dancing o'er the green,



And Hey! sang the
queen of them,
And Ho! sang the
king —
And all that I had seen of
them
— Wasn't anything!

It was just a very
Merry fairy dream!
All the woods were airy
With the glow and gleam;
Crickets in the clover
Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
Their old honey-song.



Christopher's "At Home."

OF course he may have been asleep and have dreamed it all. It's an easy way to explain those odd happenings and queer goings-on that we don't know anything about, to say, "Oh! he dreamed it." But here's the story, just as Kit told it to me; and Kit is a very wide-awake sort of a lad—he's our short-stop, you know, and we don't have sleepy-heads for short-stop in the Alert Nine, I can tell you.

You see Kit had to hand in a composition on Friday. Like most boys in the class, he put off writing it until Thursday night, and then he knew he had to do it. So he went into the library — they have a good library

room at the Johnsons' (Christopher Johnson is his company-name) — and he sat down before their big green-baize table, spread out a lot of commercial-note paper, got a pen, and dashed right at it.

Kit is a good writer, and he can roll off a composition just like anything. The subject he took was "Columbus' First Voyage." He likes historical subjects, so he took that instead of "My Pets," or "A Day in the Field," or "My Favorite Game," which were the others.

You see Kit is a lively sort of boy, and he reads a good many exciting books, and that gives him a style of writing that isn't usual among boys.

I suppose most fellows would have begun this way:

"Christophero Columbo was born in the year so-and-so, in the obscure little town of you-know-its-name-better-than-I-can-tell-you," and so on.

But Kit likes something snappier than that. So he got his elbows as far out on each side of him as he could reach, held his pen so tight that it wanted to squeal, bent his head over toward his left shoulder, his tongue out like that of a really fashionable pug, and reeled off this opening sentence:

"Little could the proud Ferdinand brook such insalence from a comparitively unknown adventurer no more he said with hawty disdane tire our royal ears with thy rash skemes we have no gold to wast on thy vane vaporings and he would have dismised Columbus without further parly but here the beautiful Isabella besort him to pause for a moment A boon a boon my lege she cried I have gewels in my cofer Let me sell them and fit out a vessel Mayhap we may thus acuire vaste domanes and convert many hethen."

I copied this, word for word, from the first page. Kit can spell when he tries, but he spells just anyhow when he's in a hurry.

That was as far as he had written when there came a knock on the door. Now, Kit hoped it was his sister Helen. Helen was always good to Kit; and, especially on composition-days, Kit fully appreciated what it was to have such a sister.

You see Helen was one of the studying kind, and she would look over Kit's compositions and put a little pencil mark opposite the words that she wanted him to look up in the dictionary.

Kit was an honest little fellow, and he told the teacher about it; but she said it was all right, so long as Helen didn't write the words out for him. Helen used to punctuate for him, too, sometimes; for Kit couldn't have patience to put in all the dots and dashes for himself. He said he couldn't bother with them; they interrupted the flow of his ideas.

But it wasn't Helen who had knocked at the library door, as Kit found out when he said, "Come in!"

The door opened slowly, wider and wider, until it stood wide open. And then a procession came in, led by a courtly little gentleman in small-clothes, wig, silk coat, and waistcoat, and wearing a rapier at his side. He was only an inch or two tall.

THE MASTER-OF-CEREMONIES.

"Permit me," he said, bowing to Kit much as the dancing-master does when you come in late, "to intro-

duce myself and my companions. Understanding that you had devoted the evening to letters, I have invited myself to be present, in order to render any assistance that may lie in my power. I am known as the Master-of-Ceremonies," and he bowed again.

"Glad to see you," mumbled Kit, looking at him with very wide-open eyes. "Won't you and your friends sit down?"

"Thank you, no," answered the leader. "We don't care to delay. We will duly take our places where we belong. Let me look at your composition," and the little Master-of-Ceremonies hopped upon the table and began to read it aloud. When he came to the word that Kit had spelled *insalence,* he drew his sword and pointed it toward the *a.*

"You're needed here, O," he said.

At once a rotund little gentleman came rolling across the room; the A jumped out of the word, and O inserted himself in its place.

"He's a usurper," he said. "That is my place. I've owned that place ever since the Romans accustomed me to it."

"Quite right," said the Master-of-Ceremonies to Kit. "You'll find his title made out plainly in the Latin dictionary."

"I had no wish to keep him out," said Kit. "What shall I do with Mr. A?"

This last question was suggested by seeing that gentleman, who had risen to give place to Mr. O, wandering uneasily over the page.

MR. "O."

"Fortunately, we can make room for him between the R and the T in *comparitively*," said the Master-of-Ceremonies, looking a little further down the sheet.

So A, looking much relieved, took the place which I at once yielded to him; Mr. I remarked, "I always feel out of place in those first conjugation derivatives. Suppose I find a place for myself in *disdane*, a few lines down? If Mr. E will kindly make room for me I will sit down on the other side of Miss N, there."

This change was soon made, and Mr. E, without saying, "By your leave," sat down by Miss T in the word "wast," where he felt he was welcome.

"*Adventurer no more*," read the Master-of-Ceremonies. "Where is my friend Mr. Period? Here seems to be room for him."

The gentleman inquired for came forward. He resembled Mr. O, but was smaller, and had a much less open countenance. He settled down after the word *adventurer*, but complained of being lonely. Two small boys, who were twins, came forward hand in hand.

MR. "A."

"Ah!" said the courtly leader; "the Quotation twins! Suppose you two sit down on those high seats just before *no more*. And — now I notice you, Miss N — there's some mistake. You're in your mother's place. Will Mrs. N please come and sit at the head of this row? Being a matron, Christopher, she is entitled to sit at the head of this row. And as these words seem crowded, suppose we move these down a line, and call the whole a new paragraph group, beginning where the Quotation twins are sitting."

Christopher agreed. But as the Master-of-Ceremonies

turned again to the composition, Christopher blushed and picked up the sheet.

"I say," said Kit, "I didn't expect visitors this evening, and I'm afraid it will be a long time before you all find places. Perhaps if you can call again — say to-morrow — I shall have the composition in a little better order." — "Oh! very well," said the little gentleman, repeating his courtly bow; "we had no intention of giving you any trouble; but you see my friends here are somewhat jealous of their places, and they asked me to inquire whether you had any objection to giving them their rights."

MR. "I."

So saying, he hopped nimbly down from the table and made his way out of the room, followed by the letters and punctuation-marks.

Then Kit went over his work again, and it is really surprising how many excuses Kit found for the visit paid him.

When Helen came in from dancing-school, she found that Kit had written a very creditable composition.

"Where did you learn to spell and punctuate so well, Kit?" she asked.

"Why, at my 'At home,'" Kit answered; and then he told her of the Master-of-Ceremonies.

"And, Helen," he said in conclusion, "I don't think anybody could forget to put in quotation-marks after seeing those twins perch themselves on their high chairs to hear what was to be said. Nor could any fellow leave out a period at the end of a sentence, if he had seen that exclusive Mr. Period settle himself down and draw away from the following sentence. Then there was an exclamation-point — an old lady with both hands held up in astonishment — who was all ready to express Ferdinand's disdain for Columbus' *rash schemes*. I tell you, I'm going to get acquainted with these punctuation people, for they're a very interesting lot."

THE "TWINS."

"I think they are," said Helen. "And it's really very kind of them to stand around while we read, to explain everything and to tell us just who said everything and how they said it."

"Where did they come from?" asked Kit.

"Oh! they're quite modern, most of them," said Helen. "Some of the older ones have lived many ages, but many are recent. There's the question mark, for instance. He began life as a whole word, so my teacher told me; 'Query,' his name was. Then they gave him a nickname, 'Qy'; and finally he was written only ?, and people forgot that he bore any relation to the letter Q."

"I don't remember that I ever paid any attention to those little marks, except in school," said Kit; "but school or no school, I'm not the fellow to forget my friends, and I'm going to get the Master-of-Ceremonies to bring the whole of them around to see me some day."

"Then it will be the whole 'Kit and boodle' of them," said Helen, laughing.

There! that's what Kit told me about the evening he wrote his composition. I suppose he dreamed it; but it was a funny dream, any way, and seemed to have a sort of moral to it. Didn't it?

I know that it has made Kit a good punctuater, if there is any such word. He uses semicolons now. In

fact, I have seen a composition of his telling all about the "Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus" that had real colons in it. His teacher said "My stars!" when she saw it, and expressed the wish that all the scholars would punctuate and spell as well as Christopher Johnson did. And then Kit got as red as a beet, and we boys washed his face for him in the snow at recess to keep him from getting too proud. But there's no danger of that. Kit is too good a fellow.

WOODS OF WARWICK.

PLEASANT, pleasant woods of Warwick, when the
shaws are thick with summer:
Green and golden, gloom and sunshine, leafy wealth of
wilderness;
Velvet mosses plashing rainbows round the feet of any
comer
Lingering where the dew still lingers, branches droop,
and odors press;
High above the castle towers; down below the wild
brook brawling;

And across a dream of sorrow, hark! the nightingales
are calling
Far away in long-drawn depths of dusky dell and dark
recess.

I was never there; were you, dear? Yet at once, my
eyelids closing,
Thrice a hundred years are vanished, and a tender hand
I lay
On this ancient tree-bole's furrows, crooked gnarls and
knots, supposing,
When 'twas young, a lad I know of chanced to stroll
this self-same way;
Warbling wood-notes as he loitered, and, the blood in
blushes bringing —
While a cuckoo mocked, and madly many thrushes burst
out singing —
Here Will Shakespeare, it may happen, cut the name
"Anne Hathaway."

Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, beshrew me!
did he see that cuckoo mocking
When he turned his head to listen
and his fancy felt the spell?
In his hand — its sweetest secrets under old black-letter locking —
Chaucer's was the verse he carried,
opening where the pages tell
Of the elf-queen and her people when the land was full of fairy.

Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, a
g l a d s o m e
spirit, delicate and airy;
Nay, an airy spirit was it of the name of Ariel!

On the turf he threw him gayly with old Chaucer for his pillow;
Far along the level greenwood where he sent a happy eye
Wind and boughs and latest sunbeams swept in billow over billow,

Oxlips and the nodding violets danced between him and the sky;
Wild thyme and the sweet musk-roses sent their fragrance out to find him;
There a jewelled snake slipt, leaving his enamelled skin behind him;
Bees with brimming honey-bags, and big and burly, blundered by.

Was he sure it was a snake then wore the gilded weed and cleft it?
"Weed," he murmured, "wide enough to wrap a fairy in." And might
That Titania be, who doffed the gauzy coverlid and left it,
Hovering in the gentle gloom, and shining there in sheer delight?
Was the bee that just sung by him, where the shade was deep and mellow,
Kind Hobgoblin, loved of firesides, he the shrewd and knavish fellow —
Was that Puck, the lob of spirits, merry wanderer of the night?

"A LAD I KNOW OF CHANCED TO STROLL THIS SELF-SAME WAY."

Evening sun forsook the forest, twilight gathered in the hollows ;
Winds went rustling, dewy coolness fell like shadow on the air ;
Where the new moon hung, the leaves stirred like the wings of darting swallows ;
Where the new moon, slight and glorious, hung a sudden silver flare,
In its lovely crescent swiftly stole a glimmering apparition,
Lost among the tossing branches, half a dream and half a vision,
Oberon, the king of fairies, in that moment passing there !

Hist ! No whisper ! In the royal lustre who were these came trooping ?
What gay swarm of silken banners, wings, and scarfs of damask dyes ?
Topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, tripping, tumbling, soaring, swooping,

"OBERON, THE KING OF FAIRIES."

All the elves in humming murmur of light laughs and
rippling cries!
Cobweb, floating through the darkness, filmy as a bat
and slender;
Balancing above a poppy, Moth with wings of downy
splendor;
And Peasblossom, flower or fairy, fluttering with the but-
terflies!

"Master!" 'Twas a cry of music, Queen Titania's voice,
oh, hearken!
"Though, indeed, you know the summer still doth tend
upon my state" —

"'TWAS A CRY OF MUSIC, QUEEN TITANIA'S VOICE, OH, HEARKEN!"

Breathe not, think not! She all rosy glows while shadows round her darken!
"Yet I fain of other lands would tempt the pleasures, try the fate.
Running stream no fairy ventures, witch nor warlock crosses water,
Woe betide the sorry elf if urchins of the great seas caught her!
Yet, beyond them, richer roses, sweeter nightingales must wait."

Have you, with a south-wind blowing, heard a harp-string's silver shiver?
Oberon, the king, was speaking: "Fairy-land obeys my nod,
And, though like a forester I these groves may tread forever,
Let me break a lance, I pray you, with some chapleted Greek god!

Into lands of antique story, Master, you alone can
send us.
One midsummer night's mad revel in Athenian forests
lend us!
We are Gothic fairies, take us where the fauns of Greece
have trod!"

"Master, Master," chimed the chorus, "we are home-bred
English fairies,
We the little people who, the old dame tells you, bless
the hearth,
Sweep the dust behind the door, and churn the cream
in lucky dairies,
Dance within the nine-men's-morris, haunt the nightside
with our mirth,
Light us tapers from the waxen thighs of humble-bees,
and cheery
Blow our elfin horns and scatter when the stars do.
But we weary,

Long for other sports, and weary of this corner of the earth!"

GOTHIC FAIRIES AND GRECIAN FAUNS.

Night came sweeping through the forest, soft her sombre garments trailing;

With a sound of gallant chiding distant hounds began
to bay;
Like a shoal of dancing waters in the moon, the crew
went sailing,
Like a cloud of flying rose-leaves when the winds are up
and away.
"Following darkness like a dream," sighed Will Shake-
speare, half in sadness,
Underneath his breath, and spelled in this midsummer
night's dream madness,
All the woods of Warwick ringing with the elfin roun-
delay.

THE LITTLE MAN.

LITTLE Gretchen was going home from school when the wonderful thing happened.

She was in the woods. She was alone. If whistling Hans and laughing Bertha and the other noisy, romping ones had been with her, the Little Man would have hidden himself away.

As it was, he came out boldly in the path before her and said, "Little girl, come under the toadstool and tell me your name."

Gretchen started to say she was too large, for the toadstool was hardly three inches high, while she was near three feet. Before she could speak the words, however, she felt herself growing smaller — smaller than little brother Karl, smaller than baby Greta. The next minute she was no taller than the Little Man himself, as she followed him under the toadstool and told him her name was Gretchen.

The Little Man seated himself on a small toadstool, beside a middle-sized toadstool. The big toadstool spread

over them like an umbrella. Then he whisked out a sheet of birch-bark paper, and a quill pen made of a humming-bird feather. He dipped the pen in a tiny acorn-cup of ink and wrote down her name. That done he looked up and smiled and spoke:

"And you are the little girl who didn't whisper in school? the little girl who learned her lessons? the little girl who comforted poor lame Lena when she fell and bumped her nose? the little girl who wants to help the house-mother because the house-father is ill and can't?"

Little Gretchen was too timid to reply in words, but the blushes that made her pink cheeks pinker after each question said "Yes" quite as plainly.

The Little Man wrote once more with the humming-bird quill. Then he smiled again to Gretchen, and said:

"I was sure you were the same little girl. Now you may go — but remember this one thing: under the pine at the edge of the woods, among the young uncurling ferns, grows a pink lady's-slipper. Pluck it, and take it to the house-mother. Within the flower she will find the help your loving little heart longs to take to her."

Before Gretchen could speak her thanks, she found

THE LITTLE MAN WROTE DOWN HER NAME.

herself suddenly shooting up to the height of the girl she had been, and when she bent to look under the toadstool, the Little Man had vanished.

So Gretchen hastened home, plucking the lady's-slipper under the pine, as she had been told.

When the house-mother heard little Gretchen's story, she opened the flower, and lo! within there was a glittering diamond!

She hastened to tell the house-father; he started up in bed, he looked at it, and at once declared it must be the precious gem the Princess had lost from her engagement ring, a week ago that very day, when riding to the hunt, and for which a great reward was offered.

The Princess had halted with the Prince under that very pine, and when she slipped off her glove that he might kiss her hand, the gem had fallen from its setting and been cunningly caught in the pouch of the flower.

Of course Gretchen took the pink lady's-slipper to the Princess, with the strange and beautiful dewdrop still glittering within, and then — why, of course all went well forever after.

AFTER THE RAIN.

JUST as soon as the rain was over Willie and Millie ran out into the garden.

Willie and Millie were brother and sister. They would have been twins if they had been given to their mamma in the same year, for their birthdays came on the same day in the same month. But while Willie's was June 15, 1882, Millie's was June 15, 1883. So you see Willie was just one year older than Millie.

The garden was quite wet, for it had been raining hard, and the plot of ground that the gardener had been spading and planting the day before was very soft. In fact it was mud. Willie slipped off the board-walk into this mud, and Millie slipped after him. They scrambled quickly out, but their shoes were a sight to behold.

"Oh! I hate mud," said Willie. "Oh! I hate mud, too," said Millie, when, to their great surprise, many

soft little voices called out, "But you must not hate it. It gives food and drink to the seeds that are planted in it, and this food and drink will make them so strong that they will grow into pretty green plants. And the pretty green plants will bear hundreds of lovely flowers."

"Well, then, I don't hate the mud, I like it," said Willie. "And I don't hate the mud, and I like it, too," said Millie.

Then they went skipping along the walk to the well at the other end of the garden. Here they met a toad. He was a big, speckled fellow with bright eyes. "Oh! I hate toads," said Willie. "Oh! I hate toads, too," said Millie.

The toad sat up on his hind legs and looked at them sharply. "That's not right," he said, "for toads do a great deal of good in the garden. They catch and eat many insects that would destroy the plants and flowers if they were let alone."

"Well, then, I don't hate toads, I like them," said Willie. "And I don't hate toads, and I like them, too," said Millie.

The toad hopped away, and a big earthworm wriggled

out of the place where it had been sitting, and dragged itself past the children. "Oh! I hate earthworms," said Willie, stepping quickly back from it. "Oh! I hate earthworms, too," said Millie.

The earthworm stopped and turned its head toward them. "You shouldn't hate earthworms," it said, "for they are of the greatest use. If it were not for them none of the green things could grow. They travel through the ground, breaking the soil and loosening it as they go, so that the tiny plants, that spring from the seeds, may be able to make their way up to the sunshine."

"Well, then, I don't hate earthworms, I like them," said Willie. "And I don't hate earthworms, and I like them, too," said Millie.

"And I guess," Willie went on, — "I guess I like everything."

"And I guess," said Millie, — "I guess I like everything, too."

OUT FROM FAIRYLAND.

THE fairies stole me in the
wood,
And carried me away;
I only stayed in fairyland
A single night and day.

For all the wondrous things I
saw,
For all the things I heard,
I only brought away with me
A feather from a bird.

When I came back from fairyland
I scarcely knew the way;
I thought that things were strangely changed
In just one night and day.

My baby sister was so tall,
My mother's hair was white;
They told me seven years had passed
In that one day and night.

Now, whether I'm at work or play
My heart feels sad and sore:
I wish that they would take me back
To fairyland once more.

"I'M THE CHIEF COOK OF THE BOOK-KITCHEN," SAID THE DWARF.

POLLY'S VISIT TO THE BOOK-KITCHEN.

"*WAS hätte es sagen sollen müssen.* Oh, dear! what an outlandish thing to learn!" sighed pretty Polly Pillacoddy, as she sat studying her German lesson, in the cushioned chimney corner by the great wood-fire in her grandfather's old-fashioned sitting-room. A snow-storm was beating against the window-panes, and Polly longed to shut up her books and watch the feathery flakes, but the lesson must be learned before the hands of the tall old clock should reach the hour of five.

Polly was not fond of study nor of going to school.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "why doesn't everybody talk English! These old *Ichs* and *Euchs* just stick in my throat!"

"I've got some stuff that will make 'em come out just as easy as can be," said a little squeaky voice.

Polly looked round, and there, by the clock, she saw a little humpbacked Dwarf grinning from ear to ear. He looked so jolly and good-natured that Polly's first

impulse to run away was very quickly overcome by her curiosity to know what he meant.

"Stuff to make them go down easy?" exclaimed she. "What do you mean? And who are you, any way — if you please?" she added.

"I'm chief cook of the Book-Kitchen," said the Dwarf. "Don't you want to come and see it? It's much nicer than going to school. We go there instead of to school in Dwarfland; it's a much quicker way to learn."

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to go," cried Polly emphatically, though she had not the faintest idea what the Book-Kitchen might be. "Shall I get on my things?"

"No," said the Dwarf, "we don't have to go out into the snow to get to the Book-Kitchen. All you need to do is to take this little Ten-League Pill and shut your eyes while I count ten."

Polly obeyed, and when the Dwarf pronounced the word "ten!" she opened her eyes and found that the sitting-room, fireplace, old clock, and all had mysteriously disappeared, and she and her little guide were standing in a strange, large room with low ceilings.

It looked more like a pretty drug-store than anything

else, for the walls were lined with gilt and silver shelves, on which stood gayly colored bottles of all sizes, each bearing a label. In front of these shelves were counters with glass cases, which held oddly shaped little boxes, silver, amethyst, pale-blue, and amber-colored. But Polly was most interested by what appeared to be a large crystal soda-water fountain which occupied one entire side of the room. Polly was very fond of soda-water, and she ran at once to this fascinating affair, which seemed to be made of diamonds. She was surprised at the number of taps, for there were at least a hundred.

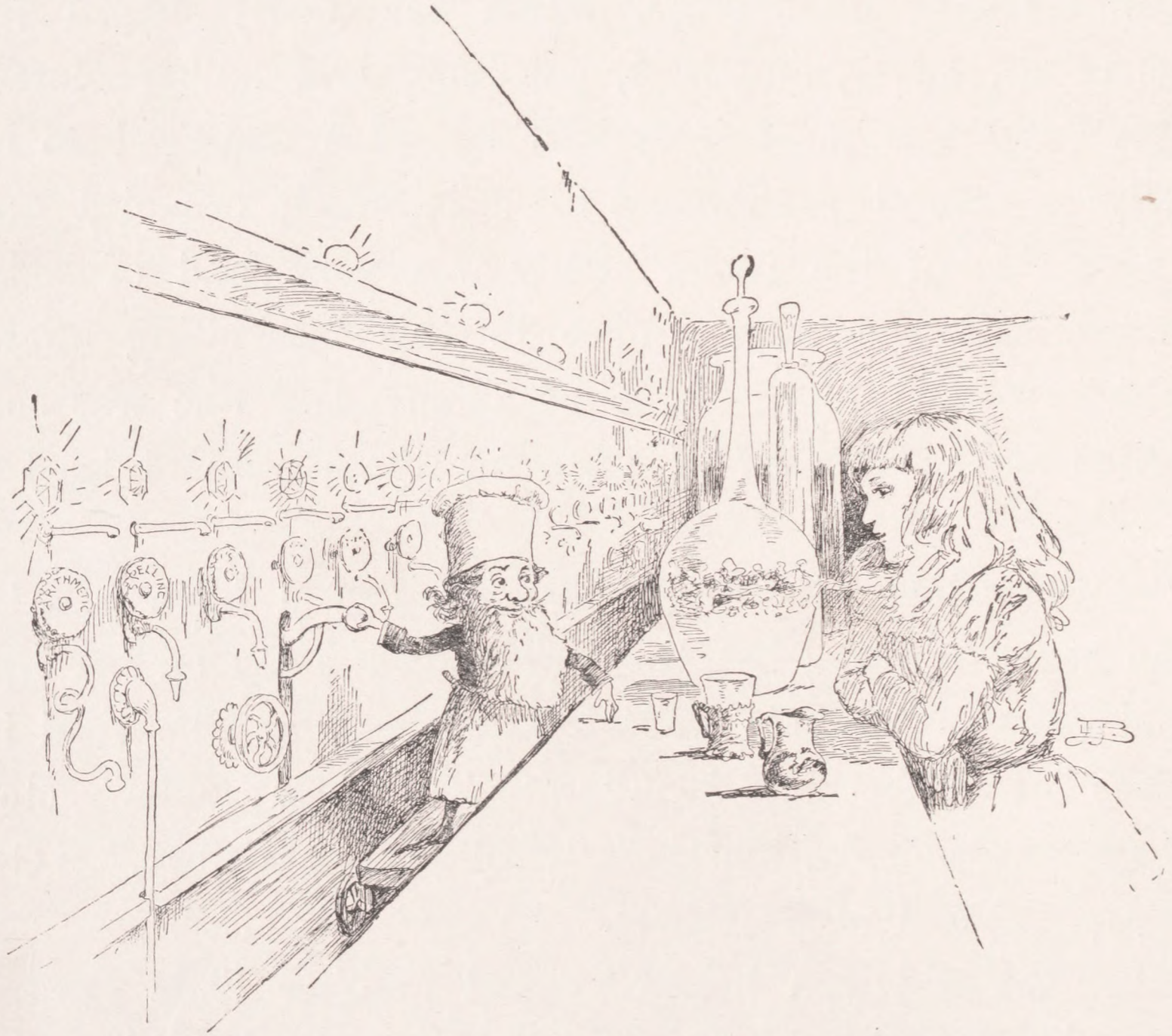
"What lots of different flavorings you have here!" she began to say; but the words died away on her lips and she turned pale with astonishment as she read in place of "Chocolate," "Vanilla," "Sarsaparilla," etc., these words: "Arithmetic," "Spelling," "History," "Geography," and many others.

"What will you have?" asked another little Dwarf, who, in spotless white cap and apron, stood behind the counter.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Polly.

"Try and see," said the first Dwarf, chuckling.

So Polly gaining courage, said more boldly, "Arithmetic, if you please."



"WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?"

In a moment she had drank the sparkling glass he had filled from the Arithmetic-tap.

"Oh! what are these funny little square things it has left in my mouth?" asked she.

"They are square roots," said the Dwarf. "You haven't taken it strong enough for them to dissolve."

Polly laughed, and then, to her intense astonishment, began rattling off the multiplication and division tables way up in the hundreds.

"Nine times three hundred and thirteen are two thousand eight hundred and seventeen," she was glibly announcing when the Dwarf interrupted her by saying, "We'll see if you have drunk enough Arithmetic to do the Mathematical Cook example."

"What is it?" asked Polly.

"If a good Mathematical Cook you would make,
A spoonful of extract Arithmetic take;
Two of Algebra, and of Geometry three,
And a pint of strong, fresh Logarithmical Tea,
Of Trigonometry, one cubic wine-glass then sup,
And of Calculus drink a good, heaping cup.
Now, in order one-twentieth portion to know,
In just what-sized dish will that much of it go?"

Such an example would ordinarily have "scared Polly blue," as she used to say, but to her amusement she gave the answer before the last word was out of the Dwarf's mouth.

"Right," said he.

"Where is that stuff that makes German easy?" asked Polly.

The Dwarf handed her, from the glass case, a little amber-colored box which Polly opened and found to contain a stick of amber-colored chewing-gum.

"Try it," said he.

Polly put it in her mouth and began to chew.

"*Danke schön*," said she.

"What?" said the Dwarf.

"*Ich spreche Deutsch*," said she, and she opened her mouth so wide with astonishment that the gum tumbled out on the floor. "What in the world *is* that?" she asked in English.

"That is our German Chewing Gum," he answered. "You will talk German as long as you have that in your mouth."

Polly popped it in again.

"*Ach! wie wunderschön!*" said she with the best of accents; "*so viel leichter und besser als das ewige Studium der hässlichen grammatik.*"

"*Ja wohl,*" said the Dwarf.

Polly capered about the shop in high spirits, talking German as fast as a little Deutsch Fräulein, now singing snatches of "The Lorelei," now running over the principal parts of the irregular verbs.

"Have you any French gum?" she asked.

The Dwarf handed her a little French kid box in which Polly found some gum that made her talk French as glibly as she had German. After trying it to her satisfaction, she put the German gum also in her mouth at the same time to see what would happen with both together.

"*Comment befinden vous sich?*" said she.

He took from a pig-shaped box some Hog Latin gum, and from another some Italian gum. "*Sta quite-gerry bene to-daygerry,*" said he, politely; but as he offered Polly no Italian gum she could not understand him, and the conversation struck her as becoming very uninteresting.

After she had tried other experiments, combining Choctaw and Japanese, Latin and Sanscrit gums, and had conversed fluently in them all, she remembered her father speaking of a new universal language called Volapük.

"Have you Volapük gum?" she asked.

"No," said the Dwarf, somewhat shortly; "if we sold that, all our other gums would be a drug in the market. We don't approve of it at all. Come, you'll be a regular *Polly-glot*," he continued, "if you keep on chewing these gums." And he gave her a bit of Greek gum so that she could understand his pun.

After Polly had chewed it and laughed, she presently began to read some of the labels of the bottles on the shelves. They were, she thought, very unlike any drug-store bottles she had ever seen: "Extract of History, Cube-Root Tea, Theological Bitters, Strong Solution of Ideas, Extract of Literature, Syrup of Grammar, Dried Latin Verb-Roots, Geography Pills," and many others. Polly did not understand more than half of these titles, and looked relieved when the Dwarf suggested going to the Book-Kitchen to see these wonders made.

MAKING COMPOSITION TEA.

From a rear door they entered a large and curious kitchen. Along one entire side were ranges on which stood huge kettles a-boiling. Two other sides of the room were filled with little doors, each bearing a name: Grammar, Chemistry, Latin, Spelling, etc., and on the fourth side were rows of tables where a dozen or more Dwarfs in white caps and aprons were filling more kettles with the contents of the mysterious closets which consisted largely of books.

THE CHIEF COOK TASTES THE COMPOSITION TEA.

"Here they are making Composition Tea," said the Dwarf, leading Polly to a table where a huge caldron was being filled with thousands of tiny manuscripts of compositions, with biographies, dictionaries, encyclopædias, histories, poems, and many other things.

"When this is all done," said the Dwarf, "one teaspoonful of the extract will enable you to write a beautiful composition."

"Oh! mayn't I have a bottle of it?" cried Polly, for she disliked compositions as much as German.

Polly's guide was evidently one of the chief cooks, and was tasting the contents of the caldron.

"Put in at least two gallons more Ideas," said he to the Composition cook. "It needs another good pinch of those compositions on the Seasons to give it the right flavor. It needs, too, another string of adjectives and at least a quart more commas and one of semi-colons."

Polly was immensely entertained, but was soon taken away to the next table, where a dwarf was piling up little brown sticky cakes which came from another pot.

"Why, they look like dates!" said Polly.

"They are," said the Dwarf; "this is the History kettle, and the strongest historical extract always comes out in dates. Try one."

Polly took one which was stamped 1776, and immedi-

ately began to rattle off all the principal historical events which took place in that year all over the world.

"Is that the reason the year in which a thing happens is called a date?" she asked, never having thought of the connection before.

"Certainly," said the Dwarf. "All history boiled down comes out in the form of dates — at least the old-fashioned kind did, and we prefer that."

MAKING ACCOMPLISHMENT VARNISH.

He next took Polly to a table where from the contents of another kettle a lot of Spelling-plasters were being made. Polly saw the kettle was full of boiled letters, capital and small.

"Clap this on your tongue and you can spell anything," said the Dwarf.

Polly did so and straightway proceeded to spell without a single mistake:

Schism
Bdellium
Ptyalism
Synecdoche
Ichthyology
Immalleability
Phthisic
Pneumatic
Scintillate
Chalybeate
Catechetical
Incomprehensibility.

"I've always wished I could make poetry," said Polly as they came to a big kettle marked Poetry and she saw some lozenges sticking on the edge of it.

"Is this done?" said the Dwarf to the Poetry Cook.

"No," said the other, "only half-done. The rhymes and metres are all in, but they are not thoroughly steeped in ideas yet. That will take some time longer, for the ideas have only just begun to simmer."

Polly took a lozenge and ate it; immediately she began to jingle away in a sing-song manner:

"Wanting is what?
Oh! give me a lot
From that lozenge pot,
For, my darling Dwarf,
I'm a little off
With this gingerbread cough
Which I took on the wharf
Of our watering-trough."

Both dwarfs burst out laughing.

"It's very evident that the ideas have had no effect yet on that lozenge," said one.

Polly looked a little mortified.

"Anyway it rhymed and metred," said she; "and I never could make a rhyme or a metre before. What's in this other kettle?"

"Accomplishment Varnish," said the Dwarf. "Young ladies must always have a little smattering of accomplishments, a little of everything, and if this varnish is applied every evening, it will give the effect quicker than anything else."

The table was piled up with the ingredients for this

kettle: some French, German, and Italian chewing-gum, a little Musical Oil, a large bottle of Extract of Dancing, stood already prepared; but besides these there were the raw materials just taken from the accomplishment closet, — a banjo and guitar, Pole on Whist, some Ken-

AN INTERESTING WAY OF GOING TO SCHOOL.

sington embroidery, some songs, a book of plays, a tennis racket, a book of etiquette, a few poems, a box of pencils and paints, and a recipe for making sponge-cake.

Just then a bell rang and the Dwarf, taking out a queer little watch about as large as a five-cent piece,

said, "It is school-time. Do you want to see the children come in?"

Polly assented, though it was hard to leave the Book-Kitchen. On returning to the shop she found a crowd of little boy and girl dwarfs pouring in, each carrying a cup and spoon instead of a strap of books. Behind the counters were a dozen or more cooks who had all they could do to wait on the crowd of children. Polly stood in a corner and looked at this interesting way of attending school.

"Peese give me a box of Alphabet Pills," lisped one little fellow, handing over some tiny coins.

"I want a glass of Geography, with Maps," said a little dwarf girl to the cook at the great fountain.

"What does she mean?" asked Polly.

"Why, just as you take soda with cream, to make it nicer, so we have different kinds of Book-cream to improve these drinks," said the Dwarf. "Map-cream goes with a glass of Geography, Microscope-cream with Botany, Telescope-cream with Astronomy, etc. They give an excellent flavor."

"What are those coins they all give?" asked Polly, noticing that nothing was given for nothing.

The Dwarf handed her some to look at. They were little round coins of different sizes, each bearing the German words, "*Fleissiges Studium.*" Polly could not make out what they meant. The Dwarf left her for a moment carrying off the coins with him. She ran across the room to get some German chewing-gum so she could read them.

"Where's your money?" said the Cook at the counter.

"I haven't any," said Polly.

"Then you can have no gum."

THE TINY COINS.

Polly looked for her friend, but he did not come back. The dwarfs swarmed around her, and when she found that she could get neither drinks nor lozenges without the coins, she sat down in a window-seat to wait for the Dwarf. She was tired

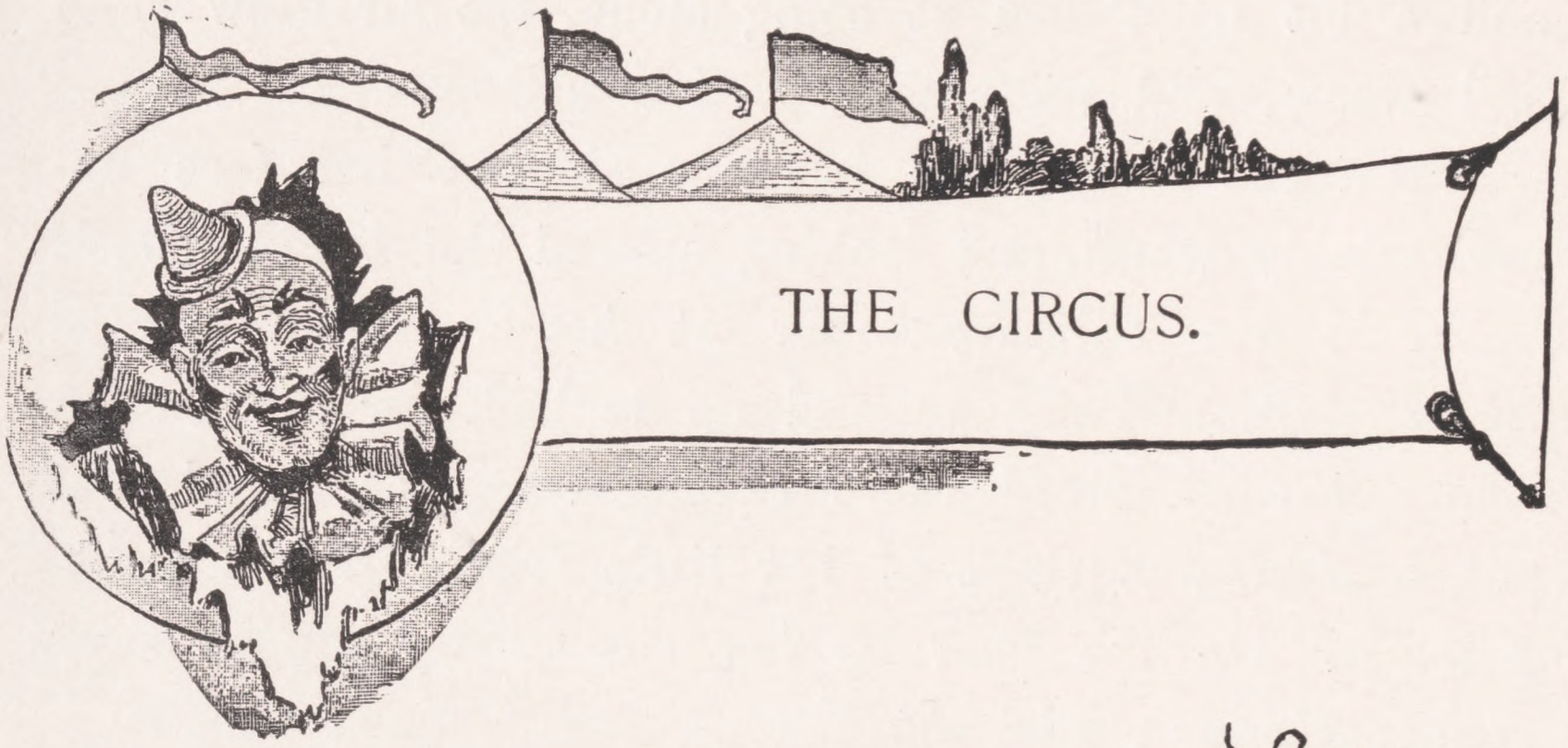
and a bit frightened at being alone, the air grew close and warm, and presently she fell asleep.

When she awoke she felt one side of her face uncomfortably warm, and looking around she found herself again in the chimney-corner at home. The fire was roaring hot, and she jumped up to look for the Dwarf. The old clock stood there ticking away as usual, but not a sign was there of her little friend of the Book-Kitchen. On the floor by her side, Polly caught sight of her German Dictionary.

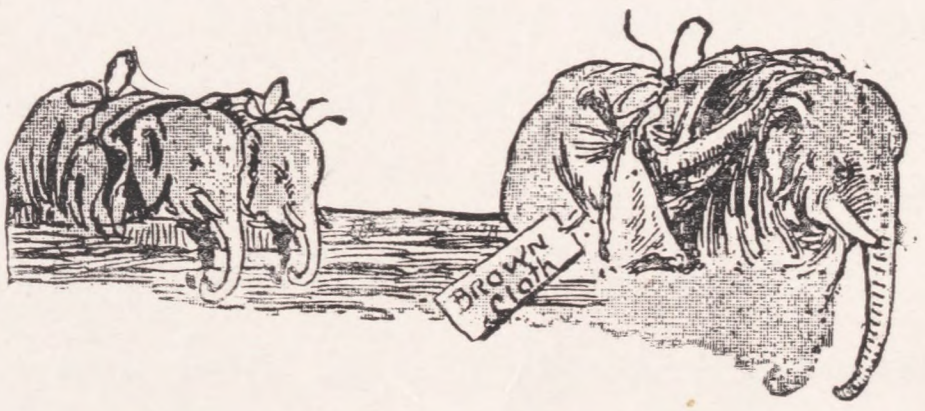
"Well, I'll find out there what those coin words mean," exclaimed she.

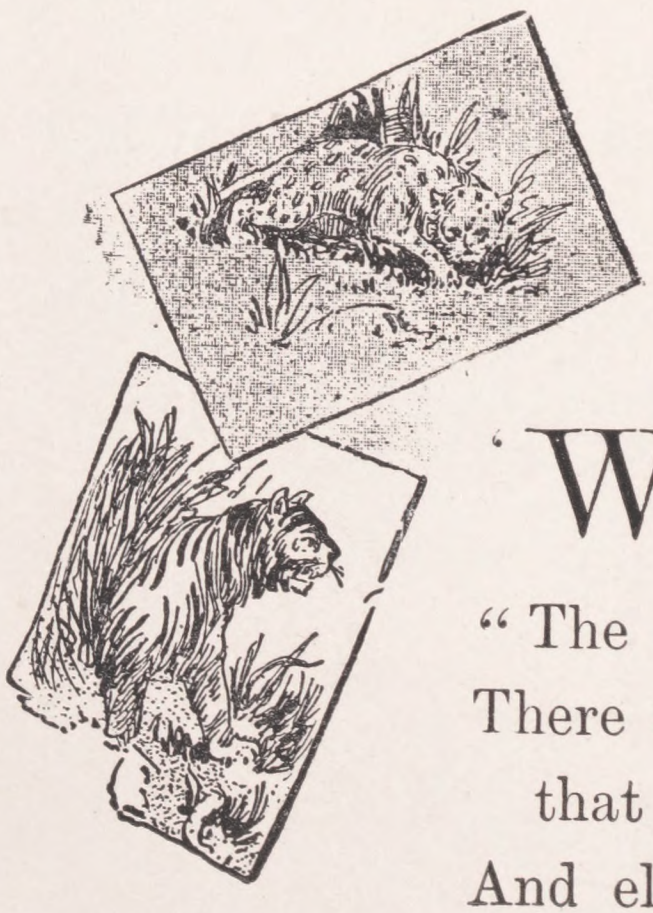
She looked through the *F's* and *S's* till she had translated both words, and her face fell.

"Dear me," said she, "I see the point. I didn't know there were such disagreeable things as points and morals in Dwarfland!"



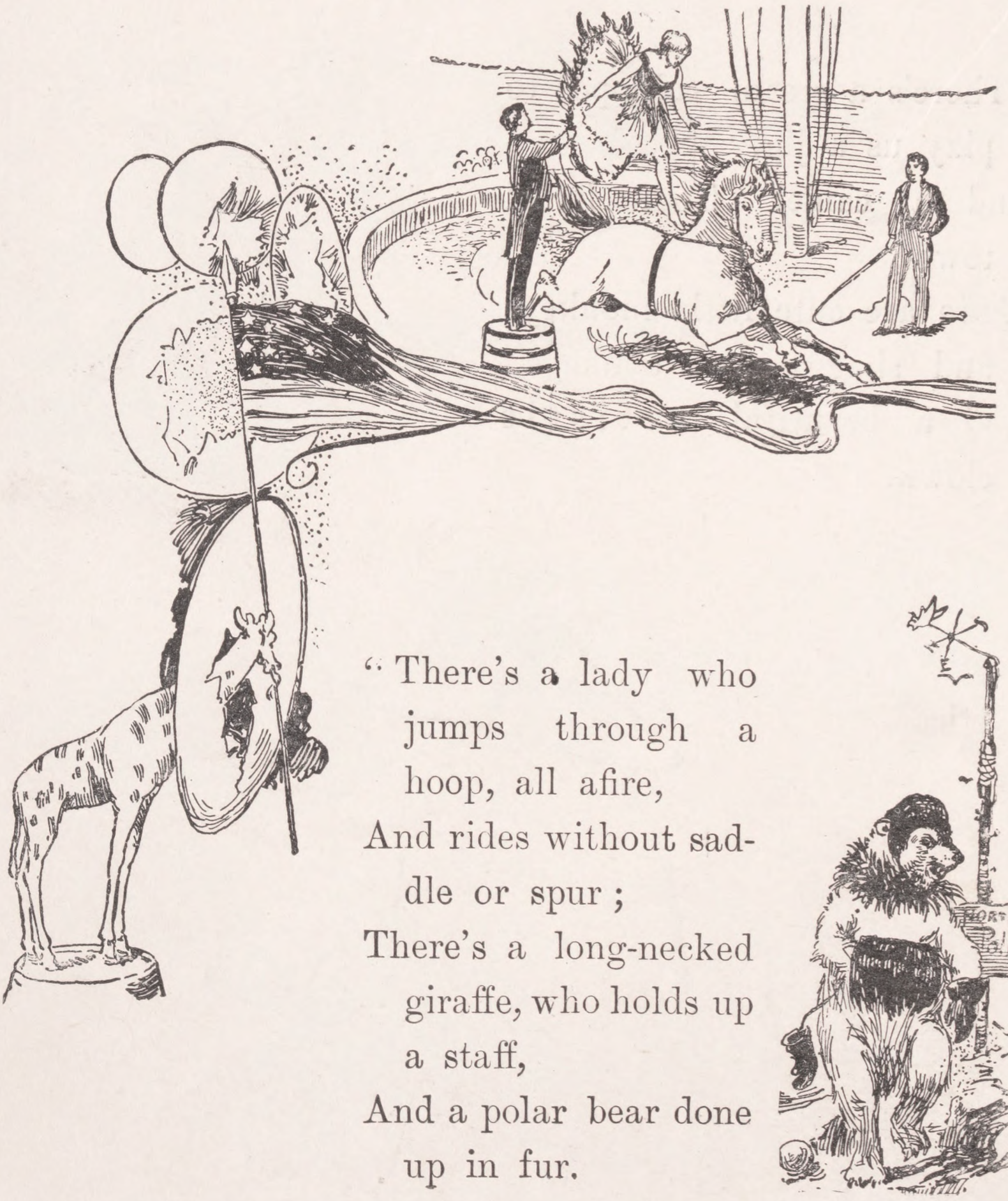
THE CIRCUS.





"WHAT do you think?" said the children one night,
"The circus is coming to town;
There are tigers and leopards, and dogs that are shepherds,
And elephants done up in brown.

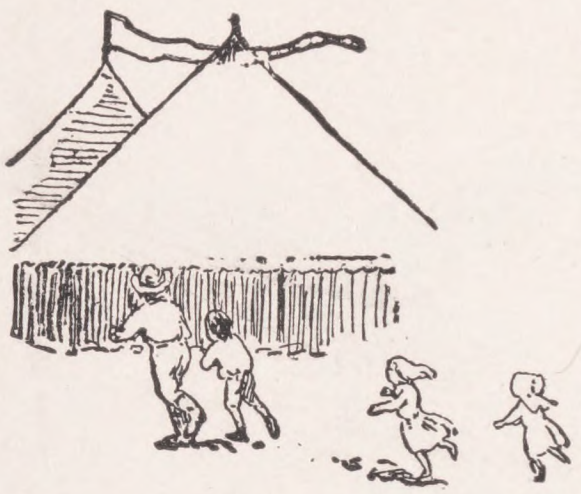
"There's a steam calliope to
play us a jig,
And a camel from Israel
town;
There are cute little monkeys
and shaggy-eared donkeys,
And a beautiful, artistic
clown.



"There's a lady who
jumps through a
hoop, all afire,
And rides without sad-
dle or spur;
There's a long-necked
giraffe, who holds up
a staff,
And a polar bear done
up in fur.

"There's a lion who roar-r-r-rs; there's an eagle who soars;
There's an antelope timid and mild;
There are all sorts of creatures of curious features,
Enough to drive any one wild."

And the teacher next day went frantic, they say,
And wished that the children weren't born;
Such an uproar was made o'er that circus parade
As shouldn't a school-house adorn.



And, oh! the black marks that the
absent ones got,
As off to the circus they hied,
And spent their pin-money for things
that are funny,
And laughed at the monkeys, beside.

"Such a terrible scrabble and
indecent rabble!"
Sighed the prudish old people
in town;
But those children just cried,
and threw kisses, beside, to
the clown,
As he rode out of town.

A QUERY.

GREAT yellow Moon, are you made of
green cheese?
Would a slice of you make a little boy
sneeze?
Does the Great Bear milk all the cows every day
That wander about in the long Milky Way?

Does the Little Bear snivel and grovel and growl,
And with a big knife around you just prowl,
And eat you all up — till you're only a piece,
And have to go shining away off in Greece?

My uncle he tells me such curious things:
He says that the stars have all got wings.
The reason they shine is plain to be seen:
The big Sun washes their faces so clean.

Characters.

Prince Felix. *Alfred.* *Princess Pearl.*

Rosetta. *Fairy.*

Costumes.

Pearl. *White frock, white stockings and shoes, pearl circlet in hair.*

Rosetta. *White muslin chemisette with full sleeves to elbow, red skirt, black velvet Swiss bodice, red silk handkerchief knotted on her head, bead necklace, black stockings and shoes. She carries a basket with the three toys in it. The sweetmeats are concealed in the back, by means of a slip of paper pasted within the cover.*

Felix. *Blue fancy suit.*

Alfred. *Yellow and white.*

Fairy. *"Dolly Varden" suit with peaked hat and long staff, or the regular fairy costume, white dress, wand and all.*

SCENE: *Interior of a summer-house in the royal children's pleasure garden. Three little chairs. Rustic table to left of stage. Some pots of flowers. Door to left; door to right. Pearl and Felix discovered. Pearl seated to left of stage, Felix beside her, leaning on rustic table. Window to right of stage.*

Pearl. Felix! —

Felix. Well?

Pearl. I wish something would happen.

Felix. We shall have breakfast directly.

PRINCE FELIX.

Pearl. I meant something new.

Felix. Go without breakfast, then. That would be new.

Pearl. If I went without breakfast, it wouldn't be something new happening: it would be something old not happening.

Felix. How clever you are this morning! I object to a clever girl, especially when I am hungry.

Pearl (*rising*). And I object to a rude boy, especially

when he's my brother. (*Goes to window and stands looking out, with her back to Felix. After a moment Felix follows her.*)

Felix. Pearlie! (*Pearl takes no notice. Felix touches her on the arm.*) Pearlie! (*Pearl looks round.*) I say; I didn't mean to be rude.

Pearl (*turns round and takes his arm*). And I didn't mean to be clever. (*They walk down stage.*) It was an accident.

(*Alfred comes in at left-hand door with light breakfast for two, on tray.*)

Pearl. Good morning, Alfred.

Alfred. Good morning, Princess. (*He places tray on table and sets two chairs.*) Summer's come.

Pearl. Who? (*The prince and princess sit down at table.*)

Alfred (*behind Pearl's chair*). Summer, Princess, summer.

Pearl. That's nothing. Summer always comes.

(*The prince and princess begin breakfast.*)

Felix (*to Alfred*). Is my King-papa going to review the troops to-day?

Alfred. No, Prince. His Majesty has a cold.

Pearl. Oh, dear! And we were to ride with him, on our ponies.

Felix. Can't he make the doctors cure his cold?

Alfred. Before twelve o'clock, Prince?

Pearl. Well, why not, if they all united together? (*Flings herself back in her chair.*) It's too bad! That review was all I had left to live for, this morning. I don't see what the sun wants to shine for now. And, Alfred, I wish the bees would put a different taste in the honey.

Alfred (*hands jam*). Try some strawberry jam, Princess.

Pearl. No, thank you. Give me an apple.

(*Alfred hands plate of apples; Pearl takes one. She turns it round in her hand and looks at it doubtfully.*) I wish it were a pear. Are there any pears?

Alfred. No, Princess. The last are gone.

Pearl (*stands up, playing with apple*). There's too much in an apple. Have you noticed that, Alfred?

Alfred. No, Princess. I never think there's too much — not even in three or four apples.

Felix. Why don't you sit down, Pearl?

Pearl (*lays apple on table*). I have finished. (*She walks to window.*) How beautiful the sky looks! It's a pity we live such a long way off from the sky, isn't it, Felix?

Felix (*still at breakfast*). Oh! I don't know. I'm all right.

PRINCESS PEARL.

Pearl. I wish we were birds.

Felix. Nonsense!

Pearl. Ah!

Felix. What's the matter?

Pearl. A girl — a strange girl. She came in at the little wicket gate, and she's walking this way. Come and look at her, Felix.

Felix. No, thank you.

Pearl. I wish you weren't so athapetic.

Felix. Athapetic — what's that?

Pearl. Why, not taking an interest in interesting things. Men are often athapetic; my Queen-mamma said so. Alfred!

Alfred. Yes, Princess.

Pearl. Go and ask the girl her name, and where

she came from, and where she's going to, and what she's doing, and why she's doing it, and whether --

Alfred (*interrupting*). Please, Princess, can I come back for the rest?

Pearl. Never mind the rest — she'll be gone — fly!

(*Alfred goes out at left-hand door. Felix gets up and joins Pearl in looking through window.*)

Pearl (*to Felix*). Isn't she pretty?

ALFRED.

Felix. Not bad.

Pearl. I wish I could be dressed like that. How she smiles!

Felix. Here comes Alfred.

(*Alfred comes in at left-hand door.*)

Alfred. If you please, Princess, her name's Rosetta, and she comes from the last place she was in, and she's going to the next place she can find, and she's selling toys, and she does it to earn her living.

Pearl (*to Felix*). We'll buy toys. (*To Alfred.*) Tell her to come here at once. (*Alfred goes out at left-hand door. Pearl's manner becomes more lively.*) This is almost an incident, Felix. (*They place two chairs*

to right of stage. Pearl sits. To Felix.) Sit down, (*Felix sits.*) Look dignified.

Felix. I can't. I haven't any pocket-money.

Pearl. I'll lend you some. (*Takes out purse and puts a silver coin into Felix's hand.*)

(*Alfred comes in at left-hand door and removes little table to back of stage. He is followed by Rosetta.*)

Pearl (*graciously*). Good morning, Rosetta.

Rosetta (*courtesying*). Good morning, Princess! Good morning, Prince!

Pearl. So you're selling toys.

Rosetta. Yes, Princess; but I have only three left. (*Shows toys.*) A ring, a looking-glass, and a book.

Pearl. We'll buy them all. My King-papa says it is the duty of the royal family to encourage trade.

Rosetta. Thank you, Princess.

(*Pearl takes the three toys; she and Felix pay Rosetta. Pearl turns the toys over in her lap.*)

Pearl. Alfred, you shall have the looking-glass, because you arrange your own hair, you know, in the morning. (*Gives Alfred looking-glass.*) I will have the ring, because it fits me. (*Puts ring on her finger.*)

And, Felix, you shall have the book, because — because — books sometimes do people good. (*Gives Felix book.*)

Felix (*sulkily, and rising*). Not such little books as this.

Rosetta. It's a beautiful book. All fairies.

Alfred. Fairies! how jolly!

Felix. Fairies! who cares for fairies?

Rosetta. Oh, hush! They are my friends.

Pearl. What do you mean, Rosetta.

Rosetta. I mustn't talk about them. They don't like it. (*Goes toward left-hand door.*) Good-by, Princess; good-by, Prince.

Pearl. Wait a minute, Rosetta. (*Rosetta comes back.*)

(*A pause. Pearl seated, Rosetta standing to face her. Felix and Alfred standing by Pearl's chair, Pearl next to audience. Felix leaning on Alfred's shoulder.*)

Pearl (*solemnly*). Do you mean to say that you believe in fairies?

Rosetta. Of course.

Pearl. Dear me!

Felix. She ought to be put in a museum.

Alfred. She'd look very pretty in a glass case.

Pearl. Be quiet, boys. (*Felix and Alfred run out of left-hand door, laughing.*) Now, Rosetta, were you ever at school?

Rosetta. No, Princess.

Pearl. Then you don't know anything.

ROSETTA.

Rosetta. Yes, I do.

Pearl. Let me try you, Rosetta. How far is the sun from the earth?

Rosetta. Just the proper distance.

Pearl. That's a baby's answer. Mention the names of three stars of the first magnitude.

Rosetta. Who told you their names?

Pearl. My professor of astronomy.

Rosetta. And who told him?

Pearl. Professors don't need telling.

Rosetta. Neither do I. I call the stars by names, too.

Pearl. Then they are wrong.

Rosetta. I don't see. Some one else made yours up; I make my own up. I'd rather.

Pearl. But you have no right to do it. I believe

that for calling the stars out of their names you could be sent to prison.

(*Rosetta gives a loud cry and runs to left-hand door. Felix and Alfred, entering, stop her.*)

Felix. What's the matter?

Rosetta. She wants me sent to prison.

Felix. Don't be frightened. I'm the heir-apparent, and I won't allow it.

Alfred. Don't cry. Have an apple.

Pearl (*rising*). You should not say I want you sent to prison, Rosetta; it's a story. On the contrary, I am very sorry for you, — poor, unenlightened little thing.

Rosetta (*stamping*). I am not poor, and I am not unenlightened, and I am not little, and I am not a thing.

Felix. You must be poor, or you wouldn't sell toys.

Alfred. You must be little, for you're not grown up.

Pearl. You must be unenlightened, because you believe in fairies.

(*Fairy appears suddenly at left-hand door.*)

Fairy. Who says that?

(*Felix, Alfred, and Pearl cling together in alarm. Rosetta runs to Fairy and stands beside her; Fairy next to audience.*)

Pearl. I said it.

Felix. I said, Who cares for fairies?

Alfred. I said, Fairies are jolly.

Pearl. If you are going to change us into anything, angry Fairy, please make it birds.

Fairy. I am not angry. On the contrary, I am very sorry for you, poor, unenlightened little thing. (*To Rosetta.*) What would my little favorite like me to do?

Rosetta. Dance. Dance for them to see.

Fairy. I only dance by moonlight.

Pearl. I wish we could get some moonlight.

Alfred. I have a Chinese lantern.

Felix. The sun's as good as the moon, and better, too.

Fairy. Do you all wish it?

Children (*together*). Yes — yes.

(*Fairy advances to middle of stage and recites the following verse, with slow movements of her wand. Felix, Alfred, and Pearl grouped together to her left, Rosetta to her right.*)

Fairy.

Though 'tis day,
Spirits play
Music sweet
For fairy feet;

(*Music begins softly.*)

Rain around
Silver sound;
Shed o'er
Mortals' floor
(*Music louder.*) Measures meet
For fairy feet.

(*Music and Dance of Fairy.*)

Rosetta (*as the dance ends*). There! (*to the other children triumphantly*).

Pearl. I learn dancing, but I can't dance like that.

Felix (*very politely*). We are extremely obliged to you.

Alfred. Do it over again.

Fairy. No, children, no. I must now seek my secret

home; but before I go, I will leave with each one of you a token of my power. (*To Pearl.*) You are fond of wishing. Give me your ring. (*Takes ring and touches it with wand.*)

Wishes three
Lie in thee.

Pearl. What? Can I have three wishes granted me out of my ring?

Fairy. Three.

Pearl (*receiving back ring*). Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Felix (*coming forward*). Charm my book.

Alfred (*coming forward*). Charm my looking-glass.

Fairy (*touching book with wand*).

Sweetmeats three
Be found in thee.

(*Touching looking-glass.*)

Pictures three
Show in thee.

(*Turning to Rosetta.*)

Love and glee
Stay with thee.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

(*Fairy goes out at left-hand door, kissing her hand to Rosetta, who returns the salute.*)

Felix. She's gone.

Rosetta. Oh! isn't she lovely?

Alfred. Did you ever see her before?

Rosetta. I mustn't tell. (*To Pearl, who is standing apart with a thoughtful air.*) What do you say now, Princess?

Pearl. It just strikes me that my professor of psychology would say she was an illusion.

Rosetta. What is an illusion?

Pearl. Something you see when nothing is there.

Alfred. Can illusions talk?

Pearl. I believe some of them can, quite nicely.

Rosetta. Can illusions give away sweetmeats? Please, Prince, open your book.

(*Felix opens book and takes sweetmeats from inside the cover.*)

Felix. Here they are! Three! (*To Rosetta.*) Good for your fairy! (*Offers Rosetta a sweetmeat.*)

Rosetta. No, thank you, Prince. I often get them.

Pearl. Do you really? Oh! I wish —

Rosetta (*interrupting.*) Take care, Princess.

Pearl. Why, dear me, yes, of course I must take care. (*Turning ring round on her finger.*) If the fairy was real, my three wishes are real, and I mustn't waste them on trifles. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wait till twelve o'clock, when I shall see my King-papa and Queen-mamma and ask them what they advise me to wish for. People's parents have useful ideas sometimes.

Felix. If Rosetta does not want a sweetmeat, there's one all round.

(*Felix gives Pearl and Alfred each a sweetmeat. The three children eat them.*)

Pearl. Mine tastes of violets.

Felix. Mine tastes of roses.

Alfred. Mine tastes of buttercups.

Pearl. I wish mine did! — (*Exclaiming.*) It does — strong!

Rosetta. One wish gone, Princess.

Pearl. Oh! that's too bad, that's too bad, I never thought! Why didn't some one stop me? (*Walks away to back of stage, sulking.*)

Rosetta. Never mind, Princess.

Felix. You have two wishes left.

Pearl (*crossly*). Two isn't three. (*Draws chair to right-hand side of stage in corner and sits with her back turned to the others.*)

Felix. Let us see a picture in your glass, Alfred.

Rosetta. You must choose what you'll see.

Alfred. Rosetta knows all about it. (*To Felix.*) You choose first, Prince. (*Alfred holds up glass and stands facing Felix and Rosetta.*) Now then!

Felix. I choose the picture of whoever loves me best. (*Looking in glass and exclaiming.*) Oh! oh! my Queen-mamma!

Alfred (*peeping round the glass*). Her Majesty has her best crown on.

Felix. Pearl, come directly! Come and see!

Pearl. Don't speak to me. I mean to sit here and say nothing, till twelve o'clock.

Rosetta. What a beautiful mamma you have, Prince!

Felix. Of course I have. You may kiss her before she goes. (*Rosetta kisses glass.*)

Rosetta. Vanished!

Felix (*to Alfred*). Now you choose. (*Rosetta holds glass up in front of Alfred.*)

Alfred. I choose a picture of myself killing a tiger.

Felix. How silly!

Alfred (*looking in glass*). Oh! this is the best.

Felix (*looking in glass*). What a glorious tiger!

Rosetta (*looking in glass*). What a glorious boy!

Felix (*to Alfred*). You couldn't really kill a tiger.

Alfred. Perhaps I could, if he were about my own age. (*Takes glass from Rosetta.*) Now, Rosetta, it's your turn to choose.

Rosetta. I choose a picture of the pleasantest place in the world. (*Looks in glass.*) My mother's cottage! There's baby playing on the doorstep, there's my own sandy cat, there's the cherry-tree. (*Taking Felix's hand and pointing in glass.*) Do you think it looks pleasant, Prince? See the honeysuckle over the doorway; only see! —

Felix (*looks in glass*). But I see our palace and bright garden.

Alfred (*looks in glass*). And I see my father's castle,

with the hill behind it and the flag flying from the tower. I see home.

Children (*together*). We all see home.

(*Music "Home, Sweet Home," or a verse of the song may be sung behind the scenes. The three children stand in a group, turned away from the audience, as if listening to the strains.*)

Felix. (*Music ceasing.*) What was that?

Rosetta. Fairies.

Alfred. I can put the glass away now. We've seen all three pictures. (*Lays glass down on table.*)

Pearl (*turning round*). What is the time?

Alfred. Ten o'clock, Princess.

Pearl. So early! (*Rises and comes forward.*) Oh, dear! I can't sit still for two hours. Let us play at something; then I shall not be wishing.

Rosetta. May I play too?

The other children. Of course.

Rosetta. What shall we play at?

Pearl. Telling stories.

Felix. Who is to begin?

Rosetta. Whoever laughs first. (*The children stand*

round in a semicircle, looking in one another's faces with forced gravity. After a pause of a few seconds Alfred laughs.)

Felix. I knew it would be Alfred.

(*Felix, Pearl, and Rosetta take chairs and sit to right side of stage; Alfred stands facing them.*)

Alfred. There was once a giant who was so large he was too large for anything. He was simply huge and enormous. I just tell you, if he was to lie down on the ground, a cavalry army would have to ride some time before they could get all the way along him. Most fortunately, he was not one of those man-eating giants which are so common, but he had rather a good heart. At last he died. That's all.

Felix. How old was he when he died?

Alfred. Middle-aged.

Pearl. It would have been more interesting if his heart had been bad. When a giant has a good heart nothing comes of it. Had he a wife?

Alfred. Oh, no!

Rosetta. He was too large. There would not have been room in the house for her.

Pearl. He might have taken a larger house.

Alfred. He had the largest there was.

Felix. I don't mean to have a wife.

Pearl. You must.

Felix. Who?

Pearl. A king must have a queen.

Felix. What a bore! Let's go on with the game.

Pearl. Rosetta next.

(*Rosetta takes Alfred's place, Alfred sits in Rosetta's chair.*)

Rosetta. Once there was a squirrel who used to be happy, till she got discontented. She said she ought to have had her choice in the beginning, whether she would be a squirrel or not, and she became so thin with fretting over this idea that at last you could not see her, unless you looked quite close. Her friends left off visiting her, because they thought she must be ill, and they were afraid of catching it, and altogether her life was dreary, till one day a mole who had known her mother, advised her to get into a better state of mind. She did so, and the consequence was that she recovered her former handsome appearance,

and again enjoyed pleasures. She felt very grateful to the wise mole, besides making him several expensive presents. That's all.

Alfred. That's a what-you-may-call-it story.

Pearl. Don't say "what-you-may-call-it," Alfred! So unrefined!

Felix. He means moral.

Alfred. Yes; I mean moral.

Pearl. My Queen-mamma says you can draw a moral from everything, if you wish to. I would rather draw something else.

Felix. I hate drawing. Look here, Rosetta, what were the presents the squirrel gave the mole?

Rosetta. Every single thing he was longing for.

Pearl. Do moles long?

Rosetta. Yes; why not?

Pearl. Then he was no more contented than the squirrel.

Rosetta. Oh, yes, he was. He longed, but he didn't repine.

Felix. How you girls talk! Let us go on with the game. You next, Pearl!

Pearl. No — you.

(*Felix and Rosetta change places.*)

Felix. Mine is going to be poetry.

(*Pause.*)

Pearl. Make haste!

Felix. I sha'n't. Poetry takes a long time to do.

Rosetta. Does it? Why?

Pearl. It's so difficult.

Rosetta. Why is it difficult?

Pearl. It's so beautiful.

Felix. Here goes.

When the night comes, it's very dark —

Alfred. Unless there's a moon.

Felix. Do be quiet, Alfred. That's the very thing I was going to say.

Unless the moon shines and gives light in the park —

Pearl. What park?

Felix. Any park.

She sits up on high —

Alfred. The moon doesn't sit.

Felix. She sits as much as she stands.

She sits up on high; we love to see her beauty —

I say — what rhymes with beauty?

Pearl. Duty.

Felix. What else?

Pearl. Nothing else.

Felix. Well then —

She sits up on high; we love to see her beauty;
Let us follow her shining example and endeavor to do our duty.

That's all.

Alfred. It's short.

Felix. It's long enough.

Pearl. Oh! quite. I'm ready, now.

(*Pearl and Felix change places.*)

Pearl. Once there was a pretty little girl with golden hair which curled naturally, but she was very stupid at history, especially the histories of the Greeks and Romans. This made her parents experience despair, because they did not see what was to become of her when she got old. They promised her an ivory brush and comb if she would improve, but it did not avail

anything, so they sent her to school. It was a large school, and one day, no policeman being near, it caught fire.

That's the end of the first chapter. I'll go on in a minute. Please, Alfred, give me my handkerchief. (*Alfred fetches handkerchief from table and gives it to Pearl. Pearl smells at handkerchief.*) Scented with lavender! I wish it were musk.

Rosetta (*just too late to stop her*). Princess! Princess! (*They all rise in excitement.*)

Pearl. Oh! my wish! my second wish! Stupid, stupid handkerchief! (*Throws handkerchief on ground; Alfred picks it up and smells it.*)

Alfred. It smells of musk like one o'clock.

(*Rosetta and Felix smell handkerchief.*)

Felix. Well, I declare.

Pearl (*very plaintively*). Only one wish left!

Rosetta. Take it now, Princess.

Pearl. So I will. (*Leans against table and looks down.*)

Alfred. Wish for a gun that will never miss.

Felix. Wish for a horse that will never tire.

Pearl. Leave me by myself, all of you! I can't think comfortably while there's talking.

Felix. Come along — come outside and play hide-and-seek! Come, Alfred! Come, Rosetta!

(*Felix, Alfred, and Rosetta run out of doors crying "Hide-and-seek! hide-and-seek!"*)

Pearl. How difficult it is. I might wish to grow up perfectly beautiful, but my Queen-mamma says beauty is a secondary consideration. I might wish to know everything, but I believe I should get tired of not having any lessons. I might wish to be a fairy, but my King-papa wouldn't like that. (*Felix comes in at left-hand door and crouches down by table close to Pearl.*) I might wish —

Felix (*interrupting*). Don't tell where I am.

(*Pearl starts.*)

Pearl. Oh, dear! why couldn't you hide outside?

Felix. This is better. I say, Pearl, what do you think we just saw? (*Pearl is absorbed in thought and takes no notice of Felix.*) A fawn-colored rabbit! Such a jolly little chap. He came up and let Rosetta stroke him. Only fancy — right in our garden — a

fawn-colored rabbit! Pearl (*pulls at her frock*), a fawn-colored rabbit!

Pearl (*very sharply*). I wish you were a fawn-colored rabbit, then you wouldn't come teasing me.

(*Felix darts off through right-hand door. Pearl follows him — stands at door a moment as if rooted to the ground, with hands clasped before her.*)

Pearl (*very loud*). Felix! He's changed! he's changed! (*Runs off, right-hand door.*)

(*Rosetta and Alfred come in at left-hand door.*)

Rosetta. I heard the prince call.

Alfred. So did I.

Rosetta. He was here.

Alfred. I know it.

Rosetta. Look everywhere. (*They hunt about.*)

Alfred. He must have run out.

Rosetta. Where's the princess?

Alfred. Hiding, too, perhaps.

Rosetta. I am tired. (*Sits.*)

Alfred. So am I. (*Sits.*)

Rosetta. The sun is very hot.

Alfred. Blazing.

Rosetta. If we stop here they'll come back.

Alfred. Of course.

Rosetta. Let us play at something quiet.

Alfred. Twenty Questions.

Rosetta. Or being grown-up. Yes, Alfred; play we're both grown-up, and you come to pay me a morning visit. I have often seen gentlemen come to visit ladies, while I am showing my toys in their drawing-rooms. I know just what I should do. Go to the door.

(*Alfred goes to the left-hand door. Rosetta moves her chair a little way and arranges herself primly in it.*)

Here I am — sitting alone. Ah, me! I wonder if any one will call?

Now, then, Alfred.

(*Alfred comes forward and makes a bow.*)

Alfred. Oh! good morning!

Rosetta (*very dignified*). Good morning.

Alfred. How are you?

Rosetta. Thank you, I have a little cold. How are you?

Alfred. Thank you, I have a little cold.

Rosetta. You shouldn't say the same that I say, Alfred; besides, gentlemen don't mention it when they are not well, unless they are likely to die.

Alfred. His Majesty mentions it a lot.

Rosetta. He is not a gentleman, he is a king. Go on; say you're quite well, thank you.

Alfred. I am quite well, thank you.

Rosetta. Won't you sit down? (*Alfred sits.*) What beautiful seasonable weather!

ROSETTA PLAYING GROWN UP.

Alfred. Yes; what beautiful, seasonable weather!

Rosetta. So bright!

Alfred. Yes; so bright!

Rosetta. Do you fancy it will last?

Alfred. Yes; I fancy it will last.

Rosetta. Now you must begin a fresh subject, Alfred.

Alfred. I don't know what to say.

Rosetta. Anything will do — anything pleasant.

Alfred. Isn't it a fine day?

Rosetta. No, Alfred; we've done the weather.

Alfred. So we have. (*Pause.*) Do you like cranberry-tarts?

Rosetta. You forget, Alfred, that we are grown-up.

Alfred. So we are!

Rosetta. You might ask me if I sing.

Alfred. Do you sing?

Rosetta. Yes, a little. (*Pause.*) Now you might ask me if I will sing.

Alfred. Will you sing?

Rosetta. I — I don't know — I don't think so.

Alfred (*cheerfully*). All right.

Rosetta. No, no, Alfred; you should say: Do, please do. Ladies never sing the first moment they are asked; is it likely?

Alfred. Do, please do.

Rosetta. Well — I have a little cold (you remember, Alfred, I said I had a little cold), but I'll try.

(*Rosetta sings two verses of a bright and familiar song. Anything pretty may be selected.*)

Alfred (*at conclusion of Rosetta's song*). Thank you; thank you!

Rosetta (*encouragingly*). That's quite nice. You are getting on.

Alfred. Look here! I quite love you. You are the nicest, prettiest girl in the world.

Rosetta (*crushingly*). That's not a thing for a gentleman to say to a lady.

Alfred. Why?

Rosetta. It would startle her too much.

Alfred. I say, Rosetta, this game is as hard as sums.

Rosetta. Don't you like it? then we'll leave off. Where can the prince and princess be? (*Gets up.*) I must go, but not without wishing them good-by.

Alfred. Oh, say, Rosetta! hold on; don't go off yet.

(*Pearl comes in at right-hand door, crying.*)

Alfred and Rosetta. What's the matter, Princess? (*They run to her and take her hands.*)

Pearl (*standing between them, centre of stage*). Felix! Felix!

Rosetta. Is he hurt?

Alfred. Shall I call anybody?

Pearl. It's no good. I ran after him till he got to

"I WISH — I WISH — I WISH!"

a little hole by the root of a tree, and then he went down it. He'll never come back. He's down that horrid hole.

Rosetta (*amazed*). The prince went down a little hole?

Pearl. He isn't a prince now, he's a fawn-colored rabbit. (*Rosetta and Alfred start back.*) I wished him to be one — I did.

"HE'S A FAWN-COLORED RABBIT."

Rosetta. But you weren't thinking.

Pearl. Oh, no, no! I wasn't thinking. And I haven't a wish left to get him back with. (*Cries.*)

Alfred (*to Rosetta*). Could your fairy help us?

Rosetta. She could if she would.

Pearl (*eagerly*). Rosetta! Rosetta! Is she very far off?

Rosetta. Not too far to hear me call.

Pearl (*imploringly*). Oh! call her then.

Rosetta.

From your leisure and your pleasure,
Your fair flowers and fairer hours,
From your dreams by wondrous streams
Which meander where'er you wander,

From your dwelling bright past telling,
Fairy, hear me: oh, come near me!

(*Fairy comes in at left-hand door, advances to front of stage and turns, facing right of stage. The three children opposite to her. Pearl sinks on one knee.*)

Pearl (*very rapidly*). Oh, Fairy! bring him back, and I'll wish for nothing more. I'll never be cross again when he doesn't sympathize with me; he sha'n't sympathize with me, except when he wants to. I'll give him everything I possess, and put my arms round his neck and kiss him twenty times a day — only perhaps he wouldn't like it; boys seldom appreciate what one does for them. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Rosetta, can't you help me beg?

Rosetta (*sinks on one knee*). Dear Fairy, bring back the prince.

Alfred (*on one knee*). Dear Fairy, do.

Fairy. Be silent, children. (*The fairy traces a circle in centre of stage with her wand, and placing herself within the circle, calls*) Felix! Felix! Felix!

(*Felix runs on by right-hand door. Pearl flies to him and embraces him.*)

Pearl. Oh, dear, dear Felix! Let me look! Oh! he's all right. See, Alfred! see, Rosetta! there isn't a trace of fawn-colored rabbitness about him.

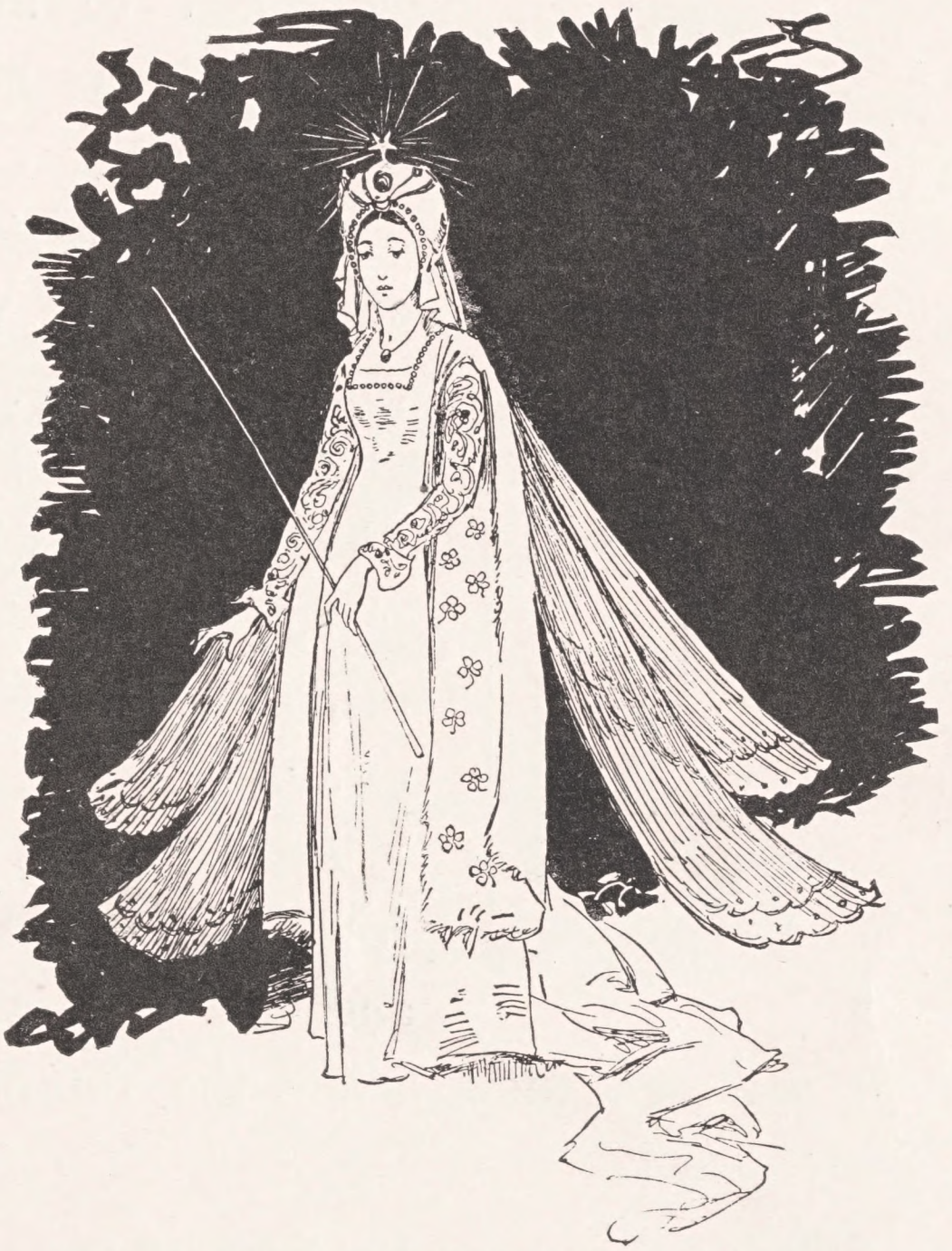
Felix. Don't stifle a fellow, Pearlie. (*To Fairy.*) I am awfully glad to see you again. Won't you stop and be introduced to our royal parents?

Pearl. Our royal parents would love to see you.

Fairy. They could not see me.

Pearl. Why?

Fairy. They have disbelieved in the possibility of my existence too long.



"THEY HAVE DISBELIEVED TOO LONG."

Felix. I'm sorry for that. I was thinking if it's true that I must marry, it would be best fun to marry a fairy. Only, I suppose it would be awkward to have a queen whom most people couldn't see.

Rosetta. Besides, she has wings, and if she got vexed with you, she could fly away.

Alfred. If I were married and king of the whole land, and the person I married got vexed with me, I'd much rather she flew away.

Pearl. Don't talk like that, Alfred. You are only a little boy, and as you will never be king, you need not think about the future, at all. Need he, Fairy dear?

Fairy.

(*To Pearl.*)

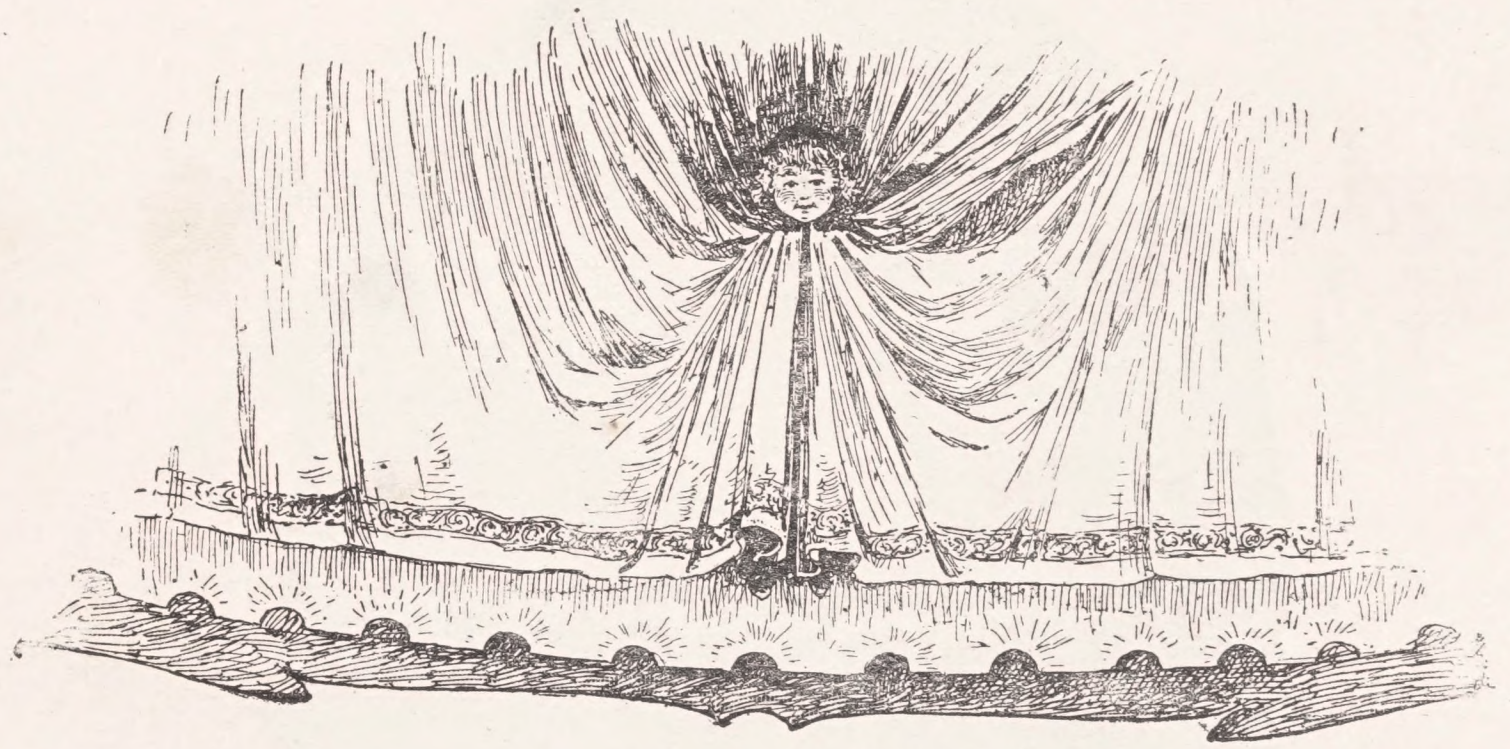
(*To Rosetta.*)

(*Going to the door.*)

Live happy, all four.
Wish less, laugh more.
Often yet I'll be with you.
Adieu, adieu, adieu —

Rosetta (*following her, turns round at the door and kisses her hand to the three children, saying in time to fill up the measure of the fairy's verse*) Adieu! (*As she speaks the word she runs off, following the fairy.*)

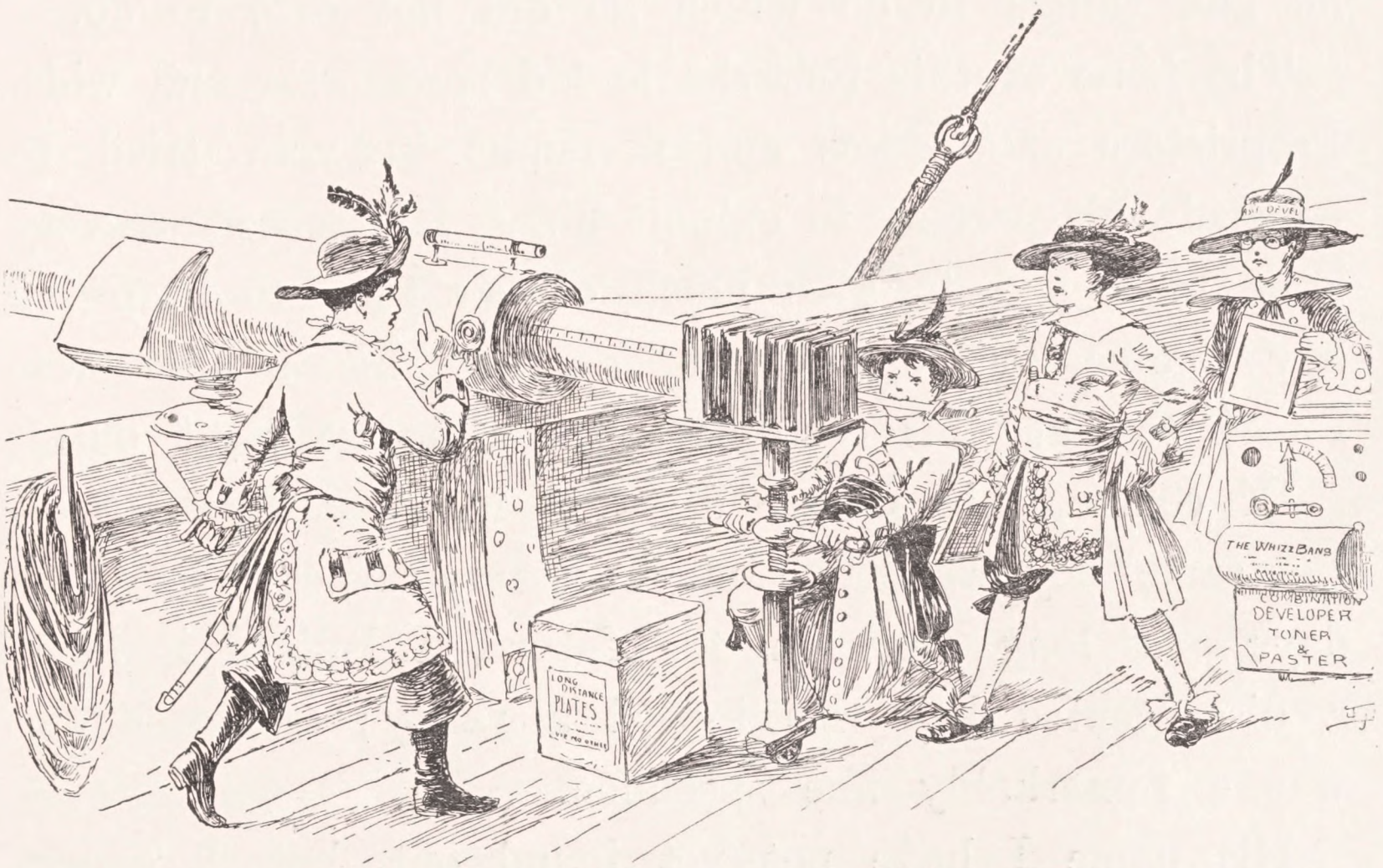
Pearl (*between Felix and Alfred*). Well, boys! something has happened. *Curtain falls.*



GOOD-NIGHT!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP, with your lantern gay,
Into far fairy-land show me the way;
Here is a cricket, we'll jump on his back,
The light from your lantern shall keep us the track.



THE INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHER EXECUTES THE ORDERS OF CAPTAIN RUDOLPHUS.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

SOMETIMES very strange things happen.

There was once a discontented small boy. He saw many things which he was sure he would like to have. He found his clothes uncomfortable, or not so fine as he would have wished them to be. His family

was not, in all respects, exactly to his taste. Occasionally he had things to do which he did not care to do.

The fame of this remarkable lad spread far and wide. Proprietors of circuses and museums in vain tried to persuade his parents to exhibit him. His father, a very busy man, had to give much of his time to keep the boy's name out of the papers; and his mother was forced to vary his costume every time he went out.

Of course, things were different in those days. Now, the same boy would be much less remarked. In those days — a long time in the future, I believe it is — a discontented boy was indeed a rarity; and this one was a remarkably fine specimen.

His name I have not yet found out, but I expect it is Rudolphus. As there will be no difficulty in distinguishing him, we will call him Rudolphus during the recital of his adventures.

The most striking symptom of dissatisfaction which he exhibited was discovered by his parents at the early age of fifteen. Soon after his fifteenth birthday, Rudolphus was invited with his kind parents to a picnic. It was at the seashore, and the weather was fine.

Rudolphus was brushing the sand from a hard-boiled egg, which he had dropped upon the beach for the third time, when, without warning, he looked up into the face of his happy mother and said, with much deliberation:

"I wish I had a million dollars!"

In spite of the distinctness with which he spoke, his mother could not believe she had understood him.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I wish," repeated Rudolphus, "that I had a million dollars."

There could be no mistake. His tender-hearted mother burst into tears, and excusing herself to the merry throng of picnickers, she sought out her husband, who was happily building sand-hills for the waves to destroy. Calling him aside, she confided the whole story to the grieved father.

"It is a most extraordinary occurrence," said Mr. Rudolphus, as we may call him. "For many years no similar case is recorded. And why this blow should come upon us in a moment, without warning, is beyond my comprehension."

For a minute his emotion overpowered him. Recovering himself with an effort, he went on firmly:

"But I must meet it like a man! If Rudolphus wishes for a million dollars, why, a million dollars Rudolphus must have! In no other way can he be convinced of the uselessness of wealth. Send him to me."

"Do not be severe with the boy," begged the mother, putting her gentle fingers upon the father's coat-sleeve. "Rudolphus is but a boy; he does not realize how much better it is to live without a superfluity of wealth."

"I shall not be severe with him," said the father, smiling reassuringly into the mother's pleading face. "But think: this is the first sign of discontent since the old days when all men wished for money. Suppose the example should spread? Do you wish to see the world return to the Dark Ages? Consider, Mrs. Rudolphus, consider history."

Mrs. Rudolphus shuddered.

"No — oh, no!" she said. "I have read too much of the unhappiness of the past. But let us pay no

attention to the idle talk of a thoughtless child. Rudolphus may never think of the matter again."

Won by his wife's pleading, the stern brows of Mr. Rudolphus relaxed, and he at length agreed to pass over this offence as the aimless talk of a careless boy.

But, as I have hinted, Rudolphus did not reform. In fact, by the time he was seventeen, he was known far and wide, near and narrow, high and low, as the "discontented boy," and his parents saw that something must be done ere it was too late. At first they tried to reason with him.

His father, a skilled logician, proved with mathematical exactness that Rudolphus had all he could eat; all he could wear; full opportunities for a free education at the expense of the State; the assurance of a fixed income, and a pension for his old age. Still Rudolphus was silent.

"Well, my boy," said his father, "what more do you find to ask for?"

"Father," said Rudolphus, respectfully but firmly, "it is impossible for me to perpetrate a falsehood. I wish I had a million dollars!"

"I see," replied his father, "that the case is serious — not to say hopeless! I know of but one course to pursue. You *shall have* a million dollars, and enjoy life in your own way. Experience is the best of teachers. Fortunately, I can readily grant your wish. You know that my sister, your aunt, is one of the Supreme Council. Foreseeing this moment, I have already applied to the Government, through her, for the sum you desire, and upon her representation that the money is needed for the cause of education, the Council has kindly placed that amount at her disposal. She is quite willing to turn the money over to you; and, indeed, has already done so. If you will go to my writing-desk you will find in the top drawer a certified check for one million dollars on the Nation. Take it, my son, and do with it as you think best. I cannot give you my blessing, but at least I can wish you may come to no harm."

Wringing his father's hand, the happy boy ran to the desk, and soon returned bringing the check. He found his father still seated where he had left him — at the library table and buried in thought.

"Father," said Rudolphus, "is there no mistake about the money? Can I really expend it as I choose?"

"As you choose," replied his father, solemnly. "But remember that no one cares for money now. Since every person has enough, no one wishes for a superfluity. All have enough to eat, enough to wear, and enough to do. You have not, therefore, the same power that this large amount of money would once have given you. Still, you can certainly hire any one to do for you the work which they choose to do. Of course no one will know that you have more than your fellows so long as you do not yourself reveal the fact."

"I understand," said Rudolphus, and his eyes twinkled. "Good-by, father," he said. "I have been discontented, I admit. But I could not help it. I crave excitement. Life here is happy; but it is dull — very dull. If it were not for an occasional boiler-explosion, railroad accident, or electric discharge, it would be unendurable. I am but a boy, I know; but I think I can be happier in my own way. Do not think hardly of me, father. Under the old Constitution — about which Professor Jawkins told us in his Ancient History

course — man was entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Somehow, father" — here Rudolphus was compelled to pause for a moment; his feelings overpowered him — "somehow I think those ancient fellows were not altogether wrong. Good-by, father. Thank my aunt for her kindness — and say good-by to mother. You are happy thus, but I am not. Good-by!"

Stepping to the elevator, Rudolphus sank out of sight.

Stifling his emotion in a handkerchief, Mr. Rudolphus said, huskily:

"Unfortunate man that I am! Why is it my son who is the first to thus revert to the discontent of his ancestors!"

At this moment the electric annunciator sounded its call to the day's work, and Mr. Rudolphus hurried away.

As for Rudolphus, he was more discontented than ever. But now his discontent was not hopeless. Full of enthusiasm he rushed to a well-known meeting place in the suburbs. With an impatient hand he adjusted

the telephone and hurriedly sent a number of messages. Rudolphus, while awaiting the result of the hasty summons he had despatched, seated himself at the head of a long table covered with green baize, and ran his eye over some papers which he drew from his pocket.

"Yes," he said triumphantly, "all is in order. We needed but the money, and now even that lack is supplied."

Rudolphus was not long alone. A young man soon entered the room, and seated himself at the right hand of the newly fledged millionaire. Another followed, and seated himself at the left. Another and another joined these first comers, until the table was filled.

"Gentlemen" — said Rudolphus.

"*Citizens*," prompted the young man at the right.

"*Gentlemen*," repeated Rudolphus firmly, "I have the honor to announce that all is now ready for the execution of our plans."

"But the money?" asked the young man at his left.

"*All* is ready," said Rudolphus. "I have the money."

Three rousing cheers followed this unexpected announce-

ment. When silence was restored, Rudolphus, flushed with pleasure, resumed:

"I have here a check for one million dollars, and" —

Again the young man at his right interrupted him.

"But, worthy President, is it" —

Rudolphus did not wait for the question to be finished. Impolite as it was, the President in turn interrupted the Secretary.

"Yes," said President Rudolphus, "the check, most Noble Secretary Montgomery, *is* certified."

The cheers again broke forth. The President made a warning gesture with his hand. "Hush!" he said: "time enough for cheering when we are upon the blue seas. Now we must act, and without delay. Here are the directions. You, Secretary Montgomery, must give the directions for the hull. I will attend to the rigging personally. The Treasurer" — turning to the young man at his left — "may see to the supplies, while others will attend to the proper ordnance and the dynamite. Enough! — to your duties."

Four short weeks later, a small but beautifully proportioned steamer set sail from an island not far from

the harbor's mouth. In vain did the National cruisers strive to overtake her. Even the swiftest torpedo-boat, which had made fifty knots on her trial trip, and was good for at least thirty-five, was left behind as readily as the slowest of the squadron. Without showing her colors, firing her gun, or playing a tune on her electric whistle, the strange steamer made for the offing and was soon out of sight.

Morning broke and found the swift craft far out at sea, and steaming merrily over the waves with all the speed her quintuple expansion electric motor could add to her excellent steam power.

Upon the railed gallery of her conning tower stood Rudolphus.

"At last," he said, with a sigh of heartfelt joy, "at last we are pirates!" Then drawing from his pocket an ancient leather-bound volume, he pressed it to his heart. "Oh, Captain Kidd, how often have I pored in rapture over your delightful pages when I was supposed to be studying the latest volume in political economy! You it is, Captain Kidd, who first taught my youthful heart the delights of freedom and showed

me where true happiness was to be found. And now I, too, am a pirate!"

But his happy dreaming was interrupted.

"Smoke ho!" cried the lookout.

"Order up the Instantaneous Photographer!" said Captain Rudolphus; "and let the telescopic camera be adjusted on the weather bow!"

The first officer telephoned the order, and in a moment the apparatus was adjusted, the button was pressed by the pirate-captain's own hand, the plate was developed by the Assistant Developer, and the completed picture, gummed to a neat pasteboard card, was handed to the impatient captain.

"Aha!" he said gleefully. "The National wheat-boat on her way to India to procure supplies. We shall make a rich haul of trade-dollars."

Turning to the telephone the Captain shouted, "Hello, Central!"

"Hello!" was the reply. "What number?"

"323, in a hurry!" said the Captain.

The bell rang, and the Captain resumed:

"Hello, who are you?"

"The Trigonometer."

"Very good. How far away is the wheat-boat when she takes a picture one inch long?"

After a pause the answer came: "Four miles, Captain."

"All right. Good-by."

The Captain then telephoned a few rapid orders, and in a minute or two the Kangaroo Motor sent the light steamer to within dynamite-range of the outward-bound wheat-boat.

Firing a gun-cotton shell across her bows, Rudolphus caused the other vessel to heave-to. A receiving and transmitting telephone was then placed in a light hollow shell of rubber and fired aboard the wheat-boat.

"Who are you? and what are you firing at us for?" were the questions which Rudolphus heard through the telephone as he raised it to his ear.

"I," he replied, "am the celebrated Pirate Captain Rudolphus, the Terror of the Seas."

After a pause the message came:

"We never heard of you."

"Well, I've just started," said Rudolphus, glad that

the telephone-wire did not reveal his blushes; "but that's what I'm going to be."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want your trade-dollars," said Rudolphus, angered by the slight chuckle which his improved telephone had brought to his ears; "and if I don't get them, I shall send after you one of the most improved self-propelling, self-feeding, self-directing, and self-exploding torpedoes you ever saw — the 'Sockdolager,' improved reissued No. 10 submarine — perhaps you've heard of it?"

"Nonsense!" was the reply.

"What?" asked Captain Rudolphus in reply.

"Nonsense!!"

The answer was unmistakable.

Dropping the telephone Captain Rudolphus touched an electric button and the Sockdolager was sent upon its horrid errand.

Then he telephoned again to the fated vessel.

"The Sockdolager is on her way!"

And, indeed, so it was. For high up in air could be heard its war-cry, sent forth by the Sockdolager

itself through its phonographic steam-whistle and talk-attachment. It could be heard on both vessels:

"Here I come. The Sockdolager No. 10, improved submarine. Nothing can save you but immediate surrender. Beware of imitations. Look for the signature of the inventor, after the explosion. None others are genuine. Here — I — come! Do you surrender? If you do, blow your whistle three times. Going — going" —

The wheat-boat blew her whistle three times.

After a short explanation by wire, the Sockdolager came slowly back, the talk-attachment saying:

"The Sockdolager torpedoes can be obtained from all reputable dealers in dynamite or other high explosives, or will be sent direct. We employ no agents. Do not be deceived. Ask for the genuine No. 10, and take no other."

Then a boat loaded with trade-dollars came to the pirate steamer and was hoisted on deck. Several others, loaded with other valuables, followed; and after the booty was secured, the pirate steamer proceeded on her cruise.

Other rich prizes rewarded Rudolphus and his crew, and their days were as happy as pirates could wish. Weeks passed by and their good luck continued.

But one day the lookout reported an electric cruiser dead-ahead. She was flying the national flag, and as she came within hearing distance Captain Rudolphus heard a whizzing in the air above him. He turned sharply, looked upward and saw a flying torpedo hovering like a humming-bird over his head. In a moment, a telephone-wire was dropped upon the deck, bearing a label which read:

"Attach this to your telephone, or you'll be blown to pieces!"

He attached it to the telephone without unnecessary delay.

Then he heard a voice say:

"Are you Captain Rudolphus, the alleged Terror of the Seas?"

"I am," he answered.

"What's your armament?"

"Sockdolagers, improved No. 10," he answered.

"Submarine?"

"What? — Oh, yes, submarine."

"Well, we're from the "National Cruiser" and she's armed with the Sockdolager No. 12, aërial torpedo. Do you surrender?"

"Why, of course," said Rudolphus. "I only wanted to have a little fun."

"Very good," said the torpedo-man, who seemed to be a courteous sailor. "You and your crew can get into the boats and go on board the cruiser. Your boat is a month old, and she's not worth saving. I shall blow her up in half an hour. Understand?"

"Oh, yes," said Rudolphus.

"Good-by."

"Good-by," said Rudolphus.

The pirate-captain and his crew at once entered the boats, and the launches carried them to the cruiser.

Then from the deck of the "National Cruiser" the captain and his crew watched the operation of Sockdolager No. 12. It was certainly a very effective weapon. The explosion was not loud, but the result was satisfactory. The pirate vessel rose in a cloud of dust and then fell in fragments upon the waves.

Among the pieces could be seen a number of neat rubber balloons, upon each of which was printed, so the pirates were told, a short and attractive advertisement of this, the newest thing in torpedoes.

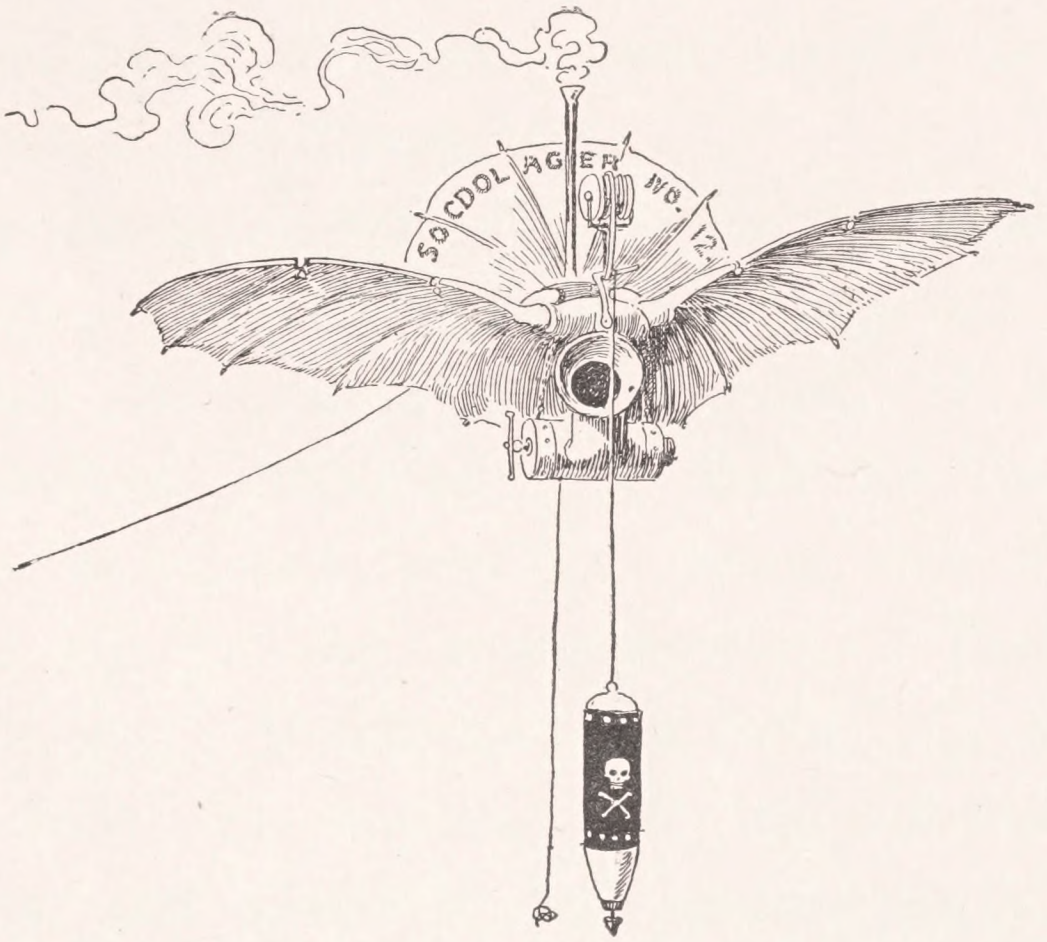
Then, her work accomplished, the "National Cruiser" proceeded homeward.

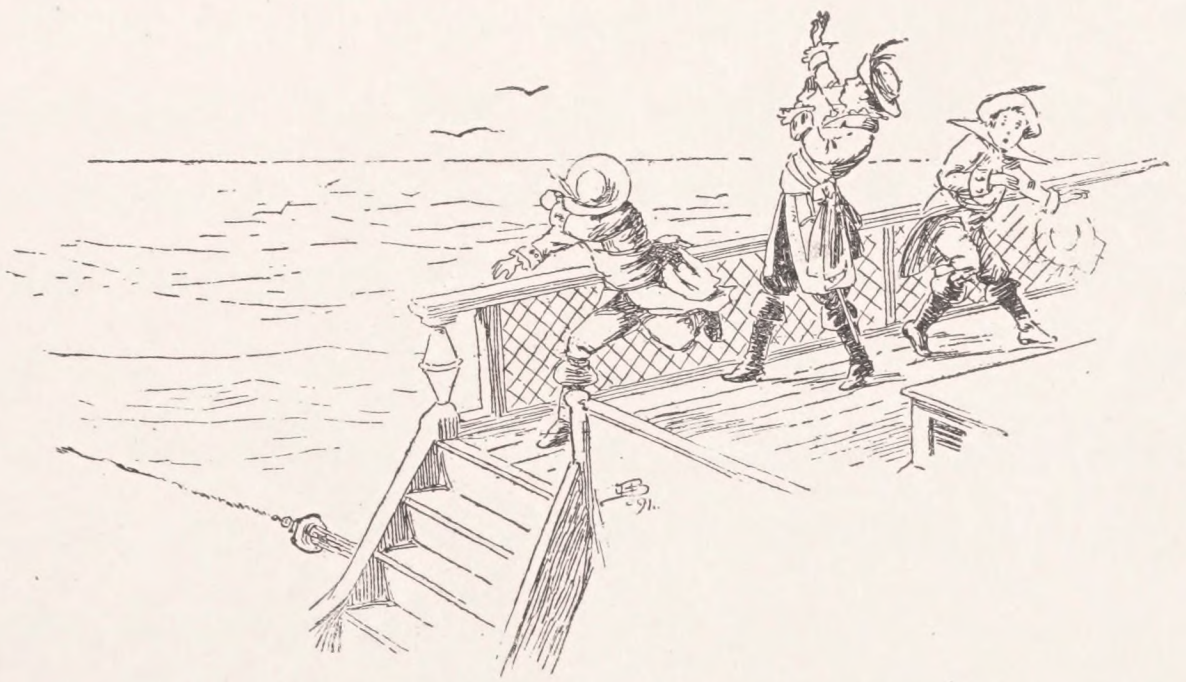
"Do you use the Kangaroo attachment?" asked Rudolphus of the captain.

"Oh, no. We use the sea-serpent propeller. We shall be at home in two hours," said the captain. And so they were.

A large crowd was gathered to welcome them, for the exploits of the Terror of the Seas had caused much amusement among the citizens. The inventors were very grateful to Rudolphus, and meant to petition the Government to release him. It had been so long since they had had anything to do, that they looked upon the piratical cruise as a benefaction to their kind.

But of course it would not do to allow so public a manifestation of discontent to pass unnoticed. The Council was convened; and, after a long debate, decided





THE FLYING TORPEDO HOVERS OVERHEAD.

that Rudolphus and his crew should be known as "Antiquated Individuals."

The punishment was thought to be severe, but they were young and might some day hope for pardon and restoration to citizenship — provided, of course, that they remained contented with their lot thereafter.

When Rudolphus returned home, his mother was awaiting him in the reception-room. Their interview was affecting. Rudolphus was, after all, a good son, and he loved his mother. He was affected by seeing her tears, and spoke to her encouragingly.

"Do not weep, mother," he said. "Here I am safe and sound. My adventure may have been thoughtless; but I should never have been happy unless I had tried the experiment. It has cost only a few millions, and the Government can easily spare the money. They ought not to regret the expense, as our example may keep others from similar courses. Let bygones be bygones. To others I may be 'An Antiquated Individual,' but to you, mother — to you, I am always your own Rudolphus!"

Cheered by these brave and loving words, Mrs.

Rudolphus regained her composure, and led Rudolphus to his father.

The meeting between father and son was affecting also. After a few moments Mr. Rudolphus said:

"My boy, I cannot regret the past. You have certainly learned a lesson which is well worth what it cost. You will, I am sure, never forget it. Hereafter let us never refer to the matter. Let 'The Terror of the Seas' be buried in the Ocean of Oblivion. For my part I will say nothing to you except 'Welcome home, my son.' Still, let me hear from your own lips the acknowledgment that you made a mistake. Frankly, my son, were you not wrong? Could a million dollars make you contented?"

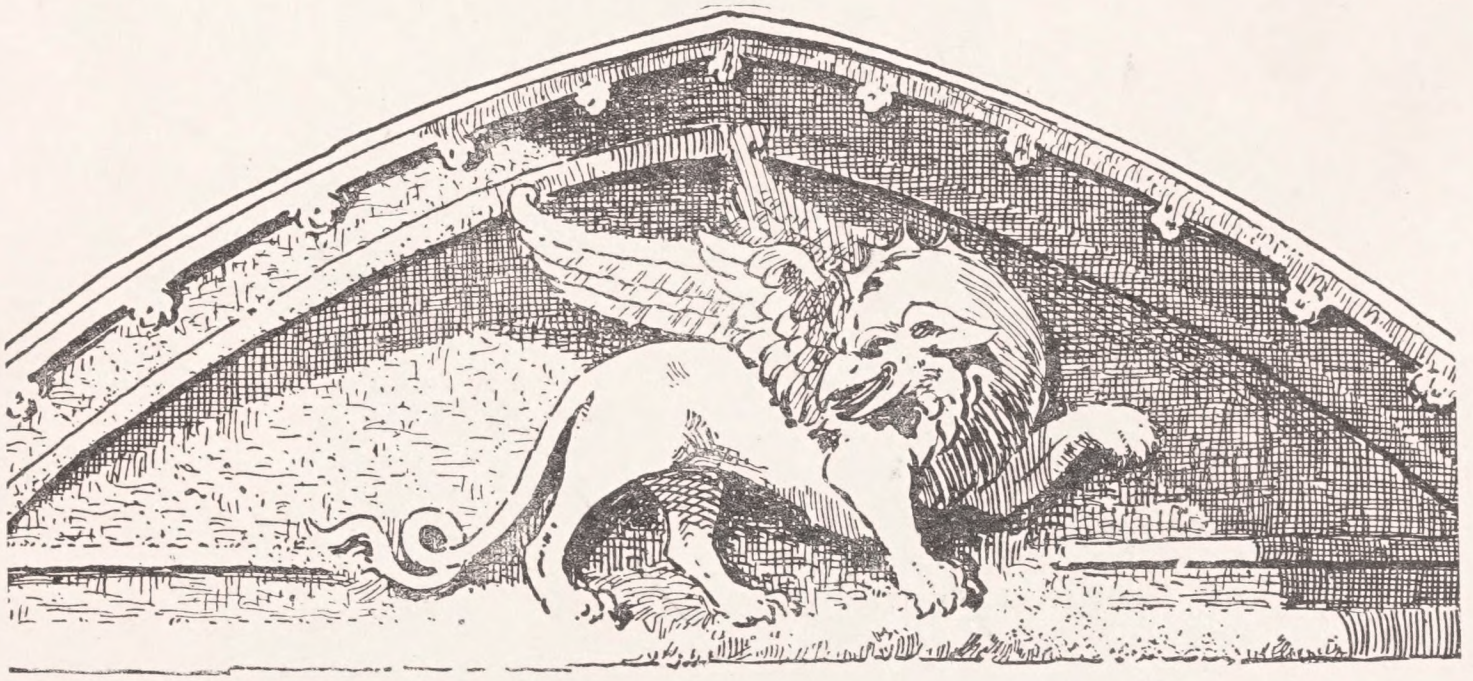
"No, father," said Rudolphus, in a tone of conviction. "I was wrong. A million dollars was not enough. I should have made it ten millions at the least."

The boy's parents eyed him for some moments in speechless surprise. Then Mr. Rudolphus said:

"Well — let us go to dinner."

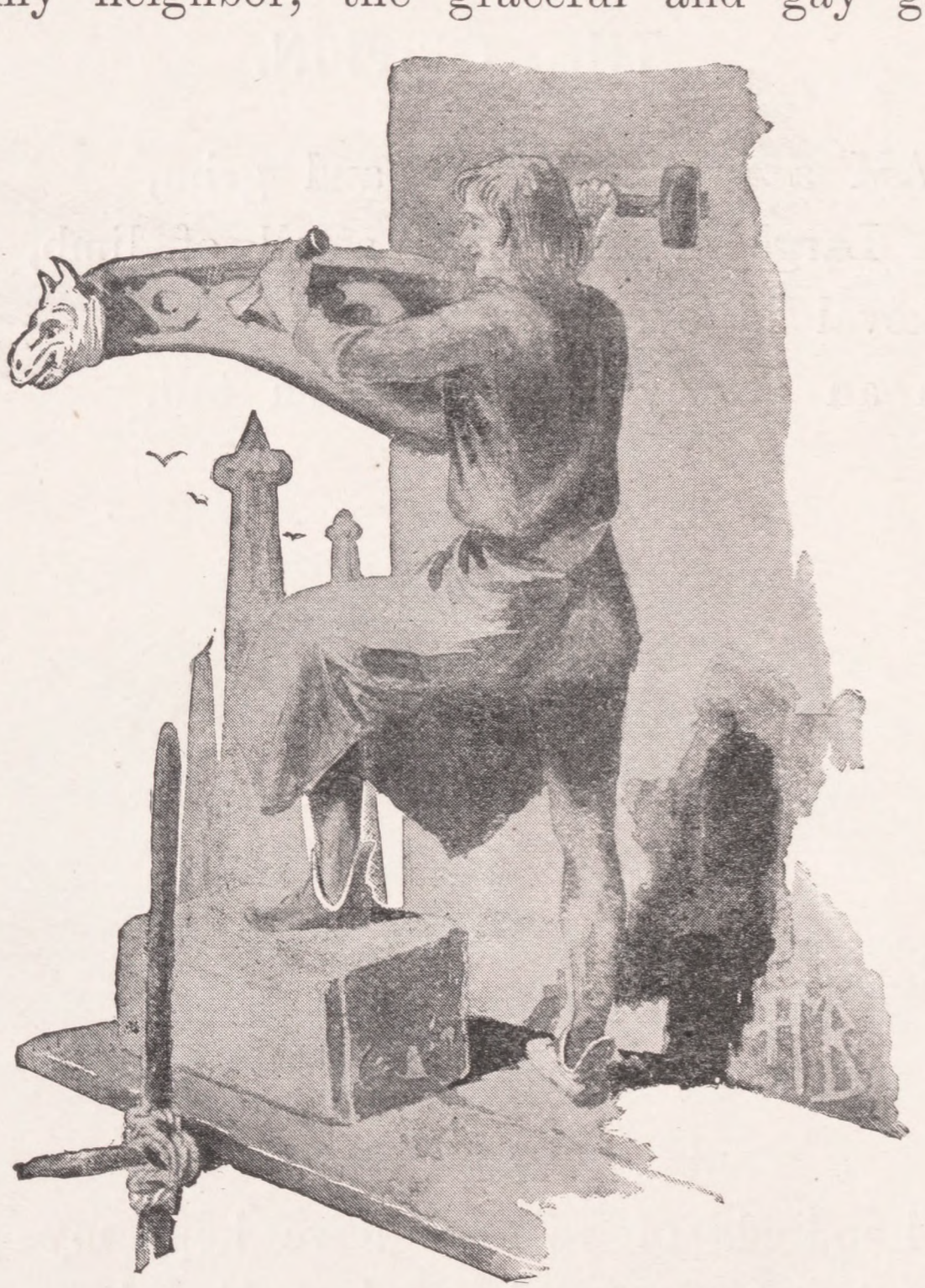
THE GRIFFIN.

I AM a griffin, Gothic and grim,
Large of head and small of limb,
Mediæval in every scale,
With an utterly Early English tail.



For hundreds of years I have kept my perch
Over the door of this ancient church;
I have seen the Saxon urchins grin
In response to my smile as they entered in.

A Norman workman spent his toil
On my neighbor, the graceful and gay gargoyle.



THE NORMAN AND THE GARGOYLE.

Whom, although I am far from proud,
I scorn as modern, and therefore loud.

I have seen the white-robed monks at nones,
File past, chanting in monotones;
And it seems but yesterday, indeed,
That they won the charter at Runnymede.

AT NONES.

I have seen the crop-headed men-at-arms,
Marching with Noll to the sound of psalms;
And cavaliers swaggering, gayly dight,
Singing, and drinking to "Charlie's right."

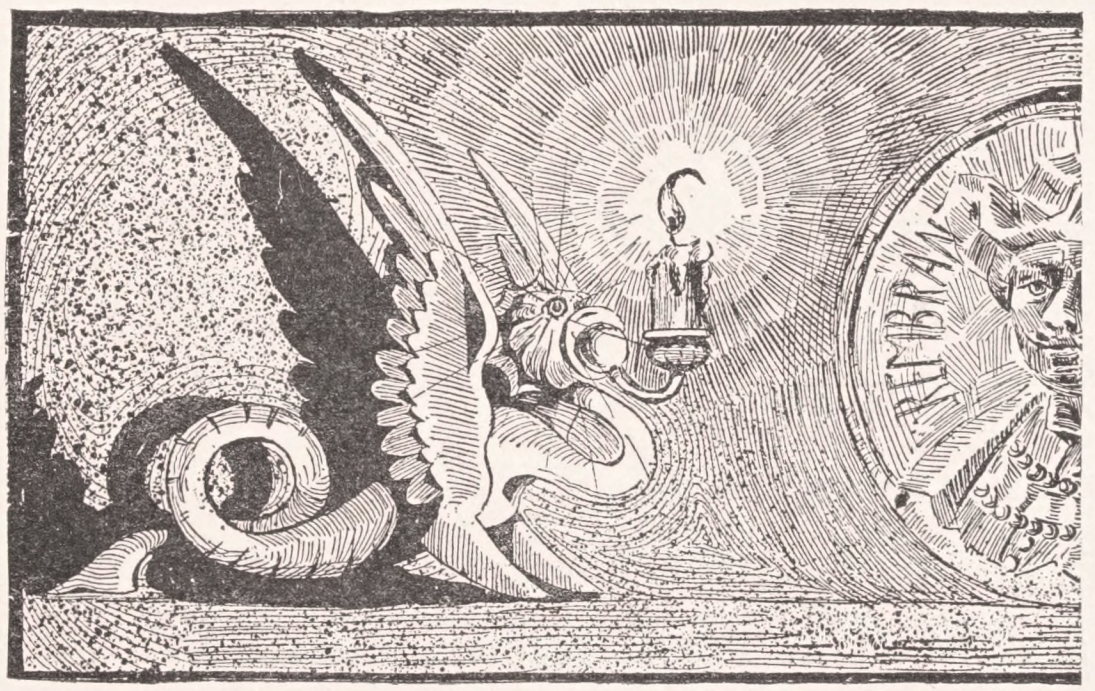
And now, from a land that was new to Bess,
Come fair, shrill maidens, who cry: "I guess
They frightened the sinners with that great brute;" —
Me, a Griffin as old as Canute!

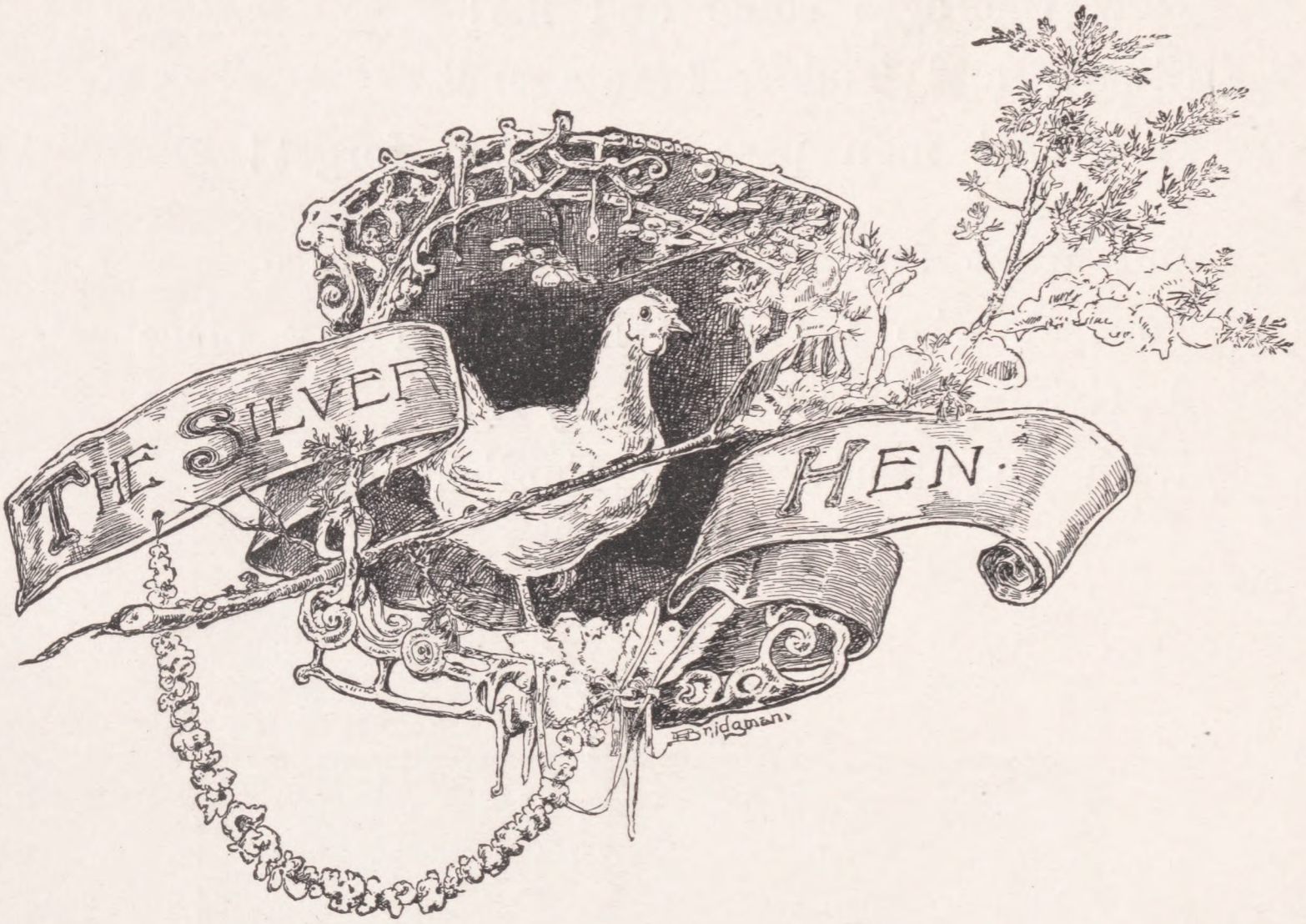
"TO CHARLIE'S RIGHT!"

I curl my tail, and thrust my tongue
At the nineteenth century, pert and young,
And feel, with the scorn of conscious worth,
That I've the true beauty of Gothic birth.

All alone with the years I sit;
How the ages come and flit!
Stuart, and Tudor, Plantagenet —
How fast men pass, how soon forget!

But what are years, or men, or race
To me, who for ages have held my place —
A Griffin, perfect to every nail,
With an utterly Early English tail?





DAME DOROTHEA PENNY kept a private school. It was quite a small school, on account of the small size of her house. She had only twelve scholars, and they filled it quite full; indeed one very little boy had to sit in the brick oven. On this account Dame Penny was obliged to do all her cooking on a Saturday when school did not keep; on that day she baked

bread, and cakes, and pies enough to last a week. The oven was a very large one.

It was on a Saturday that Dame Penny first missed her silver hen. She owned a wonderful silver hen, whose feathers looked exactly as if they had been dipped in liquid silver. When she was scratching for worms out in the yard, and the sun shone on her, she was absolutely dazzling, and sent little bright reflections into the neighbors' windows, as if she were really solid silver.

Dame Penny had a sunny little coop with a padlocked door for her, and she always locked it very carefully every night. So it was doubly perplexing when the hen disappeared. Dame Penny remembered distinctly locking the coop-door; several circumstances had served to fix it in her mind. She had started out without her overshoes, then had returned for them because the snow was quite deep and she was liable to rheumatism. Then Dame Louisa who lived next door had rapped on her window, and she had run in there for a few moments with the hen-coop key dangling on its blue ribbon from her wrist, and Dame Louisa had remarked

that she would lose that key if she were not more careful. Then when she returned home across the yard a doubt had seized her, and she had tried the coop-door to be sure that she had really fastened it.

The next morning when she fitted the key into the padlock and threw open the door, and no silver hen came clucking out, it was very mysterious. Dame Louisa came running to the fence which divided her yard from Dame Penny's, and stood leaning on it with her apron over her head.

"Are you sure that hen was in the coop when you locked the door?" said she.

"Of course she was in the coop," replied Dame Penny with dignity. "She has never failed to go in there at sundown for all the twenty-five years that I've had her."

"THE SNOW WAS QUITE DEEP."

Dame Penny carefully searched everywhere about the premises. When the scholars assembled she called the school to order, and told them of her terrible loss. All the scholars crooked their arms over their faces and wept, for they were very fond of Dame Penny,

and also of the silver hen. Every one of them wore one of her silver tail-feathers in the best bonnet, or hat, as the case might be. The silver hen had dropped them about the yard, and Dame Penny had presented them from time to time as rewards for good behavior.

After Dame Penny had told the school, she tried to proceed with the usual exercises. But in vain. She whipped one little boy because he said that four and three made seven, and she stood a little girl in the corner because she spelled hen with one *n*.

Finally she dismissed the scholars, and gave them permission to search for the silver hen. She offered the successful one the most beautiful Christmas present he had ever seen. It was about three weeks before Christmas.

The children all put on their things, and went home and told their parents what they were going to do; then they started upon the search for the silver hen. They searched with no success till the day before Christmas. Then they thought they would ask Dame Louisa, who had the reputation of being quite a wise

woman, if she knew of any more likely places in which they could hunt.

The twelve scholars walked two by two up to Dame Louisa's front door, and knocked. They were very quiet and spoke only in whispers, because they knew Dame Louisa was nervous, and did not like children

ON THE WAY TO DAME LOUISA'S.

very well. Indeed it was a great cross to her that she lived so near the school, for the scholars when out in their own yard never thought about her nervousness, and made a deal of noise. Then, too, she could hear every time they spelled, or said the multiplication-table, or bounded the countries of Africa, and it was very trying. To-day in spite of their efforts to be quiet they awoke her from a nap, and she came to

the door, with her front-piece and cap on one side, and her spectacles over her eyebrows, very much out of humor.

"I don't know where you'll find the hen," said she peevishly, "unless you go to the White Woods for it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the children with courtesies, and they all turned and went down the path between the dead Christmas-trees.

Dame Louisa had no idea that they would go to the White Woods. She had said it quite at random, although she was so vexed in being disturbed in her nap that she wished for a moment that they would. She stood in her front door and looked at her dead Christmas-trees, and that always made her feel crosser, and she had not at any time a pleasant disposition. Indeed, it was rumored among the townspeople that that had blasted her Christmas-trees, that Dame Louisa's scolding, fretting voice had floated out to them, and smote their delicate twigs like a bitter frost and made them turn yellow; for the real Christmas-tree is not very hardy.

No one else in the village, probably no one else

in the county, owned any such tree, alive or dead. Dame Louisa's husband, who had been a sea-captain, had brought them from foreign parts. They were mere little twigs when they planted them on the first day of January, but they were full-grown and loaded with fruit by the next Christmas-day. Every Christmas they were cut down and sold, but they always grew again to their full height in a year's time. They were not, it is true, the regulation Christmas-tree. That is, they were not loaded with different and suitable gifts for every one in a family, as they stood there in Dame Louisa's yard. People always tied on those, after they had bought them, and had set them up in their own parlors. But these trees bore regular fruit like apple, or peach, or plum trees, only there was a considerable variety in it. These trees when in full fruitage were festooned with strings of pop-corn, and weighed down with apples and oranges and figs and bags of candy, and it was really an amazing sight to see them out there in Dame Louisa's front yard. But now they were all yellow and dead, and not so much as one pop-corn whitened the upper branches, neither was there one

candle shining out in the night. For the trees in their prime had borne also little twinkling lights like wax candles.

Dame Louisa looked out at her dead Christmas-trees, and scowled. She could see the children out in the road, and they were trudging along in the direction of the White Woods. "Let 'em go," she snapped to herself. "I guess they won't go far. I'll be rid of their noise, anyway."

She could hear poor Dame Penny's distressed voice out in her yard, calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy;" and she scowled more fiercely than ever. "I'm glad she's lost her old silver hen," she muttered to herself. She had always suspected the silver hen of pecking at the roots of the Christmas-trees and so causing them to blast; then, too, the silver hen had used to stand on the fence and crow; for, unlike other hens, she could crow very beautifully, and that had disturbed her a great deal.

Dame Louisa had a very wise book, which she had consulted to find the reason for the death of her Christmas-trees, but all she could find in it was one

short item, which did not satisfy her at all. The book was on the plan of an encyclopædia, and she, having turned to the "ch's," found:

"Christmas-trees — very delicate when transplanted, especially sensitive, and liable to blast at any change in the moral atmosphere. Remedy: discover and confess the cause."

After reading this, Dame Louisa was always positive that Dame Penny's silver hen was at the root of the mischief, for she knew that she herself had never done anything to hurt the trees.

Dame Penny was so occupied in calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," and shaking a little pan of corn, that she never noticed the children taking the road toward the White Woods. If she had done so she would have stopped them, for the White Woods was considered a very dangerous place. It was called white because it was always white even in midsummer. The trees and bushes, and all the undergrowth, every flower and blade of grass, were white with snow and frost all the year round, and all the learned men of the country had studied into the reason of it, and had

come to the conclusion that the woods lay in a direct draught from the North Pole and that produced the phenomenon. Nobody had penetrated very far into the White Woods, although many expeditions had been organized for that purpose. The cold was so terrible that it drove them back.

The children had heard all about the terrors of the White Woods. When they drew near it they took hold of one another's hands and snuggled as closely together as possible.

When they struck into the path at the entrance the intense cold turned their cheeks and noses blue in a moment, but they kept on, calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," in their shrill sweet trebles. Every twig on the trees was glittering white with hoar-frost, and all the dead blackberry-vines wore white wreaths, the bushes brushed the ground, they were so heavy with ice, and the air was full of fine white sparkles. The children's eyes were dazzled, but they kept on, stumbling through the icy vines and bushes, and calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy."

It was quite late in the afternoon when they started,

and pretty soon the sun went down and the moon arose and that made it seem colder. It was like travelling through a forest of solid silver then, and every once in a while a little frozen clump of flowers would shine so that they would think it was the silver hen and dart forward, to find it was not.

About two hours after the moon arose, as they were creeping along, calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," more and more faintly, a singular, hoarse voice replied suddenly. "We don't keep any hens," said the voice, and all the children jumped and screamed, and looked about for the owner of it. He loomed up among some bushes at their right. He was so dazzling white himself, and had such an indistinctness of outline, that they had taken him for an oak-tree. But it was the real Snow Man. They knew him in a moment, he looked so much like his effigies that they used to make in their yards.

"We don't keep any hens," repeated the Snow Man. "What are you calling hens for in this forest?"

The children huddled together as close as they could,

and the oldest boy explained. When he broke down the oldest girl piped up and helped him.

"Well," said the Snow Man, "I haven't seen the silver hen. I never did see any hens in these woods, but she may be around here for all that. You had better go home with me and spend the night. My wife will be delighted to see you. We have never had any company in our lives, and she is always scolding about it."

The children looked at each other and shook harder than they had done with cold.

"I'm — afraid our mothers — wouldn't — like to have us," stammered the oldest boy.

THE SNOW MAN'S HOUSE.

"Nonsense!" cried the Snow Man. "Here I have been visiting you, time and time again, and stood whole days out in your front yards, and you've never been to see me. I think it is about time that I had some return. Come along." With that the Snow Man seized the right ear of the oldest boy between a finger and thumb, and danced him along, and all the rest, trembling, and whimpering under their breaths, followed.

It was not long before they reached the Snow Man's house, which was really quite magnificent: a castle built of blocks of ice fitted together like bricks, and with two splendid snow-lions keeping guard at the entrance. The Snow Man's wife stood in the door, and the Snow Children stood behind her and peeped around her skirts. They were smiling from ear to ear. They had never seen any company before, and they were so delighted that they did not know what to do.

"We have some company, wife," shouted the Snow Man.

"Bring them right in," said his wife with a beaming face. She was very handsome, with beautiful pink cheeks and blue eyes, and she wore a trailing white robe, like a queen. She kissed the children all around, and shivers crept down their backs, for it was like being kissed by an icicle. "Kiss your company, my dears," she said to the Snow Children, and they came bashfully forward and kissed Dame Penny's scholars with these same chilly kisses.

"Now," said the Snow Man's wife, "come right in and sit down where it is cool — you look very hot."

"Hot," when the poor scholars were quite stiff with cold. They looked at one another in dismay, but did not dare say anything. They followed the Snow Man's wife into her grand parlor.

"Come right over here by the north window where it is cooler," said she, "and the children shall bring you some fans."

The Snow Children floated up with fans — all the Snow Man's family had a lovely floating gait — and the scholars took them with feeble courtesies, and began fanning. A stiff north wind blew in at the windows. The forest was all creaking and snapping with the cold. The poor children, fanning themselves, on an ice divan, would certainly have frozen if the Snow Man's wife had not suggested that they all have a little game of "puss-in-the-corner" to while away the time before dinner. That warmed them up a little, for they had to run very fast indeed to play with the Snow Children who seemed to fairly blow in the north wind from corner to corner.

But the Snow Man's wife stopped the play a little before dinner was announced; she said the guests looked

so warm that she was alarmed, and was afraid they might melt.

A whistle, that sounded just like the whistle of the north wind in the chimney, blew for dinner, and Dame Penny's scholars thought with delight that now they would have something warm. But every dish on the Snow Man's table was cold and frozen, and the Snow Man's wife kept urging them to eat this and that, because it was so nice and cooling, and they looked so warm.

After dinner they were colder than ever, even. Another game of "puss-in-the-corner" did not warm them much; they were glad when the Snow Man's wife suggested that they go to bed, for they had visions of warm blankets and comfortables. But when they were shown into the great north chamber, that was more like a hall than a chamber, with its walls of solid ice, its ice floor, and its ice beds, their hearts sank. Not a blanket nor comfortable was to be seen; there were great silk bags stuffed with snow flakes instead of feathers on the beds, and that was all.

"If you are too warm in the night, and feel as if

"WE HAVE SOME COMPANY, WIFE,"
SHOUTED THE SNOW MAN.

you were going to melt," said the Snow Man's wife, "you can open the south window and that will make a draught — there are none but the north windows open now."

The scholars courtesied and bade her good-night, and she kissed them and hoped they would sleep well. Then she trailed her splendid robe, which was decorated with real frost-embroidery, down the ice stairs and left her guests to themselves. They were frantic with cold and terror, and the little ones began to cry. They talked over the situation, and agreed that they had better wait until the house was quiet and then run away. So they waited until they thought everybody must be asleep, and then cautiously stole toward the door. It was locked fast on the outside. The Snow Man's wife had slipped an icicle through the latch. Then they were in despair. It seemed as if they must freeze to death before morning. But it occurred to some of the older ones that they had heard their parents say that snow was really warm, and people had been kept warm and alive by burrowing under snow-drifts. And as there were enough snow-flake beds to use for

coverlids also, they crept under them, having first shut the north windows, and were soon quite comfortable.

In the meantime there was a great panic in the village; the children's parents were nearly wild. They came running to Dame Penny, but she was calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," out in the moonlight, and knew nothing about them. Then they called outside Dame Louisa's window, but she pretended to be asleep and not hear them, although she was really awake, and in a terrible panic.

She did not tell the parents how the children had gone to the White Woods, because she knew that they could not extricate them from the difficulty as well as she could herself. She knew all about the Snow Man and his wife and how very anxious they were to have company.

So just as soon as the parents were gone and she heard their voices in the distance, she dressed herself, harnessed her old white horse into the great box-sleigh, got out all the tubs and pails that she had in the house and went over to Dame Penny, who was still

standing out in her front yard calling the silver hen and the children by turns.

"Come, Dame Penny," said Dame Louisa, "I want you to go with me to the White Woods and rescue the children. Bring out all the tubs and pails you have in the house, and we will pump them full of water."

"The pails — full of water — what for?" gasped Dame Penny.

"To thaw them out," replied Dame Louisa; "they will very likely be wholly or partly frozen, and I have always heard that cold water was the only remedy to use."

Dame Penny said no more. She brought out all her tubs and pails, and they pumped them, and Dame Louisa's, full of water, and packed them into the sleigh — there were twelve of them. Then they climbed into the seat, slapped the reins over the back of the old white horse, and started off for the White Woods.

On the way Dame Louisa wept, and confessed what she had done to Dame Penny. "I have been a cross, selfish old woman," said she, "and I think that is the

reason why my Christmas-trees were blasted. I don't believe your silver hen touched them."

She and Dame Penny called "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," and the names of the children, all the way. Dame Louisa drove straight to the Snow Man's house.

"They are more likely to be there than anywhere else, the Snow Man and his wife are so crazy to have company," said she.

When they arrived at the house, Dame Louisa left Dame Penny to hold the horse, and went in. The outer door was not locked and she wandered quite at her will, through the great ice saloons, and wind-swept corridors. When she came to the door with the icicle through the latch, she knew at once that the children were in that room, so she drew out the icicle and entered. The children were asleep, but she aroused them, and bade them be very quiet and follow her. They got out of the house without disturbing any of the family; but, once out, a new difficulty beset them. The children had been so nearly warm under their snow-flake beds that they began to freeze the minute the icy air struck them.

PUSS-IN-THE-CORNER.

But Dame Louisa promptly seized them, while Dame Penny held the horse, and put them into the tubs and pails of water. Then she took hold of the horse's head, and backed him and turned around carefully, and they started off at full speed.

But it was not long before they discovered that they were pursued. They heard the hoarse voice of the Snow Man behind them calling to them to stop.

"What are you taking away my company for?" shouted the Snow Man. "Stop, stop!"

The wind was at the back of the Snow Man, and he came with tremendous velocity. It was evident that he would soon overtake the old white horse who was stiff and somewhat lame. Dame Louisa whipped him up, but the Snow Man gained on them. The icy breath of the Snow Man blew over them. "Oh!" shrieked Dame Penny, "what shall we do, what shall we do?"

"Be quiet," said Dame Louisa, with dignity. She untied her large poke-bonnet which was made of straw — she was unable to have a velvet one for winter, now her Christmas-trees were dead — and she hung it

on the whip. Then she drew a match from her pocket, and set fire to the bonnet. The light fabric blazed up directly, and the Snow Man stopped short. "If you come any nearer," shrieked Dame Louisa, "I'll put this right in your face and — melt you!"

"Give me back my company," shouted the Snow Man in a doubtful voice.

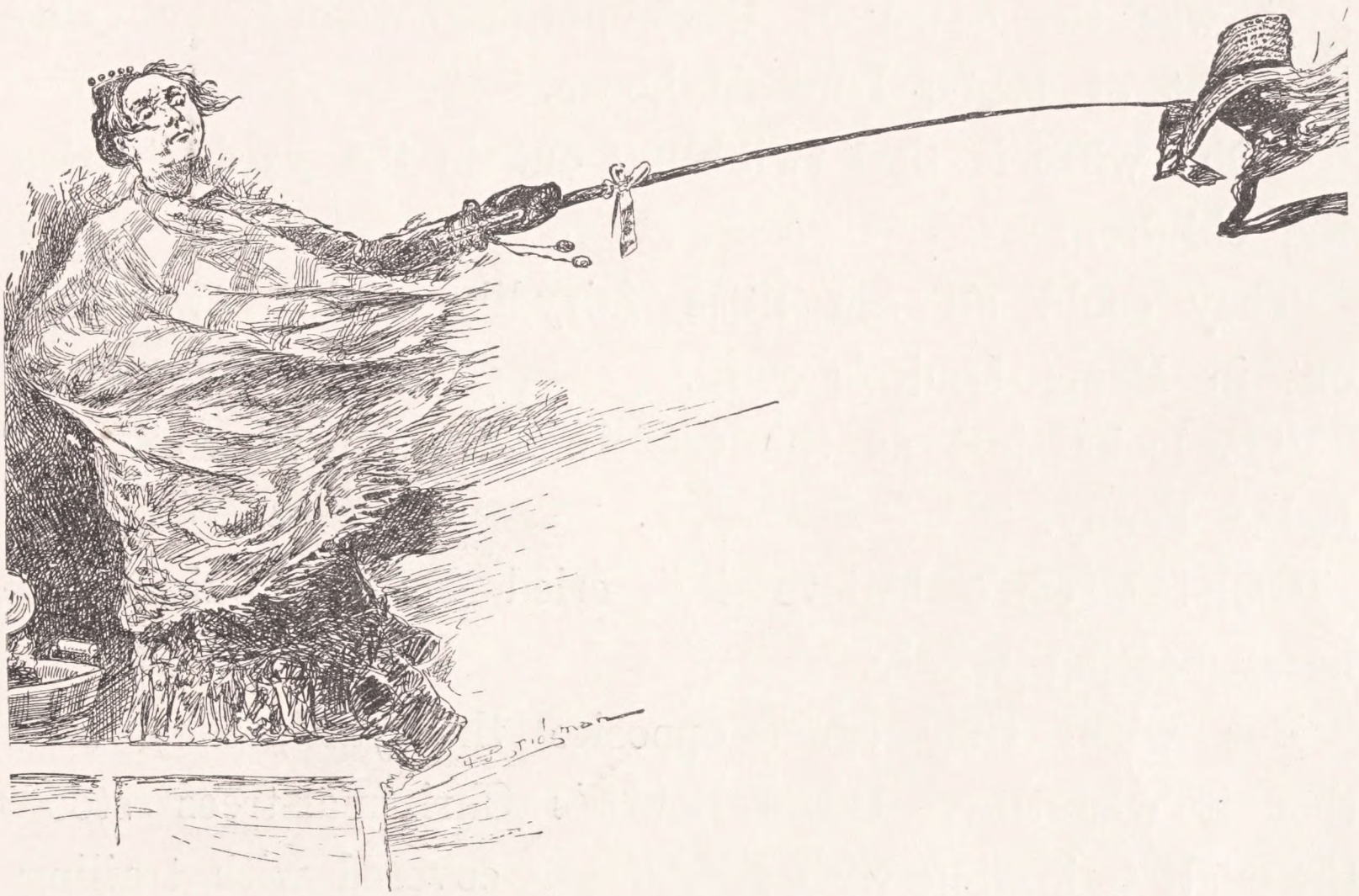
"You can't have your company," said Dame Louisa, shaking the blazing bonnet defiantly at him.

"To think of the days I've spent in their yards, slowly melting and suffering everything, and my not having one visit back," grumbled the Snow Man. But he stood still; he never took a step forward after Dame Louisa had set her bonnet on fire.

It was lucky that Dame Louisa had worn a worsted scarf tied over her bonnet, and could now use it for a bonnet. The cold was intense, and had it not been that Dame Penny and Dame Louisa both wore their Bay State shawls over their beaver sacks, and their stone-marten tippets and muffs, and blue worsted stockings drawn over their shoes, they would certainly have

TO THE RESCUE.

frozen. As for the children, they would never have reached home alive if it had not been for the pails and tubs of water



"I'LL PUT THIS RIGHT IN YOUR FACE AND — MELT YOU!"

"Do you feel as if you were thawing?" Dame Louisa asked the children after they had left the Snow Man behind.

"Yes, ma'am," said they.

Dame Louisa drove as fast as she could, with thank-

ful tears running down her cheeks. "I've been a wicked, cross old woman," said she again and again, "and that is what blasted my Christmas-trees."

It was the dawn of Christmas-day when they came in sight of Dame Louisa's house.

"Oh! what is that twinkling out in the yard?" cried the children.

They could all see little fairy-like lights twinkling out in Dame Louisa's yard.

"It looks just as the Christmas-trees used to," said Dame Penny.

"Oh! I can't believe it," cried Dame Louisa, her heart beating wildly.

But when they came opposite the yard, they saw that it was true. Dame Louisa's Christmas-trees stood there all twinkling with lights, and covered with trailing garlands of pop-corn, oranges, apples, and candy-bags; their yellow branches had turned green and the Christmas-trees were in full glory.

"Oh! what is that shining so out in Dame Penny's yard?" cried the children, who were entirely thawed, and only needed to get home to their parents and have

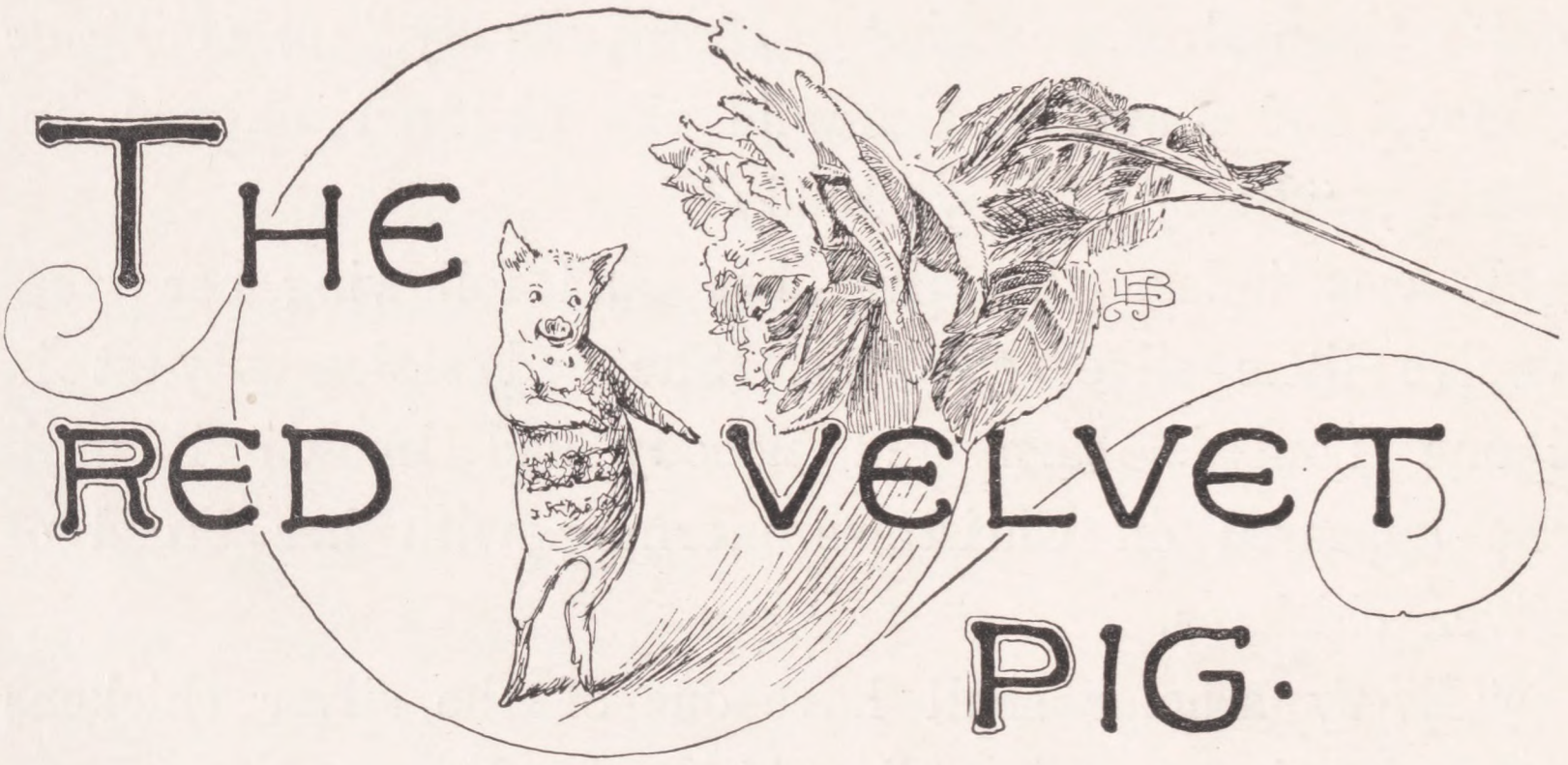
some warm breakfast, and Christmas-presents, to be quite themselves. "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," cried Dame Penny, and Dame Louisa and the children chimed in, calling, "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!"

It was indeed the silver hen, and following her were twelve little silver chickens. She had stolen a nest in Dame Louisa's barn and nobody had known it until she appeared on Christmas morning with her brood of silver chickens.

"Every scholar shall have one of the silver chickens for a Christmas-present," said Dame Penny.

"And each shall have one of my Christmas-trees," said Dame Louisa.

Then all the scholars cried out with delight, the Christmas-bells in the village began to ring, the silver hen flew up on the fence and crowed, the sun shone broadly out, and it was a merry Christmas-day.



"WHAT will Tommy have for dessert?" asked grandma.

"A stomach-ache, I imagine," answered papa with a laugh, as he wiped his big moustaches with his napkin. Tommy watched that process with interest so absorbing as to deprive him of speech until the napkin descended into papa's lap. Then he replied soberly:

"Me ain't dot no tummake."

"Ho!" laughed brother Jack. "Yes, you have. Little pigs all have stomachs."

"It's bad manners to call names, Jack," said mamma, reprovingly. "Little brother means he has no stomach-ache."

"Bless the child!" said grandma, fondly, "he has hard work to keep awake."

It was Christmas dinner, and Tommy sat at the table with the family for the first time. He had felt very important, but the glitter of lights and china and silver had begun to weary him. He leaned back in his wicker high-chair, with his little spoon in his mouth, and looked thoughtfully around. There was a queer Dresden china shepherdess standing in the centre of the table, holding a vase on her shoulder, which in turn held more roses than Tommy could count.

Mamma was dressed in a beautiful red velvet frock that was very dark in places, and then leaped into flame in others as the light fell across it. There was a soft vest in front of some creamy stuff, with a brocaded pattern in it. Grandma had on a black silk, and some prètty lace over her white hair and crossed kerchief-wise around her shoulders.

Everybody certainly looked well, and Tommy glanced

down with complacency upon his own fat little body arrayed in a new kilt and wrapped with a wonderful scarf that had red tassels at each end.

And as he looked the most wonderful thing happened. The funniest Red Velvet Pig popped right out from under the table! He was brocaded in stripes around his body and had a cream-colored background, so to speak, which set off the flowery bands upon his person to the best possible advantage.

Tommy was too amazed to speak, but as the Pig seemed about to go into the drawing-room he made haste to scramble down from his chair and follow. As he crossed the sill he thought he would call grandma and mamma, but there was another surprise in store for him that rendered him speechless.

The Red Velvet Pig had gone through the drawing-room door, to be sure, but instead of going into the long room with its soft lights and open fire and warm curtains and thick rugs to roll upon, Tommy followed him into a big green field, full of flowers and long grasses and many curious things, as Tommy saw at the first glance. He opened his mouth to call nurse,

but just as he was ready to speak the Red Velvet Pig arose on his hind legs and set off across the fields at quite a pace.

"TOMMY FOLLOWED HIM INTO A BIG GREEN FIELD."

Tommy was so diverted by this extraordinary performance that he laughed a fat little laugh and trotted after as fast as his short legs could carry him, and that was the very last he thought of mamma or grandma or nurse during all his singular trip.

The Pig turned his head in a jocular way and looked at Tommy over his shoulder.

"Are you coming with me, little man?" he said, with a very cordial invitation conveyed in the way he grunted.

"Iss, sir, if I tan," replied Tommy, modestly and yet with eagerness.

"Perhaps we had better stop and see Rose Scarlet on our way. She lives just over that little hill," said the Red Velvet Pig in a confidential tone.

Tommy felt immensely gratified at the proposition, but could think of nothing to say in reply, so kept still.

They had to go through quite a forest. As they emerged Tommy's eyes nearly rolled out of his head in amazement at what he beheld. At first he thought they were in a field of strange-shaped white flowers, but what he mistook for blossoms were in reality lovely frosted cakes growing on stalks just conveniently high to reach.

"I think it's about time for lunch," said the Red Velvet Pig, picking a little heart-shaped cake and eating it with great gusto. "Help yourself," he said to Tommy, with a wave of his left forefoot which seemed very

comprehensive. "If you want chocolate cake just bark three times and roll over."

Now Tommy was very fond of chocolate cake, but he feared he could not bark correctly, although he was such a fat little mite he knew from past experience he could roll over as well as if he had practised a hundred years. He took a sugar kiss and ate it while he deliberated. At last it seemed a very simple thing to do in order to get a piece of his favorite cake, so he barked and rolled over three times. It was not the least surprising when he jumped up to hear the jingle of Zip's bangles and to have four legs instead of two. In fact this arrangement so delighted him that he capered about and barked at the cakes and the Red Velvet Pig with such fine effect that he amused them mightily. Indeed the cakes shook so with laughter that a great many dropped crumbs off their fat sides which immediately took root and grew macaroons, greatly to Tommy's delight.

"You see we begin at the right end of a dinner to suit little boys. I think this is a pretty good kind of a country to live in," said the Pig, with satisfaction showing on every brocaded flower upon him.

Tommy thought so too and would have said so, only Zip's tongue seemed if anything more clumsy and awkward than his own to manage, so he was obliged to

TOMMY.

bark again as a sign of assent. This appeared perfectly intelligible to the Pig, who continued:

"Now I think a little roast duck, or quail on toast,

or a wing of a fine spring chicken would taste about right. Suppose we go into the next dining-field?"

So they pattered along on all-fours greatly to Tommy's edification, who found this means of locomotion an improvement upon his previous method. Before he could realize they had left the cake-field, he perceived they were in the midst of the most curious-looking plants he had ever beheld, while a savory odor arose from them very like the nice smells he had observed in cook's kitchen at home.

Some of these singular plants had, instead of leaves, a fine crisp chicken-wing, or breast, done to an exact turn and rolled in fringed paper pinned together with the wish-bones; on others, standing out like big buds from the stalk, were many fat golden-brown drum-sticks, while as a crowning effect each and every plant had at the top a piece of toast with a whole quail, or plover, or reed-bird, laid upon it in the most tempting manner.

Tommy ate with moderation, not being very hungry after the sweets, but the Red Velvet Pig ate with such prodigious appetite that he kept growing bigger all the

time. Finally he picked a piece of toast and threw it at Tommy in a friendly way, but as it hit one of his forelegs, and was moreover rather hard, it didn't seem nearly as funny to him as it seemed to be to the Pig. Indeed, Tommy yelped and whined and found himself quite unable to move the injured member, which speedily grew into a fire-shovel which was a great weight and impediment to him.

"Oh, that's no matter," said the Red Velvet Pig, with what Tommy thought heartless indifference; "you remember how you hurt Zip the other day by throwing Noah's Ark at him. You pretty near broke his leg, but it didn't hurt *you* any."

Tommy was obliged to confess to himself that this was perfectly true, and dragged his fire-shovel along with humility and what patience he could muster.

"Dear, dear!" said the Red Velvet Pig, "we shall never get to see Rose Scarlet at this pace. Suppose we hurry along a little faster."

Poor Tommy hopped and hobbled as best he could, but found himself unable to keep up with the pig, whose legs seemed to grow longer every minute. At

last, as he was quite breathless and almost in despair, the Red Velvet Pig stopped with a great flourish before a big rose-bush which grew beside the road. He knocked on the stalk and immediately there appeared the biggest rose Tommy ever remembered to have seen. It was six times as big as the very biggest one in the vase on the table at home, and was of a bright scarlet color, quite dazzling to look upon.

As Tommy limped up and stretched himself out on the ground feeling very tired, he observed the Red Velvet Pig was holding a flowery conversation with the big rose.

"I declare, friend Velvet, whenever I have the happiness of meeting you, you appear to me like a lovely cream jug filled with winter strawberries."

"And whenever I see you," replied the Pig with great gallantry, making his best bow, "I am filled with the sweetness of wild honey, and the day-lantern shines with greater splendor and magnificence!"

Just here Tommy became conscious of a singular sensation in his right ear. Putting up his paw to discover what it was he found something growing there,

and looking at the Red Velvet Pig he observed a big creamy rose standing out of the pig's left ear, and appearing very fresh and beautiful, so he concluded it must be a rose in his own. Just as he was convinced this was the case he heard a small voice saying to him:

"Stand on your head and you can talk too."

With great difficulty he accomplished this feat, finding it hard to lift the fire-shovel leg with its brass handle in the air, but as soon as he had succeeded he was delighted to behold his own kilts again and have the use of his own tongue. So he thought it no more than proper that he should say something gallant to Rose Scarlet, and upon opening his mouth spoke very fluently and as plainly as any one.

"When I see you the paregoric bottle is seized with a terrible stomach-ache, and my canton-flannel elephant packs his trunk and tries to hide in Noah's Ark."

"Manners, manners!" cried the pig, turning upon him with a squeal of rage and rapping his horny fore-feet smartly together. Poor Tommy felt overwhelmed with confusion and mortification to think his treacherous tongue had said such dreadful things to beautiful Rose

Scarlet, when he intended to say something especially sweet and flattering.

TOMMY MAKES A GALLANT SPEECH TO ROSE SCARLET.

To his horror the ear of the Red Velvet Pig began to grow, and grow, and grow, and the creamy rose in it got to look as big as a cabbage, and bigger, and

bigger, and bigger, and just as they were both about to tumble down upon him he gathered strength enough to scream for Zip to come and bite the Red Velvet Pig, whose ear immediately turned into the vase filled with lovely roses upon the table.

"Poor little darling! he fell asleep and had a bad dream," said mamma, as nurse gathered him up out of his high-chair.

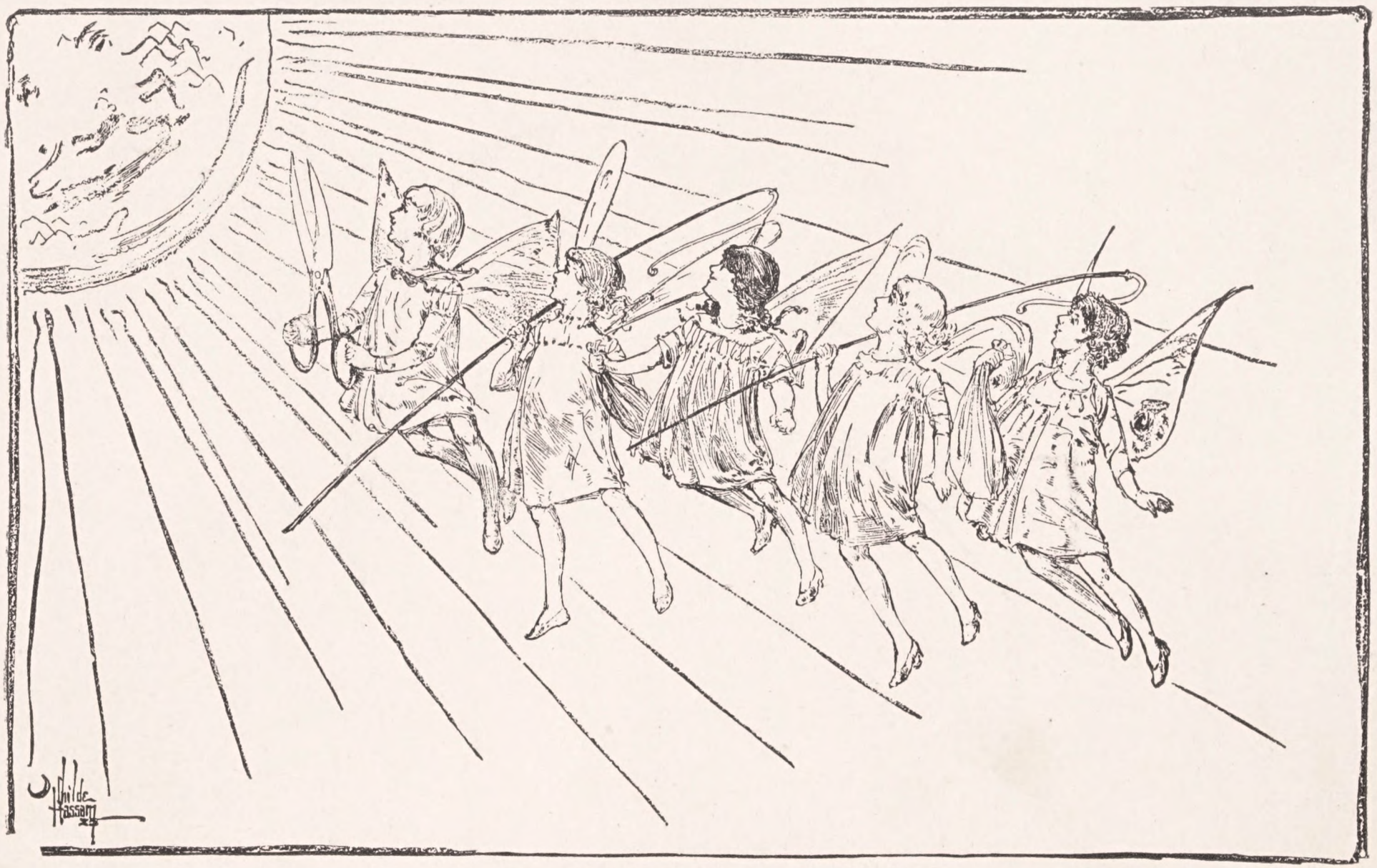
Tommy opened his frightened eyes and looked sleepily around. "Me don't lite de Wed Velbet Pig!" he exclaimed.

Grandma patted him reassuringly as she wiped the damp forehead and brushed back the baby rings upon it. "Grandma's precious boy! He sha'n't have the Red Velvet Pig if he don't want it!"

Everybody else laughed, and papa said, "Too much roast turkey, my little son."

"Who ever heard of a Red Velvet Pig!" shouted brother Jack in great glee.

But Tommy drew a sigh of relief, and gurgled his baby laugh as he nestled down in nurse's arms: "Me saw him — bad Wed Velbet Pig!"



THE FIVE WITS GOING WOOL-GATHERING.

WOOL GATHERING.

"WHERE are my Five Wits gone,
And will they come back soon?"
They're gone a-gathering wool
In the Valleys of the Moon.

There the little Dream-Sheep,
That look like mounds of snow,
Through the green, green meadows
Go grazing to and fro.

Thither have I sent them,
Those Five Wits of mine,
Two with bags, and two with crooks,
And one with shears that shine.

They catch the little Dream-Sheep,
And cut their fleece away,
All to weave a story from
Upon another day!

AN OLD-FASHIONED WITCH STORY.

IT was in the earliest springtime. In the shade the air was still quite cold; but where the clear and strong sunshine streamed down, one could see that spring had come; for there the blossoms were beginning to stretch upward on their tiny stalks.

A couple of poor children came walking through the forest, — a ten-year-old girl, named Nina, and her little brother Johannes.

They were seeking flowers. Nina had to find them, because the flowers were too tiny and too much hidden for so small a child as Johannes to spy them for himself, but she always let him have the pleasure of picking them.

It was such a joyous spring walk that Nina did not notice how far they were straying away from their grandmother's hut, back of the hill. This little hut had been their home only for a short time. When their dear father and mother died, their grandmother

"SNIKKESNAK!" SNAPPED THE WITCH.

had kindly taken them to live with her; and this was their first walk in the forest.

At last Nina thought they ought to go back, but just as she turned around with Johannes by the hand, who should stand before them but a hideous old creature, more glaring and frightful than you can imagine.

"What are you doing here, you wretched children?" she shrieked; "are you plucking flowers in my forest? Then shall I pluck you, you may believe!"

"Oh! pardon us," cried Nina; "we did not know that we must not pick flowers here. We are strangers in this forest. Pray, pray, pardon us."

"*Snikkesnak!*" (fiddlestick!) answered the terrific old Witch, for such the creature was. "Don't talk to me! I never pay any attention to what children say; nor old folk either, for that matter. Indeed I don't! *Snikkesnak! snikkesnak!* But it is not you that I want, silly girl. It is the boy there who has offended me. The little rascal! It is he who picked the flowers. Now I shall take him!"

"Oh! take me, take me instead!" cried Nina in terror, flinging her arms around her brother. "It is

my fault! I showed him the flowers, and let him pick them. You've no right to take him! Oh! do take me; he is too little."

"*Snikkesnak!*" answered the Witch; "what a lot of talk! But you are right; the boy is small to come into my service, so I suppose I shall have to take you. Now, listen well to what I say. Spring and summer are coming, and I shall have no work for you then; so I shall not trouble myself about you for the present. But when autumn has come and gone, and all the leaves and flowers have disappeared, then are we very busy in the underground world. Then you may believe that I shall teach you how to work! and I live deep down — very, very deep! Now you may go; but I will make a bargain with you. When the last flower is faded — listen! — when the last flower is faded, meet me here on this spot — or — or" —

The old Witch stopped to think what she could best threaten Nina with. Her wicked eyes glared around for an instant, till she noticed that Nina stood, with her arms about her little brother, ready to ward off any evil that might come upon him.

"Or I shall come and catch this little rascal and twist his arms and legs all out of joint!" screamed the Witch, shaking her knotty stick at little Johannes.

Then, after a dark glance at Nina, she shuffled off through the forest, with the crows shrieking after her and the leaves and flowers trembling on every side.

As soon as the Witch was out of sight, Nina hastened home with Johannes. Like a kind sister she suited her frightened pace to his, so that he should not stumble and fall.

The poor little boy had been so terrified at the Witch that he had not in the least understood the cruel threats she had used against him, or the dreadful fate which was in store for Nina.

Nina was rejoiced that this was so; for then he could not tell their grandmother what the Witch had said, and she herself would not disclose the dreadful doom hanging over her. She was determined that the poor grandmother should not be made more anxious and sorrowful as long as it could be helped.

Shortly after this the spring burst forth in all its

power and beauty, and the blossoms shot up everywhere — in the woods, the fields, the meadows, and the gardens. Nina welcomed them as her dearest friends. They would protect her against the Forest Witch. So long as she had a single one of these, she would not have to go down into the dark earth to serve the hideous Witch.

Nina had always loved flowers, but never had she thought so much about them as now. Yet, alas! spring soon turned into summer, and summer went faster than ever before, it seemed to poor Nina. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she saw the blue corn-flowers fall before the reaper's scythe when the grain was cut in harvest-time.

But Nina could still hope, even then; for the roses continued to bloom on grandmother's old rosebush outside the door of the hut. Nina kissed them and begged them to last as long as ever they could! And so they did — the dear, friendly roses.

When the last little rose had at length withered, autumn had almost passed, and the many-colored leaves were dropping from the trees by thousands. Yet

Nina discovered to her joy and comfort that there were flowers still. Along the roadside stood the simple, hardy wild aster, which blossomed on and on, although the autumn winds and rains destroyed everything else.

Winter began; but so mildly that it seemed as if it were still autumn. When the asters finally disappeared, other help came to Nina; for the hazelbush was completely hoaxed by the mild weather and thought it was spring; so it began to unfold its yellow catkins, standing beautiful and bright as one saw it between the bare trees over the hedges.

So, even when the winter was far advanced, Nina was still saved from going to the Witch; but this could not long continue. Cold weather must soon come, because grandmother had said that Christmas was near.

And suddenly winter did come in earnest, with its icy frosts and drifting snows. For five days it was impossible to get out of the hut, because the wind kept whirling the snow into high drifts all about it. But when the sixth day came the wind abated and the snow lay peacefully on the ground.

Now Nina dared no longer to stay in the house, for

surely all the flowers were dead, and buried under the cold snow, after this bitter storm. She must go and keep her compact with the Witch. So gathering together all her courage, she stole out of the house without being seen by any one.

Outside, she stood still for an instant, took a last look at the hut, which now seemed so cosy and dear, whispered "Farewell," and started on her way to the forest.

But she had gathered too little cour after all; for it melted away immediately when she discovered, waiting for her, a few steps from the door, the Witch, standing in their little roadside garden.

"You've been rather slow about keeping to your bargain!" exclaimed the Witch, angrily. "I was just coming after you."

"Oh, do not make me go with you!" cried Nina.

In her agony she fell down upon the snow at the Witch's great feet, and besought her wildly: "Let me go free! Oh, do let me go free!"

"*Snikkesnak!*" snapped the Witch. "Up with you! No nonsense!"

"Can there really be not a single flower?" wailed Nina. She half rose, and, fairly beside herself with fright and despair, she began to scrape the snow aside from the garden-bed at the side of the path, trying to find a flower.

"Oh! yes, look if you like! *Snikkesnak! snikkesnak!*" laughed the Witch, her face glowing with exultation at Nina's trouble.

But an instant after her countenance became filled with fury; for, where Nina had cleared the snow aside, there appeared a plant with fresh dark-green leaves and white flower buds.

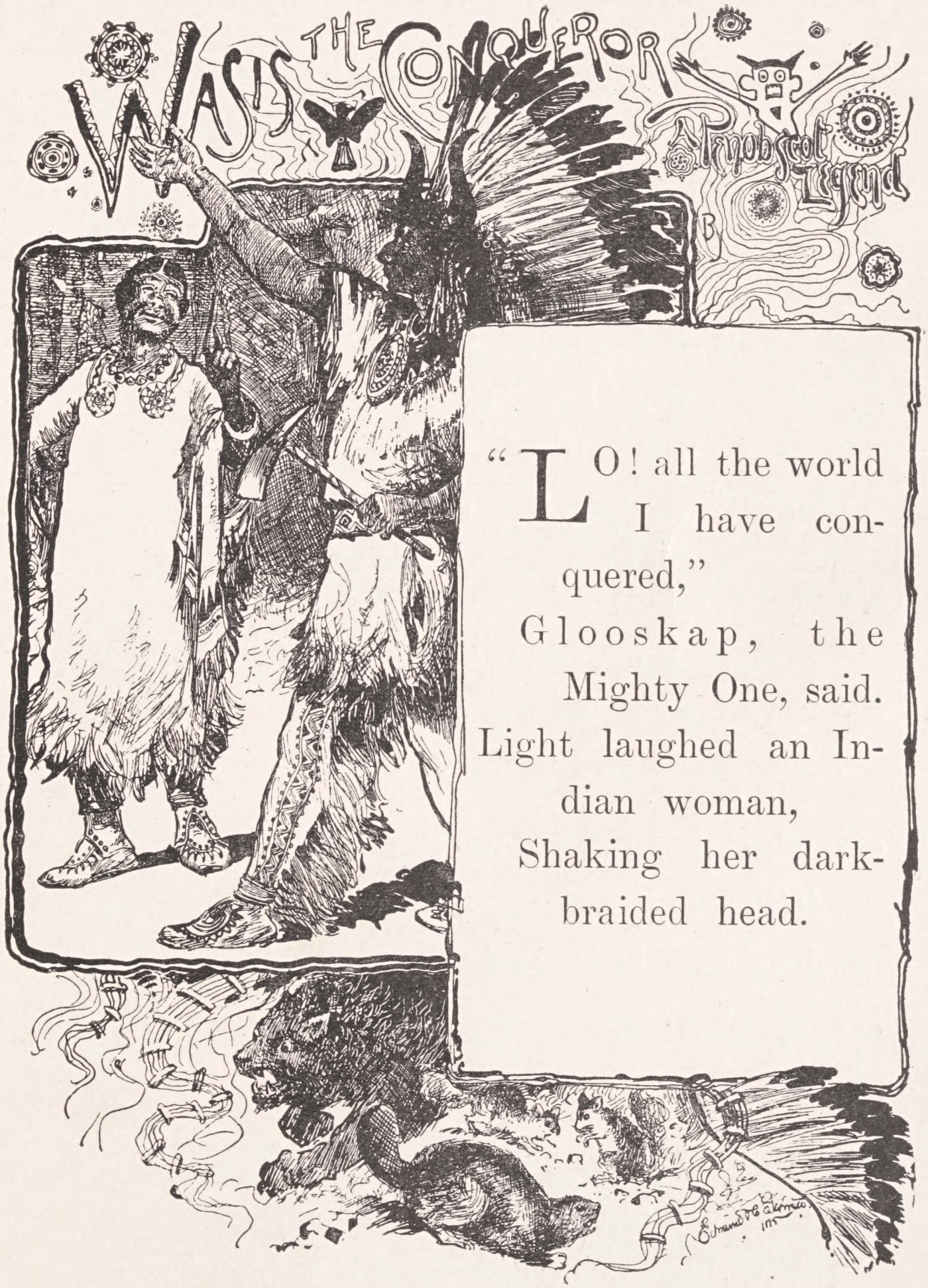
Nina clasped her hands together in great joy and thankfulness; then, breaking off a bud, she lifted it up high toward the Witch and rushed away into the hut. The Witch, in her disappointment and vexation, sprang about so wildly in the snow that it rose in a cloud all about her, and Nina never saw her again.

Safe at home in the little hut, Nina now told all her adventure; and the grandmother took the little girl's sweet, frightened face between her two old hands and kissed her forehead many times.

Faithfully every day Nina went to pay a loving visit to the little "Christmas Rose" in the garden (*Helleborus niger*), for that was the name of the flower which had saved her; and the whole winter long it could be found fresh and beautiful here and there under the snow.

Though no other blossoms dare come forth to face the snows and frosts of deep winter, the Christmas Rose ventures bravely out into the bleak weather, and with modest and serene courage holds her own against its powers. The snow lying over it, keeps it from freezing; and if one brushes away this beautiful covering the Christmas Rose appears with its lovely, white, gold-centred blossoms, laughing at the frost.. It blooms steadily on until it can say "Good-day" to spring's first blossom — the little snowdrop; and so through all the year are there flowers blooming in our dear Northern land.

Thus it was that Nina escaped the Witch, who, being a Forest Witch, did not know of the Christmas Rose, because that is a garden flower.



"LO! all the world I have conquered,"
Glooskap, the Mighty One, said.
Light laughed an Indian woman,
Shaking her dark-braided head.

"Speak not too swiftly, my master,
One still unconquered remains —
Wasis, the Baby, forever
Lord of the mightiest, reigns."

Watching the motes in the sunshine,
Baby sat still on the floor;
Glooskap, the mighty magician,
Gazed through the open door.

He who had vanquished the storm-bird,
Binding its wings in the north —
Ever the wild winds after
Speeding more gently forth —

He who could fashion the squirrel
Little or great, at his will,
Lord of the bear and the beaver,
Master of good and ill,

Gazed at the wonderful Baby
Watching the dancing gold,
Wondered what magical weapon
Little brown fingers could hold

Happy of heart in the sunshine,
Wasis, the wonderful Child,
Sucking the sweets of the maple,
Looked at the stranger and smiled.

Glooskap, the mighty magician,
Wife had known never, nor child,
Knew not the heart's tender watchwords
Wherewith caresses are wiled;

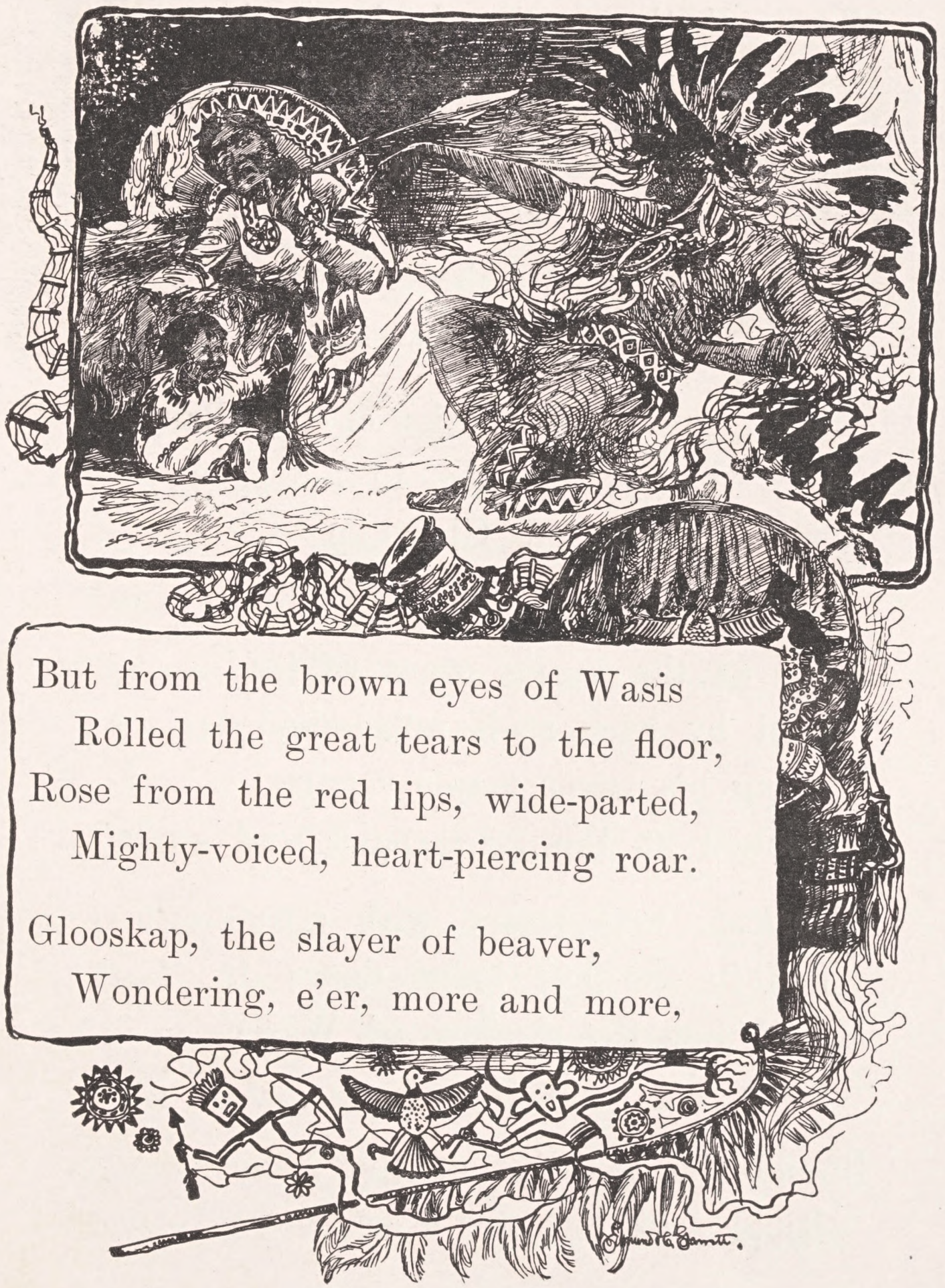
Softly he smiled at the Baby,
Bidding him, gently, come nigh.
Wasis stirred not from the sunshine,
Watching the motes dance by.

Sweet, then, as 'mid summer forest
Singeth the wee winter wren,
Spoke unto Wasis, the Strong One,
Master of beasts and men.

Unto the Master's eyes lifted
Wondering eyes of the child —
Moved in the sunshine no shadow,
Wasis sat silent and smiled.

Then, with a voice as of thunder,
Under a terrible frown —
From the fir-trees of the forest
Shaking the brown cones down —

Glooskap, the mighty magician,
Spoke his command o'er and o'er.
Neither the sunshine nor shadow
Changed on the lodge's bare floor.



But from the brown eyes of Wasis
  Rolled the great tears to the floor,
Rose from the red lips, wide-parted,
  Mighty-voiced, heart-piercing roar.

Glooskap, the slayer of beaver,
  Wondering, e'er, more and more,

Wove all the spells of his magic
  Wasis, the unsubdued, o'er;

Singing the strange, wild music
  Wherewith he conjured the dead,
Wherewith the dark-hearted spirits
  Up from their caverns he led.

Smooth grew the cheeks of the Baby,
  Dry the bright tears in his eyes;
Merriest playfellow Glooskap
  Seemed unto Wasis, the wise,

Who, as the magic grew wilder,
  Still by each spell unbeguiled,
Sucking his sweet maple sugar,
  Looked at the great chief and smiled.

Glooskap, well weary with struggle,
  Sat in the low lodge door;
Moved not the shadow of Wasis
  Over the sunlit floor.

Round the red lips of the Baby
  Ripples of laughter o'erflowed;

Gazed he, admiring, at Glooskap,
Goo-goo-ed, and lustily crowed!

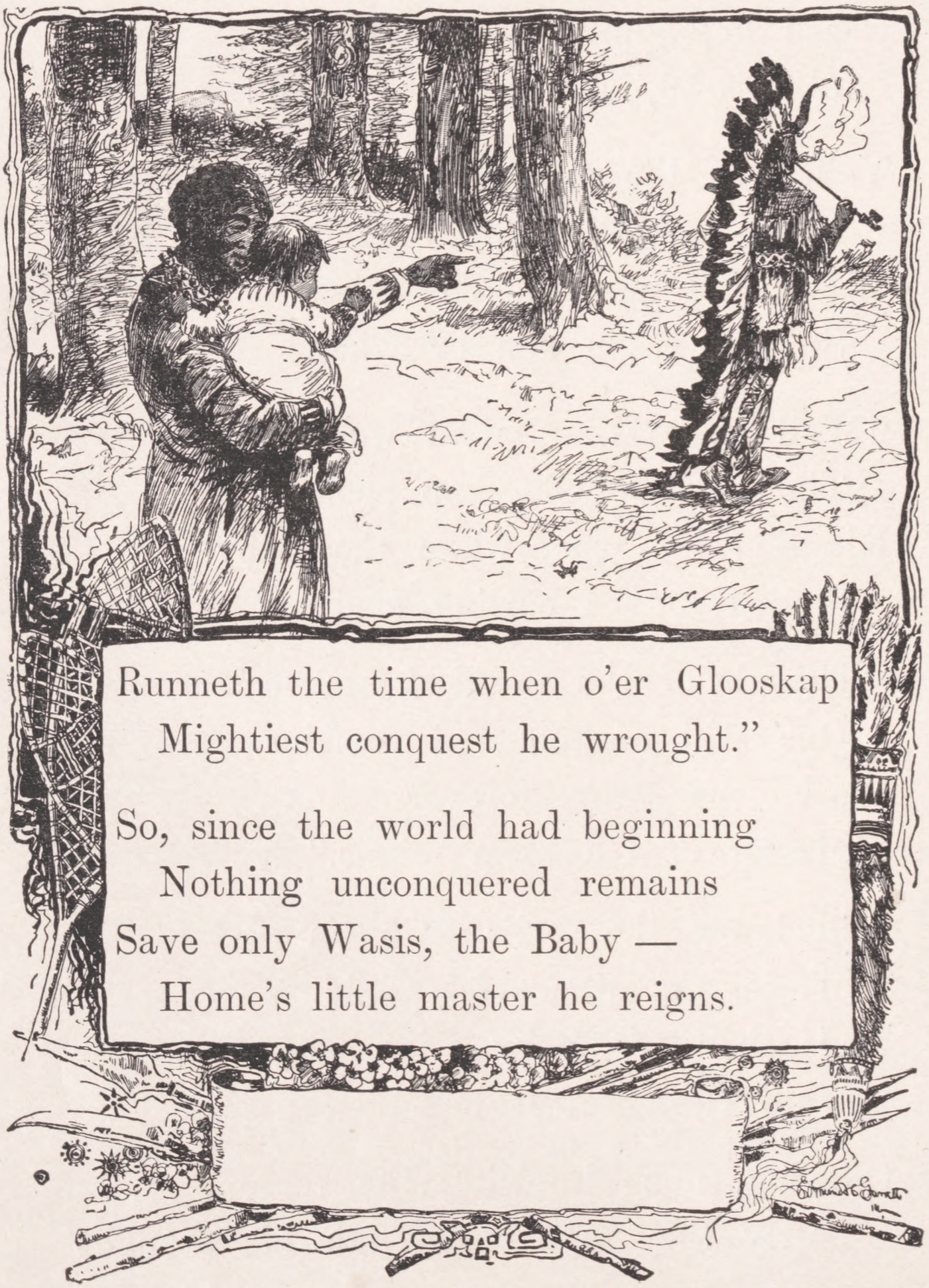
Vain was the strength of the giant;
Never a spell could bind
Wasis, the unconquered Baby,
Stronger than sun or wind.

"Well spake the Indian woman,"
Thoughtfully Glooskap spoke,
Kindling his pipe, while the Baby
Smiled at the curling smoke;

"Though of the world I am master,
One still unconquered remains,
Wasis, the Baby, forever
Master of Glooskap reigns."

Still know the Indian women
Wasis, the wonderful Child,
And when the Baby cries *goo-goo*,
Unto contentment beguiled,

Crowing, none knowing the reason,
Softly they say: "Through his thought



Runneth the time when o'er Glooskap
Mightiest conquest he wrought."

So, since the world had beginning
Nothing unconquered remains
Save only Wasis, the Baby —
Home's little master he reigns.

MARY-LEE'S STORY.

THIS is the story which Mary-Lee told me, while she sat in a huge rocking-chair late one New Year's afternoon. It had been a joyful day for her, full of active play; and, as the dusk began to fall and the skaters on the pond, across the lawn, grew dim in the twilight, she curled up on the big chair to rest a little and wait for tea. Her twinkling feet and busy hands were seldom still, all day long, and I felt very much honored by this quiet half-hour of her company. There was just enough light falling on the western windows of the parsonage to make a pretty picture of the little girl, with the real yellow hair and blue eyes of children in fairy stories.

"Well, what you think!" said Mary-Lee with the grave sigh she uses when she is about to take you into her confidence. "I'm nearly five, and I'm going to have a beautiful birthday party, with a roomful of candy, and ice-cream" (she calls it "ice-pream"), "and little boys and girls — but no grown-folks, 'cept you.

I like you, and if you are good and stop pulling my toes I'll tell you a story — one I thinked all myself."

I promised solemnly, and then Mary-Lee smoothed out her ruffles, pulled her hair around on either side of her pretty chin, and with another confidential sigh began:

"Well, what you think! Once there was a Little Girl with long yellow hair — no bigger'n me — who had a pony, black as ink, with white stars all around his head and both cheeks. And she had a dog, big as a mastiff, who was white as snow, with black roses on his back, and a beautiful one right in the middle of his face."

"What a fortunate Little Girl!" I said; and when Mary-Lee had determined that I really thought so, she went on with her story:

"Well, there were twenty big men, on twenty big horses, with twenty long rifles, who made a party one day to go hunting. The Little Girl asked to go along, but one of the horrid men said: 'Girls are no good hunting. She'd be in the road.' But an old Grandpa said, 'Let her follow along behind. She'll be quiet.'

"So the Little Girl got on the black pony, and the Rose-dog went with her. She hid a real rifle under her riding-skirt on the saddle-horn. It was only as long as your two feet, but it shot real fire. She did

THE LITTLE GIRL TAKES THE FENCE.

not say anything out loud, but 'way down in her throat she said: 'I'm going to show those men what a Little Girl is good for.'

"Then they rode through the town at a canter, and

the rude boys on the corners laughed at the Little Girl; but she only tossed her head, and looked the other way. They rode on and on, over the snowy road, till they came to a four-bar gate, when the men stopped to open it. The Little Girl never stopped, but her Star-pony jumped right over it with the Rose-dog at his heels, and they all waited in a hollow for the men.

"Miles and miles and miles they rode through the woods till they came to a big clearing, bigger'n any circus ring you ever saw. There were big humps of snow in the middle of it — you know, humps like a camel."

Then Mary-Lee straightened herself in the chair and opened her eyes like pansies, while, in an excited voice, she said:

"Well! What you think! There, over the biggest of the humps, was a high, branching horn — and that meant a reindeer. Those men just talked together, and did not know what to do next; but the Little Girl rode round to the other side of the ring, put an icicle in her rifle, and, just as quick as that, bang went

the gun, and down fell the Reindeer. The Rose-dog went right up to him and bit his throat so that he died quick; and it didn't hurt him either.

THE LITTLE GIRL RIDES BACK AT THE HEAD OF THE HUNT.

"Those men felt very cheap, 'specially the horrid one who said 'She'd be in the road.' The good old Grandpa helped her put the Reindeer on behind her saddle, and the Little Girl on the Star-pony with the

Rose-dog rode back to town at the head of the procession.

THE CHIEF LAWYER GIVES HER THE PRIZE.

"The women all looked out of the windows, and the rude boys were ashamed that they had laughed at the Little Girl. She was as cool as you please, and rode down to the court-house where the Chief Lawyer gave her the prize — a lovely pink-satin ribbon — round her neck.

"Well! What you think! the next day the Little Girl went out hunting with the twenty men, and

she put a piece of ebony in her rifle, instead of an icicle, and shot a Black Bear. The prize she got that day was a white-satin ribbon for her hair.

"And, what you think! The very next day she put a green pebble in her rifle and shot a Wild Cat. The prize that time was a red ribbon for a sash.

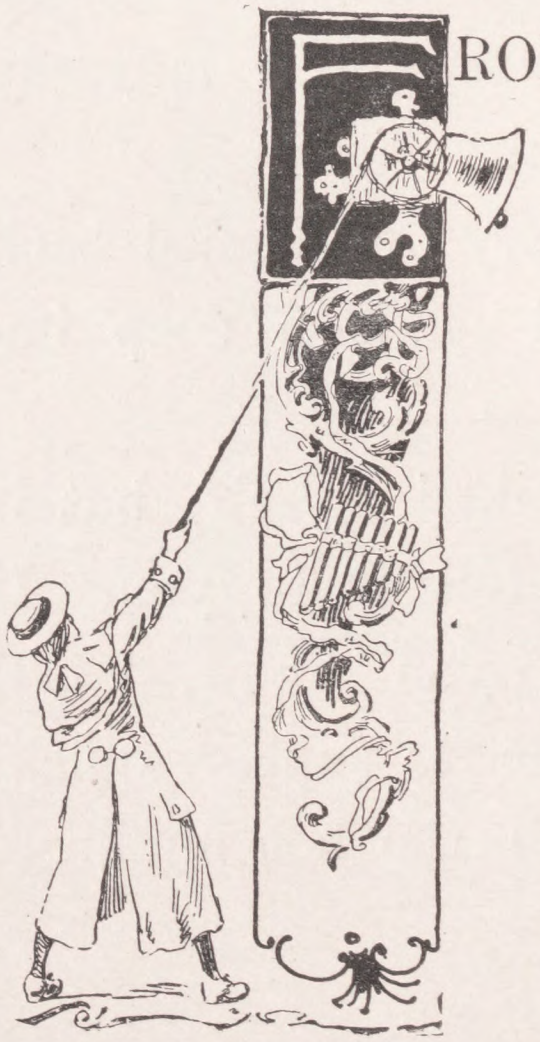
"Everything depended on what she put in the rifle. If she had put in a snowball she would have shot a Polar Bear; and a piece of gold would have killed a Canary; and silver, a Gray Squirrel; and a diamond, a glittering Peacock; and, what you think! a butterfly in the rifle would have killed a Fairy!"

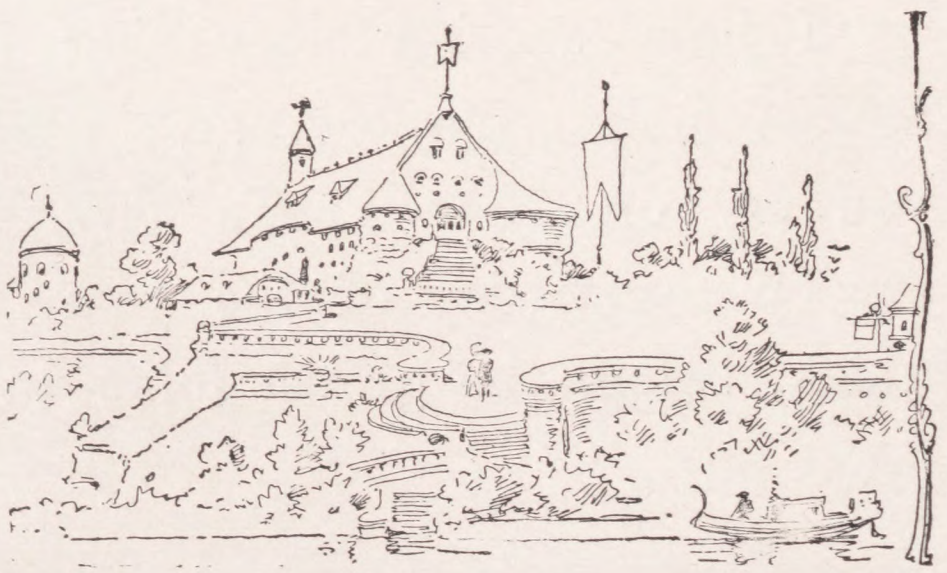
With this wonderful revelation Mary-Lee leaned back in her chair, satisfied that she had made a deep impression. By and by she said:

"I have another story that I thinked myself, but it almost makes me cry, and I won't tell it to you. If you cry on New Year's day, don't you know, you'll cry on every day of the year. Come to supper, quick, quick, before the grown folks take all the hot muffins."

The Little Lady

FROM a land called Quaint Arcady
Once there came a little lady
Dressed in a robe of pink-like gossamer,





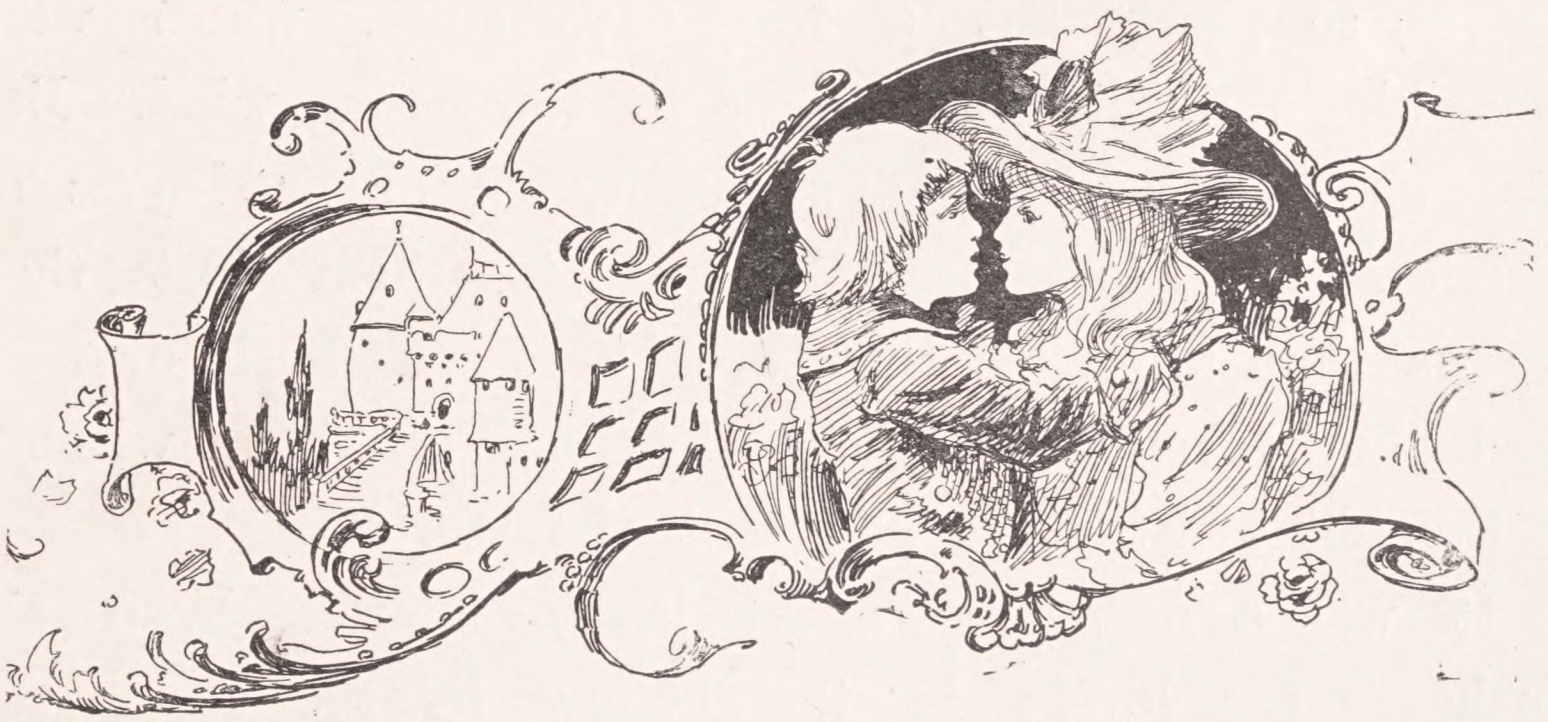
And she rode a little pony,
Caparisoned so tony,
For the saddle was of silver, and the bridle was of gold.

When she passed them all the people
Rang the bells in their church steeple,
And saluted till their faces touched the ground.

Lo! a parson with a sermon
And a prince in royal ermine
Fought a duel for this little lady's hand.

But the maid from Quaint Arcady —
This funny little lady —
Would have nought of all the suitors in the land,

Till she met a boy, towheaded;
Ah! she smiled, and they were wedded; —
Back to Quaint Arcady rode the lad and little lady.



SNOWY PETER.

THE weather was very cold, though it was not Christmas yet, and to the great delight of the Kane children December had brought an early and heavy fall of snow. Older people were sorry. They grieved for the swift vanishing of the lovely Indian summer, for the blighting of the last flowers, chrysanthemums, snow-berries, bitter-sweet, and for the red leaves, so pretty but a few days since, which were now blown about and battered by the strong wind. But the children wasted no sympathy on either leaves or berries. A snow-storm seemed to them just then better than anything that ever grew on bush or tree, and they revelled in it all the long afternoon without a thought of what it had cost the world.

It was a deep snow. It lay over the lawn six inches on a level; in the hollow by the fence the drifts were at least two feet deep. There was no lack

of building material, therefore, when Reggie proposed that they should all go to work and make a fort.

Such a wonderful fort as it turned out to be! It had walls and bastions and holes for cannon. It had cannon too, all made of snow. It had a gateway, just like a real fort, and a flag-staff, and a flag. The staff was a tall slender column of snow, and they poured water over it, and it froze and became a long pole of glittering ice. The flag had a swallow-tail and was icy too. Reggie had been in New London and Newport the summer before; he had seen real fortifications and knew how they should look. Under his direction the little ones built a *glacis*. Some of you will know what that is, the steep, slippery grass slope which lies beneath the fort walls and is so hard to climb. This *glacis* was harder yet — snow is better than grass for defensive purposes — if only it would last.

"Now let's make the soldiers," shouted little Paul, as the last shovelful of snow was spread on the *glacis* and smoothed down.

"Oh, Paul, we can't, there won't be time," said

Elma, the biggest girl, glancing apprehensively at the sun which was nearing the edge of the sky. "It must be five o'clock, and nurse will call us almost right away."

"Oh, bother! I wish the days weren't so short," said Paul discontentedly. "Let's make one man anyway. Just for a sentry, you know. There ought to be a sentry to take care of the fort. Can't we, Elma?"

"A PIPE WAS PUT INTO HIS MOUTH."

"Yes — only we must hurry."

The small crew precipitated itself on the drift. None of them were cold, for exercise had warmed their blood. The little ones gathered great snowballs and rolled them up to the fort, while the big ones shaped and moulded. In a wonderfully short

time the "man" was completed — eyes, nose, and all, and the gun in his hand. A pipe was put into his mouth, and an old hat on his head. Elma curled his hair a little. Susan Sunflower, as the round-faced younger girl was called for fun, patted and smoothed his cheeks and forehead with her warm little hands. They made boots for him and a coat with buttons on the tail-pocket; he was a beautiful man indeed! Just as the last touch was given a window opened and nurse's head appeared, the very thing the children had been dreading.

"Come, children; come in to supper," she called out across the snow. "It's nearly half-past five. You ought to have come in half an hour ago. Miss Susan, stop working in that snow, nasty cold stuff, you'll catch your death. Master Reggie, make the little boys hurry, please."

There was never any appeal from Nurse Freeman's decisions, least of all now when papa and mamma were both away, and she ruled the house as its undisputed autocrat. Even Reggie, on the verge of twelve, dare not disobey her. She was English and a marti-

net, and had been in charge of the children all their lives; but she was kind as well as strict, and they loved her. Reluctantly the little troop prepared to go. They picked up the shovels and baskets, for Nurse Freeman was very particular about fetching things in and putting them in their places. They took a last regretful look at their fort. Paul climbed the wall for one more jump down. Little Harry indulged in a final slide across the *glacis*. Susan Sunflower stroked the sentinel's hand. "Good night, Snowy Peter!" said Reggie. "Good night, Snowy Peter!" they all cried in chorus — for that was the name they had agreed upon for their soldier. Then they ran across the lawn in a long skurrying line like a covey of birds, there was a scraping of feet on the porch, the side-door closed with a bang, and they were gone.

Left to himself, Snowy Peter stood still in his place beside the gateway of the fortification. Snow men usually do stand still, at least till the time comes for them to melt and run away. So there was nothing strange in that. What *was* singular was that about an hour after the children had left him, when dusk

had closed in over the house and the leafless trees, and "Fort Kane" had grown a vague, dim shape, he slowly turned his head! It was as though the fingers of little Susan had communicated something of their warmth and fulness of life to the poor senseless figure while working over it, and this influence was beginning to take effect. He turned his head and looked in the direction of the house. All was dark except for the hall lamp below which shone through the glass panes above the door, and for two windows in the second story out of which

"GOOD NIGHT, SNOWY PFTER!" SAID REGGIE.

streamed a strong yellow light. These were the windows of the nursery, where, at that moment, the children were eating their supper.

Snowy Peter remained for a time in motionless silence looking at the window. Then his body slowly began to turn, following the movement of its head. He lifted one stiff, ill-shaped foot and moved a step forward. Then he lifted the other and took another step. His left arm dangled uselessly; the right hand held out the gun which Paul had made, and which was of the most curious shape. The tracks which he left in the snow as he crossed the lawn resembled the odd, waddling tracks of a flat-footed elephant as much as anything else.

It took him a long, long time to cross the space over which the light feet of the children had run in two minutes. Each step seemed to cost him a mighty effort. The right leg would quiver for a moment, then wave wildly to and fro, then with a sort of galvanic jerk project itself, and the whole body, with a pitch and a lurch, would plunge forward heavily, till brought up again in an upright position by the advanced leg.

After that the left leg would take its turn, and the process be repeated. There was no spring, no supple play to the joints; in fact, Snowy Peter had no joints. His young creators had left them out when constructing him.

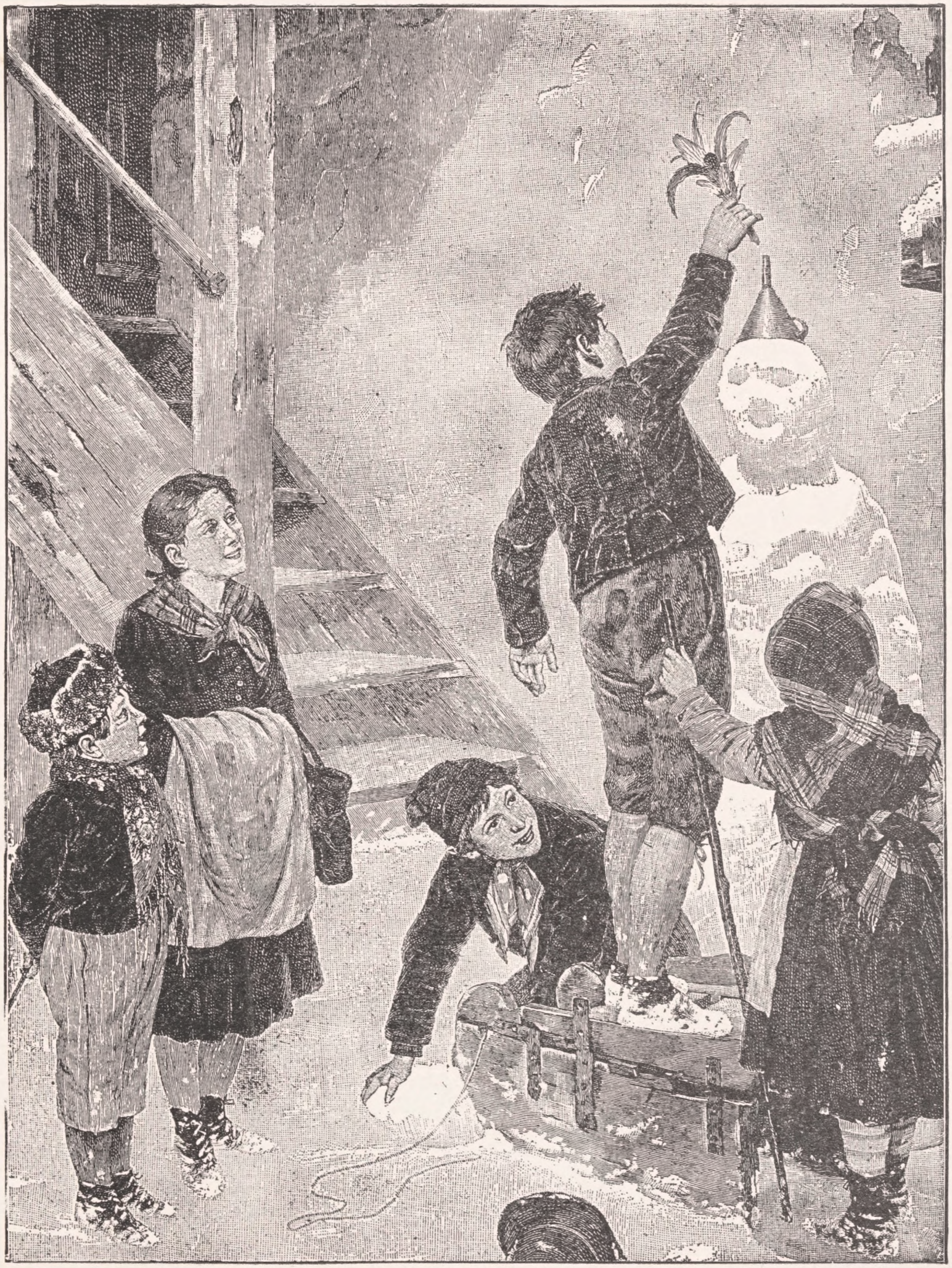
At last, he reached the wall of the house and stood beneath the windows where the yellow light was burning. This had been the goal of his desires; but, alas! now that he had attained the coveted position he could not look in at the windows — he was far too short. Desperation lent him energy. A stout lattice was nailed against the house, up which in summer a flowering clematis twined and clustered. Seizing this, Snowy Peter began to climb!

Up one bar after another he slowly and painfully went, lifting his heavy feet and clinging tightly with his poor, stiff hands. His gun-stock snapped in the middle, his hat sustained many contusions, even his nose had more than one hard knock. But he had the heart of a hero, whom neither danger, nor difficulty, nor personal inconvenience can deter, and at last his head was on a level with the nursery window-sill.

It was a pleasant sight that met his eyes. No one

had slept in the nursery since Paul had grown big enough for a bed of his own, and though it kept its old name, it was in reality only a big, cheerful upstairs sitting-room, where lessons could be studied, meals taken, and Nurse Freeman sit and do her mending and always be on hand for any one who wanted her. Now that Mr. and Mrs. Kane were absent, the downstairs rooms looked vacant and dreary, and the children spent all their evenings in the nursery from preference. A large fire burned briskly in the ample grate. A kettle hissed and bubbled on the hob. On the round table where the lamp stood, was a row of bright little tin basins, just emptied of the smoking-hot bread-and-milk which was the usual nursery supper. Nurse was cutting slices from a big brown loaf and buttering them with nice yellow butter. There was also some gingerbread, and by way of special and particular treat, a pot of strawberry jam, to which Paul, at that moment, was paying attention.

He had scooped out such an enormous spoonful as to attract the notice of the whole party, and just as Snowy Peter raised his white staring eyes above the



THE SNOW MAN.

sill, Reggie called out, "Hullo! I say! leave a little of that for somebody else, will you?"

"Piggy-wiggy," remarked Harry, indignantly, "and it's your second help too!"

"Master Paul, I'm surprised at you," observed Nurse Freeman severely, taking the big spoonful away from him. "There, that's quite enough," and she put half the quantity on the edge of his plate and gave the other half to Susan.

"That's not fair," remonstrated Paul, "when I've been working so hard, and it's so cold, and when I like jam so, and when it's so awfully good beside."

"Jam! what is jam?" thought Snowy Peter. He pressed his cold nose closer to the glass.

"We all worked hard, Paul," said Elma, "and we all like jam as much as you do. May I have some more, Nursey?"

"I wonder how poor Snowy Peter feels all alone out there in the garden," said Susan Sunflower. "He must be very cold, poor fellow."

"Ho, he don't mind it!" declared Paul with his mouth full of bread-and-jam.

"Oh, yes, I do — I mind it very much," murmured Snowy Peter to himself, but he had no voice with which to make an outward noise.

"Won't you come out and see him to-morrow, Nursey?" went on Susan. "He's the best man we ever made. He's quite beautiful. He's got a pipe, and a hat, and curly hair, and buttons on his coat. I'm sure you'll like him."

Snowy Peter reared himself straighter on the lattice. He was proud to hear himself thus commended.

"If he could only talk and walk, he'd be just as good as a live person, really he would, Nursey," said Elma. "Wouldn't it be fun if he could! We'd bring him in to tea, and he'd sit by the fire and warm his hands, and it would be such fun."

"He'd melt fast enough in this warm room," observed Reggie, while Nurse Freeman added, "That's nonsense, Miss Elma. How could a man like that walk? And I don't want no nasty snow images in *my* nursery, melting and slopping up the carpet."

Snowy Peter listened to this conversation with a painful feeling at his heart. He felt lonely and for-

lorn. No one really like him. To the children ne was only a thing to be played with and joked about. Nurse Freeman called him a "nasty snow image." But though he was hurt and troubled in his spirit, the warm, bright nursery, the sound of laughter and human voices, even the fire, that foe most fatal of all to things made of snow, had an irresistible attraction for him. He could not bear the idea of returning to his cold post of duty beside the lonely fort, and under the wintry midnight sky. So he still clung to the lattice and looked in at the window with his unwinking eyes; and a great longing to be inside, and to sit down by the cheerful fire and be treated with kindness, took possession of him. But what is the use of such ambitions in a snow-man?

Long, long, he clung to the lattice and lingered and looked in. He saw the two little ones when first the sand-man began to drop his grains into their eyes, and noticed how they struggled against the sleepy influence, and tried to keep awake. He saw Nurse Freeman carry them off, and presently fetch them back in their flannel nightgowns to say their prayers beside the fire.

Snowy Peter did not know what it meant as they knelt with their heads in Nursey's lap, and their pink toes curled up in the glow of the heat; but it was a pretty sight to see, and he liked it.

After they were taken away for the second time, he watched Elma as she studied her geography lesson for the morrow, while Reggie did sums on his slate, and Paul played at checkers with Susan Sunflower. Snowy Peter thought he should like to do sums, and he was sure it would be nice to play checkers, and jump squares and chuckle and finally beat as Paul did. Alas, checkers are not for snow-men! Paul went to bed when the game was ended, and Susan, and a little later the other two followed. Then Nurse Freeman raked out the fire and put ashes on top, and blew the lamps out and went away herself, leaving the nursery dark and silent except for a dim glow from the ash-smothered grate and the low ticking of the clock.

Some time after she departed, when the lights in the other windows had all been extinguished and the house was as dark inside as the night was outside, Snowy Peter raised his hand and pushed gently at the

sash. It was not fastened, and it opened easily and without much noise. Then a heavy leg was thrown over the sill, and stiffly and painfully the snow soldier climbed into the room. He wanted to feel what it was like to sit in a chair beside a table as human beings sit, and he was extremely curious about the fire.

Alas, he could not sit! He was made to stand, but not to bend. When he tried to seat himself his body lay in a long inclined plane, with the shoulder-blades resting on the back of the chair, and the legs sticking out straight before him, an attitude which was not at all comfortable. The chair creaked beneath him and tipped dangerously. It was with difficulty that he got again into his natural position, and he trembled with fear in every limb. It had been a narrow escape. "A fine thing it would have been if I had fallen over and not been able to get on my feet again," he thought. "How that terrible old woman would have swept me up in the morning!"

Then, cautiously and timidly, he put his finger into the nearly empty jam-pot, rubbed it round till a little of the sweet, sticky juice adhered to it, and raised it

to his lips. It had no taste to him. Jam was a human joy in which he could not share, and he heaved a deep sigh.

Drops began to stand on his forehead. Though there was so little fire left, the room was much warmer than the outer air, and Snowy Peter had begun to melt A great and sudden fear took possession of him. As fast as his heavy limbs would allow, he hastened to the window. It was a great deal harder to go down the lattice than to climb up it, and twice he almost lost his footing. But at last he stood safely on the ground. The window he left open; he had no strength left for extra exertion.

With increasing difficulty he stumbled across the lawn to his old position beside the gateway of the fort. A sense of duty had sustained him thus far, for a sentry must be found at his post; but when, at last, he was there, all power seemed to desert his limbs. Little Susan's warm fingers had perhaps put just so much life into him and no more, as would enable him to do what he had done, — as a clock can run but its appointed course of hours and must then stop. His head turned

no longer in the direction of the house. His eyes looked immovably forward. The straight, stiff hand held out the broken gun. Two o'clock sounded from the church steeple, three, four. The earliest dawn crept slowly into the sky. It broadened to a soft pink flush, a sudden wind rose and stirred, and as if quickened by its impulse up came the yellow sun. Smoke began to curl from the house chimneys, doors opened, voices sounded, but still Snowy Peter did not move.

"Why, what is this?" cried Nurse Freeman, hurrying into the nursery from her bedroom which was near. "How comes this window to be open? I left the fire covered up a purpose that my dears might have a warm room to breakfast in. It's as cold as a barn. It must be that careless Maria. She's no head and no thoughtfulness, that girl."

Maria denied the accusation, but Nurse was not convinced. "Windows did not open without hands," she justly observed. But what hands opened this particular window Nurse Freeman never, never knew!

Presently another phenomenon claimed her attention. There on the carpet, close to the table where the jam-

pot stood, was a large slop of water. It marked the spot where the snow-man had begun to melt the night before.

"It's the snow the children brought in on their boots," suggested Maria.

"Boots!" cried Nurse Freeman, incredulously. "Boots! when I changed them myself and put on their warm slippers!" She shook her head portentously as she wiped up the slop. "There's something *on*accountable in it all," she said. So there was, but it was a great deal more unaccountable than Nurse Freeman suspected.

When the children ran out, after lessons, to play in their fort, their time for wonderment came. How oddly Snowy Peter looked; not at all as he did the day before. His figure had somehow grown rubbed and shabby. The buttons were gone from his coat-tails. The gun they had taken such pains with was broken in two. *Where was the other half?*

"What's that on his finger?" demanded Elma. "It looks as if it were bleeding."

It was the juice of the strawberry-jam! Paul first tasted delicately with the tip of his tongue, then he boldly bit the finger off and swallowed it.

"Why, what made you do that?" asked the others.

"Jam!" was the succinct reply.

"Jam! Impossible. How could our snow-man get at any jam? It couldn't be that."

"Tastes like it, anyway," remarked Paul.

"I can't think what has happened to spoil him so," said Elma, plaintively. "Do you think a loose horse can have got into the yard during the night? See how the snow is trampled down."

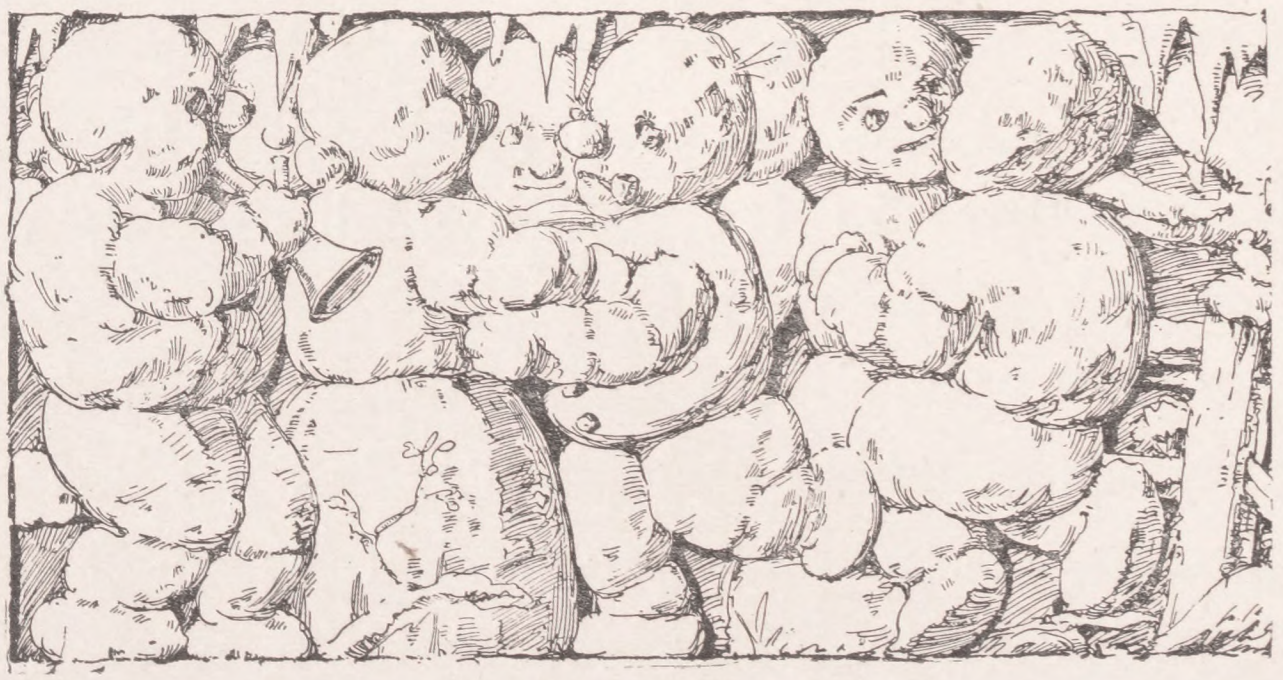
"Hallo, look here!" shouted Reggie. "This is the queerest thing yet. There's the other half the gun sticking out half-way up the clematis frame!"

"It must have been a horse," said Elma, who having once settled on the idea found it hard to give it up. "It couldn't be anything else."

"Oh, yes, it could. It was no horse. It was me," said Snowy Peter in the depths of his being where a little warmth still lingered.

"He's very ugly now, I think — see how he's melted all along his shoulder, and his hair has got out of curl, and his nose is awful," pronounced Susan Sunflower. "Let's pull him to pieces and make a nicer man."

"Oh, oh," groaned Snowy Peter with a final effort of consciousness. His inward sufferings did not affect his features in the least, and no one suspected that he was feeling anything. Paul knocked the pipe out of his mouth with a snowball. Harry, with a great push, rolled him over. The crisp snow parted and flew, the children hurrahed, in three minutes he was a shapeless mass, and nobody ever knew or guessed how for a few brief hours he had lived the life of a human being, been agitated by hope and moved by desire. So ended Snowy Peter, and his sole mourner was little Susan, who remarked, "After all, he *was* nice before he got spoiled, and I wish Nursey had seen him."



THE HOHUMGOLOO CHILDREN HUNG UP TO DRY.

SO FUNNY!

I'VE heard something, children — I can't think 'tis true.
It does make me laugh so! oh, what shall I do?
For I want to begin it
And tell it this minute,
This funny old story of Hohumgoloo,
The far, unknown country of Hohumgoloo,
Yes, of Hohumgoloo.

In Hohumgo — ha, ha, ha, ha! Do just wait
Till I can stop laughing. There! now I will state
Some curious ways
Of their washing days.
Pray who would not laugh such a tale to relate?
Such a comical washing-day tale to relate,
Yes, such a tale to relate?

Now! In Hohumgoloo there's no separate scrub
Of a child and its garments, but, into the tub,
Go the children all drest,
For this is thought best,
As a saving of time and a saving of rub;
One washing for both is a saving of rub,
Yes, a saving of rub.

And then — now remember the story's not mine —
And then — ha, ha, ha! when the weather is fine,
They're wrung out of the suds,
Each child in its duds,
And hung up to dry out of doors on the line!
Two clothes-pins to each, out of doors, on the line!
Yes, out of doors on the line.

Oh, I knew you would laugh when I'd told you the whole,
To think of them stringing from clothes-pole to pole;
Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!
You're all laughing with me,
I knew you would do so, the thing is *so* droll!
We will giggle together, the thing is so droll,
Yes, the thing is so droll.

THE KING CAT.

"NEXT Saturday" always seemed far off to Willy Hart. He counted the days on his fingers. He would say to his mamma, "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; that makes seven days, and when seven days come it will be Saturday."

Now, one of these long-looked-for Saturdays had arrived. Willy was at the breakfast-table. The bright sun told of a pleasant day; the birds were singing, the leaves were rustling, and Willy was enjoying these things without knowing it; he supposed he was only enjoying his griddle-cakes and maple molasses.

Willy had been taught politeness — never to leave the table without saying, "Excuse me," and many other manners of good breeding; but this morning he had dropped from his chair, had thrown down his napkin, and had reached the door before his mamma knew what he was doing. She called him back. "You

have forgotten to be polite, Willy," she said; "now you must sit at the table two minutes longer."

Willy sighed as he mounted his chair. "Mamma, I don't like to be polite on Saturdays; that will be two whole minutes gone. Fanny," he continued, turning to his sister, a naughty sparkle in his eye, "what do you think I am going to do to-day?"

"I don't know," replied Fanny; "*I* am going to make Topsy a little muslin cap lined with blue." Topsy was Fanny's kitten, and, although named after a little black girl in a story-book, she was as white as snow, without a spot of color, and with lovely pink eyes.

"Pshaw!" said Willy, "just like a girl! dress up a cat! I'll tell you what *I* am going to do. I'm going to chase cats and throw sticks and stones at 'em, and I'm going to run after 'em and catch 'em and drown 'em, and — where's Topsy?" And he looked over at the little white fuzzy ball curled up in the rocking-chair.

Fanny ran and caught Topsy in her arms, and turning to Willy with very bright eyes and very red

cheeks, and stamping her foot to make him understand, she cried out, "Willy Hart, you promised me you never, *never* would, as long as you lived, hurt my little Topsy! Now shall he, mamma?"

Willy's cheeks were almost bursting with the laughter he was keeping in; but his mamma said, very seriously, "I hope my little son would not make anything suffer; I think it shameful to give pain."

Willy turned away; he didn't like his mamma to look so, and he went out on the piazza feeling quite uncomfortable.

Now Willy had no thought of chasing cats when he laid his plans for the day before his sister Fanny. He had said that just to tease her; still he was rather fond of vexing both cats and dogs, and while he was standing on the piazza step he espied the gray family cat basking on the railing and regarding him with big yellow eyes. As if in a spirit of defiance he picked up a stone with one hand, and a stick with the other, and flung them with a whoop loud enough to have come from the throat of a young savage, and mamma and Fanny rushed out in time to see Willy

pursuing the poor old pet with the vindictiveness of twenty bad boys.

Willy chased the cat far into the woods, feeling comfortable in the thought that, as it was Saturday, he need not hurry back to school. Pussy still remained unhurt, and sometimes would turn back and look at him with two big yellow eyes in a queer way, until finally he determined he would not put up with it. So he threw sticks, and shouted louder, and ran faster; but the only result was to make pussy laugh. This startled him. He tried to convince himself that the cat did not laugh, but still he could see that the cat was laughing.

And now he began to catch sight of other cats running in and out among the trees; he was sure he saw a spotted cat, and then a white one, and then a black one. For a moment he felt disposed to run after them, but the yellow eyes of the gray pussy looking down at him now from a tree decided him.

"Ho! Old Gray, you don't get rid of me yet!" he shouted, throwing a stick by way of emphasis.

But "Old Gray" sprang from tree to tree. Willy

chased on, until they were in the very middle of the woods; then he lost both his breath and his patience, and sat down on a log to rest.

While sitting there he felt sure he saw other cats, plenty of them.

There were rows of them behind every fallen log. They peered at him from behind every stump, and from every tree. He could count twenty-four from where he sat.

"What jolly fun!" he cried. "I wish Dick and Jack Harris were here; wouldn't we scat 'em, though!"

He was answered by the sound of laughter. It came from the cats as they darted in and out among the trees. Startled, he looked up at the gray cat. He sat in a tree looking down at him with great mirthful yellow eyes.

"You impertinent thing!" shouted Willy, throwing a clump of moss up at him. "I'll teach you!" But pussy sprang to a large tree not far off, and then through a hole in the trunk and disappeared.

Willy was astonished. He sprang for the tree too, darted through the hole after the cat, and landed

head-first at the foot of some winding stairs. He did not seem to wonder at the winding stairs, but, sup-

"HE COULD COUNT TWENTY-FOUR OF THEM."

posing pussy must have gone that way, he climbed them just as fast as he could, until he came out among the branches.

For a moment he thought only of the delightful situation. He found it cool and comfortable among the great green beech-leaves, and he was joyfully looking for some branches that would serve as a seat when a curious stir below attracted his attention. Creeping along a stout limb, he looked over and saw what so startled him that he almost lost his balance. He saw cats of all sizes and colors, black cats and white cats and spotted cats, gray cats and yellow cats and maltese cats, and each cat standing on its hind feet with a club in the right paw, each cat lashing its great tail right and left, and all looking up at him.

You may not believe it, but Willy laughed aloud. It seemed very funny to him. He would have laughed longer, but now the cats began to climb the tree. As they came nearer and nearer he could see that they did not look friendly, and seized with a sudden fear, he began to creep backward. In his haste he missed his hold and tumbled heels-over-head down the winding stairs, and reached the foot without his hat, and with several aching spots on his elbows and knees.

He hurriedly felt for the entrance, but it had been blocked up. The few rays of light came from far above, where he did not feel able to climb. The next moment he was conscious that the cats had begun the descent. Not a stick or stone was to be seen. While searching for something with which to defend himself, he saw a square piece of wood with an iron ring in the middle of it, and without stopping to think he slipped his fingers through the ring, gave a pull, and again down he went, with a thump that jarred him soundly; the square board was a trap-door, and Willy had pulled it up.

He had not much time for surprise. He knew the cats were coming down the stairs. He hurriedly reached up and closed the trap-door over him.

When Willy's eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, he found he was standing on another stairway. A glimmer of light from below a turning told him which way it led; but he was too much bruised to explore; besides, he felt sure it must lead underground. He said to himself, "The old things will go away by and by, and then I will lift the door and climb to the opening."

But the "old things" did not go away. He could now hear them scratching and spitting at the trap-door. At first he felt safe, for cats cannot open a trap-door; but when he reflected that these cats could walk on their hind feet, with a club in the paw, he began to think that animals so extraordinary might even open a trap-door; in that case they might all at once alight on his head.

So he concluded to go down the steps and see if he could not burrow out.

When he had turned the first winding, he stood still and said "Oh!" The stairs were rock and the walls were rock, but it was the lights on the walls that made Willy say "Oh!" They looked like clusters of eyes; Willy felt that a thousand cats were staring at him. But they were not cats' eyes; they were clusters of rats' eyes put together into all sorts of fanciful shapes — in squares and circles and stars and flowers.

Willy went on down and down, looking up at the wall as he went, his mind so filled with daring delight that he forgot all fear. Suddenly an abrupt turning brought him into an immense hall of rock brilliantly

lighted in the same manner, only on a larger scale, the lamps being in the form of trees and fountains, the ceiling filled with stars. Back of the lights were curious furry hangings of rat-skins looped with rat-tails, and the floor, as well as the couches along the sides of the hall, were covered with the same soft material.

Willy walked along the hall, his shoes making no noise on the furry carpet, looking right and left with admiration. Across the side which he was approaching extended wide steps which led to a platform, on each end of which was a row of chairs cushioned with pale-gray mouse furs. Upon a throne in the centre appeared a huge object that was all fur. Willy soon saw that this object had two feet, and he was just going nearer to satisfy his curiosity when the words, "Don't come near, it is dangerous for boys!" made him draw back. He looked sharply and discovered that it was an enormous cat, his left paw resting on an arm of the throne, his right paw holding a huge club above his head.

Willy drew back still farther, his eyes fixed on the

cat's face. They looked at each other for fully a minute. Then Willy remarked, "What a stunning cat you are; you are the biggest fellow I have ever seen."

The cat took no notice of this disrespectful observation. He sat dignified and solemn. After a pause, which Willy had not the courage to break, the King Cat asked, "Are you William Hart?" Willy immediately answered, "Yes, sir;" and then he laughed because he had said "sir" to a cat.

"What brought you here?" asked the cat.

"Why" — said Willie, "why — I was chasing" — and then he stopped.

"Chasing what?" asked the cat.

"Well," he began, a strange obligation upon him to tell the truth, "our cat, he kept a-going, and I kept a-chasing; the old thing wouldn't stop long enough for me to hit him, and he went into a hole in a tree."

"Very strange that a cat wouldn't stop to be hit — very strange, I must say," reflectively observed the King Cat. "A boy, now, would have stopped to be hit, of course; he would be just so obliging."

"Why, I didn't think," began Willy; but the King Cat interrupted him: "I'll give you time to think; you may sit down there and think," and he pointed with his club to a couch near the platform.

Willy sat down obediently. The King Cat seemed in no hurry to speak again; he sat on his throne looking straight before him, his left paw on the arm of the throne, his right paw resting on his club.

Willy thought and thought; all the cats he had ever seen came to his mind, and all except his sister Fanny's little Topsy were running from him; some he was pursuing with sticks, some with stones, and they all were getting away as fast as they could.

His attention was attracted to a cat who had just entered. It was walking on its hind feet and carrying a tray in its forepaws. It was the gray cat of the morning's adventure.

Pausing before the King, Gray made as low a bow as he could considering he had a tray in his paws, and said, "Here is your Majesty's mail."

When the King Cat had read the missives, he said, "Inform the Judge and Jury and the ladies and gen-

tlemen of the court that we are ready to proceed to try the case."

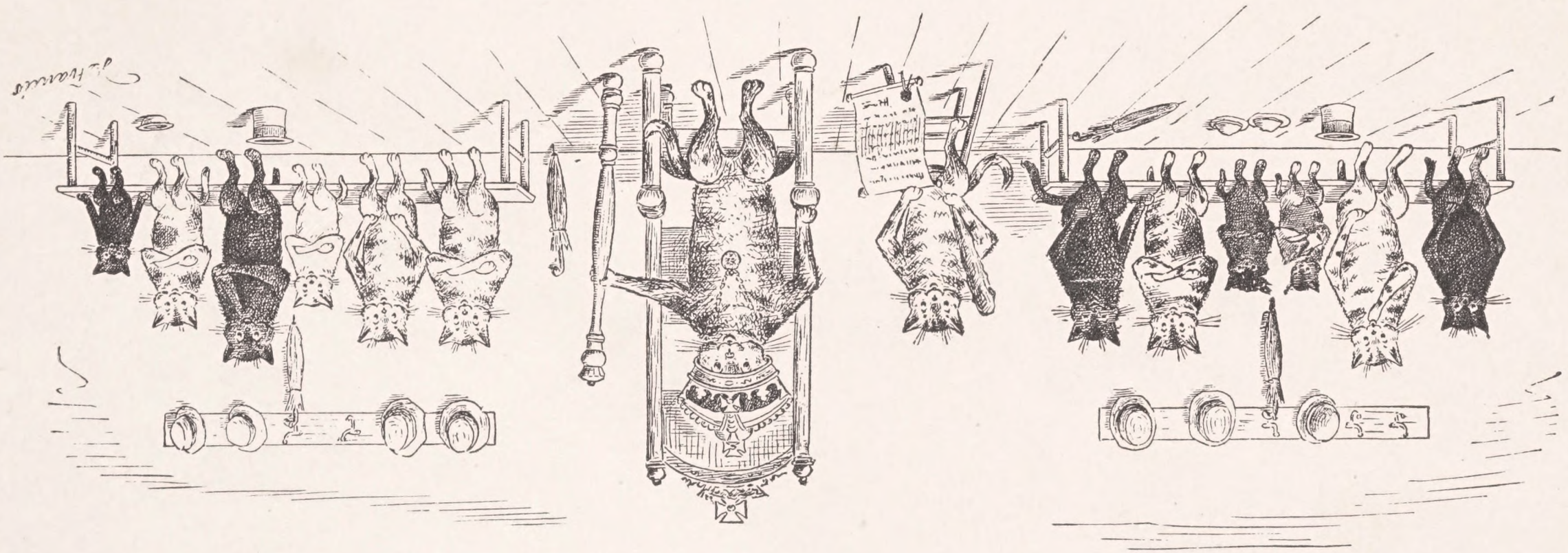
Thereupon a fine-looking cat walked in. He had a sunflower wand in one paw and a roll of paper in the other; making his bow, he took his seat at the left of the throne; then twelve cats came in, each carrying a club and saluting the King; six took the seats at one end of the platform, and six at the other. Then followed the members of the court, all silently passing to the seats at the other end of the hall; and finally forty fierce-looking cats armed with clubs filled the outside row of seats.

Willy looked at the cats and the cats looked at him, and he started with surprise when he recognized his sister Fanny's little Topsy among them.

The King turned to the First Officer and said, "You may proceed."

This First Official arose (Willy felt sure it was his cousin Tom's pet cat, and he remembered seeing Tom try to teach him to write), and after bowing to the King and jury and then to the court, read from the paper as follows:

THE JUDGE AND JURY IN THE CASE OF WILLIAM HART.



"To your Royal Highness, the gentlemen of the jury, and the ladies and gentlemen of the court, greeting.

"At the request of your Royal Highness, I have prepared this statement of our grievances from this Boy and others of his race.

"First I confess that many of our people do wrong, and deserve the chastisements they get. Some, notwithstanding a careful bringing-up, allow nature to get the better of them, and in order to satisfy the cravings of hunger jump upon the dinner-table, and even run away with pieces of beefsteak and mutton chop; such conduct deserves the punishment which generally follows; but, your Royal Highness, what I complain of is the persistent tyranny exercised towards us by that class of human beings called Boys. Why, your Royal Highness, if a cat do but curl in a corner to sun himself, or settle comfortably on a post or fence, if he stop for a moment to wash his face or to take a roll in the cool grass, these Boys pounce on him with sticks or stones, and he is obliged to flee for his life; not content with that, they chase him.

"This particular Boy, your Royal Highness, is one of the worst of his kind; he shows no mercy, especially in the chase, and but that we are a fleet-footed race, many of your loyal subjects would be found lying dead on the ground, killed by him.

"We think, your Royal Highness, that these things should be stopped. It was by your orders this morning that Lord Graycat enticed him into the tree which stands as a tower to our underground castles; by your orders also we are now met to consider what shall be done with him."

The King then said: "I now give all opportunity to speak, and in order to avoid confusion the cat highest in court may begin. The others may follow in order. Lord Graycat, we will hear you."

Lord Graycat made his speech, stating he knew William Hart intimately, and many of the court testified after him. As Willy listened, his color came and went, he felt himself growing hot and cold by turns, and he owned to himself that all they said was true.

Then the King turned to Willy: "Boy, you may

speak. If you have any reason for your conduct, make it known."

Willy arose. Not to be outdone by cats in politeness, he bowed first to the King and Jury and then to the court.

"Your Royal Highness, I didn't suppose that cats cared. I didn't think, your Royal Highness" — then he stopped, not knowing what to say next; but catching sight of Topsy, he continued in a faltering voice: "Your Royal Highness, I was always good to Topsy, wasn't I, Topsy? And my sister Fanny loves cats, and it would grieve her if you should hurt me." Then he sat down.

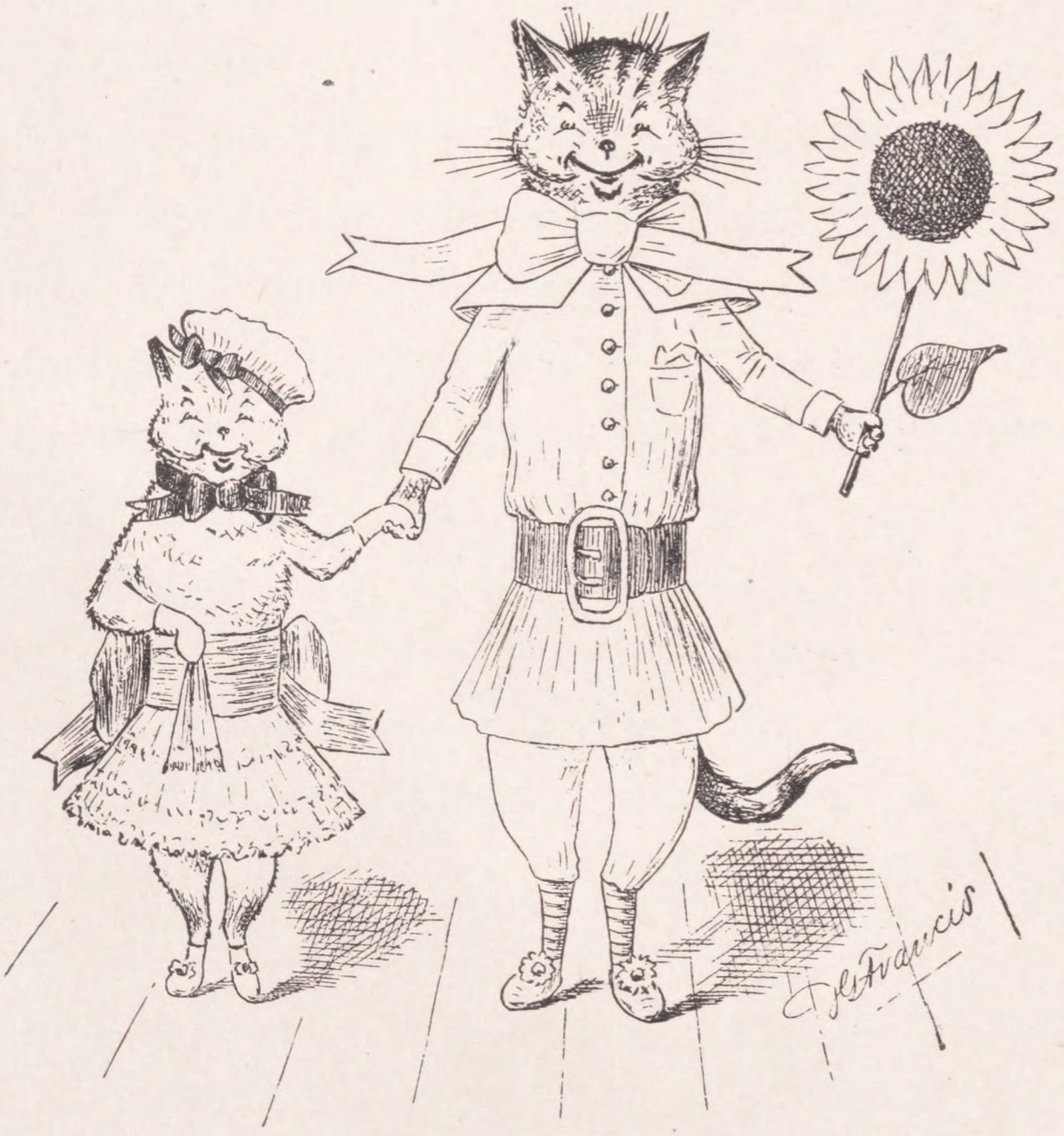
After a moment of silence, the King was turning to the Jury, when the First Official again came forward with his sunflower wand. "What is it?" asked the King.

"Your Royal Highness, Miss Topsy wishes to speak."

"Certainly," said the King.

The First Official brought forward Miss Topsy, leading her by the paw. A thrilling sensation ran through the court. Many of the cats clapped their paws

silently. Evidently, Miss Topsy was a favorite. She certainly did look lovely, with a little ruffled muslin cap lined with blue stuck over one ear, a blue ribbon



TOPSY PLEADS IN BEHALF OF THE PRISONER.

around her neck, and a little embroidered handkerchief in her right paw. Even his Royal Highness

smiled. There she stood looking so pretty that Willy could not help saying, "O Topsy! I wish Fanny could see you."

Topsy took no notice of Willy. She kept her eyes on the King and Jury, now and then putting her handkerchief up to wipe away the tears. She pleaded for Willy in soft purry tones, dwelling on his uniform kindness to her, and the goodness of Fanny and of his mother to all cats; occasionally she would turn to some big juryman, and ask if what she said were not true, and he would directly say that it was. The whole Jury indeed seemed to feel the influence of her words, and when she returned to her seat Willy felt that public opinion had been changed.

The Jury retired. It seemed to Willy that they were gone a long time, but in fact they were gone only five minutes. At the expiration of that time they returned as quietly as they had left. At a nod from the King, the First Official arose, and read the decision. It seemed very severe to Willy:

"We think a persecutor of cats ought to be condemned to death; but as some extenuating circum-

stances have been related in regard to this Boy, we think the punishment of the second degree may do in his case. The forty executioners shall be ranged opposite each other, twenty in a row, with clubs raised. At the signal, the Boy shall run between the lines, and all shall hit him who can. The Boy shall then return through the lines, all striking at him with the left paw, claws unmuffled. This shall be done six times. If the Boy survive, he shall remain a prisoner until he has done some deed of great service to the race of cats."

The King turned to the executioners: "Prepare."

There was an immediate movement. Topsy went anxiously from one to another of the executioners. Willy heard her say: "Don't strike hard. Please scare him, only."

The executioners ranged themselves. The First Official led Willy to the head of the lines. Willy's heart beat fast, but he was a brave boy. He held up his head and awaited the signal like a young Indian.

The order was given. The clubs were raised, and Willy ran. He reached the foot of the lines not much

THE SPECTATORS WATCH WILLY RUN THE GAUNTLET.

hurt. The executioners had remembered Miss Topsy; some had made a great fuss but had not touched him, and the others had hit him lightly. At the end of the sixth run Willy had lost some hair, had received some scratches and a black eye; but on the whole he had come out safe, and he now stood panting and wondering what would occur next.

The King nodded his head as a signal for all to leave, and Willy was left standing before the King.

"Boy," his Majesty said at last, "be seated; strive to think of some good deed you can do."

Willy was glad to sit, as he was rather tired; but as I have said he was a brave boy, and he immediately set to work thinking of something good to do for the King and his subjects.

He was fond of using tools; he had a very nice set at home, and he had amused himself every rainy day with them. He now soon remembered a rat-trap he had just finished. He arose and said, "Please, Your Royal Highness, I could make a rat-trap if I had the things and stuff."

That pleased the King, and he said, "I like to see

a boy do the best he can. Pass into the next room and you will find everything you need."

Willy passed in. He found a carpenter's bench, some wood and wire, and all the tools he needed. He never worked so steadily before; he gave himself no time to rest; he measured, he sawed, he planed, he bored holes as if his life depended on it; and, indeed, how did he know but that it did?

At the end of an hour his rat-trap was finished. He took it to the King Cat and explained it. The King said, "Rats know too much to go in there."

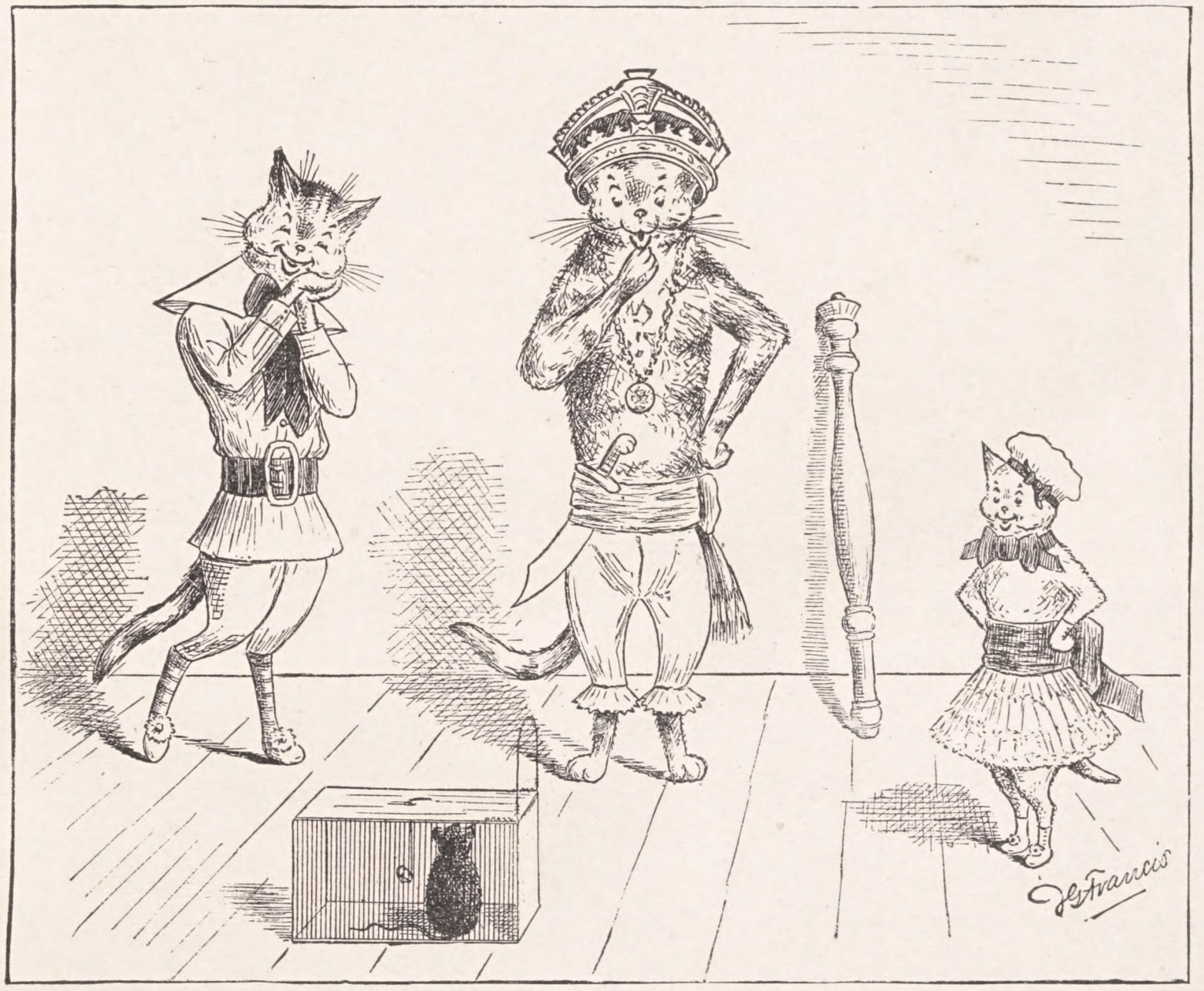
Willy replied, "They will go after cheese, sir. I wish I had some cheese."

"You will find some in the closet in the next room," said the King.

Sure enough, Willy found it on a shelf put away with other nice bits for the King's dessert.

Willy showed the King just how to set the trap, and then put it by a hole which the King pointed out. "If that can catch rats," said the King, "it will save my subjects a deal of trouble, for it is necessary for my health that I eat a rat at every meal."

They both fixed their eyes on the trap. Willy would now and then glance at the King, but the King never



WILLY'S DEVICE IS SUCCESSFUL.

once took his eyes off. It was so still and the lamps burned so brightly that Willy almost dropped asleep.

After a watch of about two hours, Willy heard a

little click, and then another. He held his breath and looked at the King. The King turned his head towards him and said, "He is caught. Bring him here."

Willy carried the trap to the King, feeling very happy. "Now you will let me go," he said.

The King took out the rat. Then he bade Willy set the trap again, and place it back. It soon caught another. Then he knocked with his club on the floor, and Lord Graycat and Miss Topsy entered. After they had expressed their satisfaction, the King Cat turned to Willy: "Boy, you are to go. But first I wish you to make a solemn promise."

"Yes, sir," said Willy, eagerly.

Accordingly, at the King's command, Willy repeated after him these words: "I solemnly promise that I will no more torment cats by chasing them, throwing sticks or stones after them, or in any way whatsoever, and I will do all I can to discourage these acts in other Boys."

The King then turned to Lord Graycat: "Conduct the boy out of the castle and show him the way home."

Willy bowed politely and said, "Thank you, sir," to the King, and followed Lord Graycat up the stairs out of the hollow tree, out into the beautiful woods. The sun was just gilding the tops of the trees, so he knew it must be near teatime.

When Willy looked down again Lord Graycat was still before him, but he was walking on his four feet, and he had Willy's hat in his mouth. "Give me my hat," Willy shouted, but Lord Graycat ran on. Once Willy forgot and picked up a stick, but remembered in time, and dropped it.

When they came in sight of the chimneys Willy knew where he was. Lord Graycat dropped his hat and disappeared. Willy picked it up, and running soon reached the house and entered the dining-room just as the family were seating themselves at tea.

"Willy, where have you been? What is the matter?" greeted him on all sides; for you must remember his hair had been pulled, his face scratched, and his eye bruised; besides, his trousers and jacket were torn.

Willy's appetite astonished everybody; so did his

silence. At last he drew a long breath, and looked around. There was the gray cat on the rug, and there sat Topsy with her muslin cap and blue ribbon.

Fanny noticed his look. She said, "Topsy went off this morning, don't you think, and she lost her beautiful little handkerchief."

Willy went around and smoothed Topsy's fur, and called her "Miss Topsy;" then he patted the old cat, and called him "Lord Graycat," and everybody shouted with laughter; everybody but Willy, he looked perfectly serious.

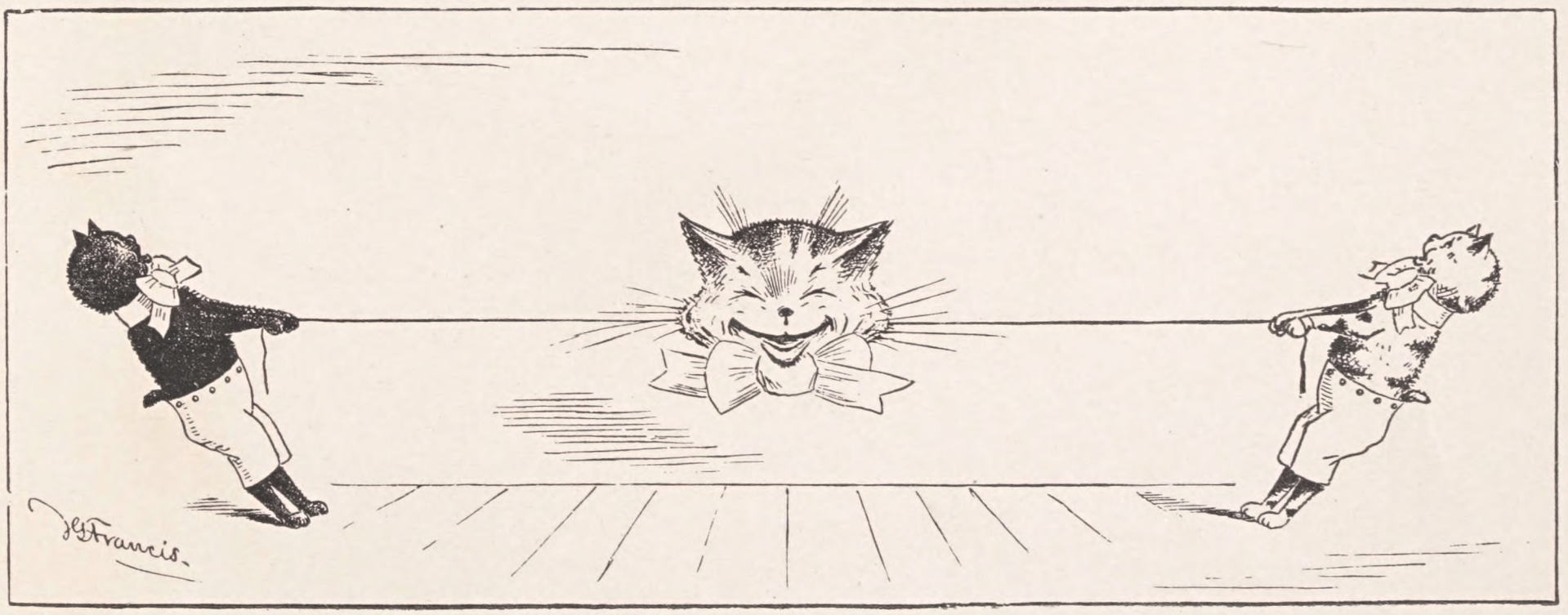
It was some time before Willy took his father and mother and Fanny into his confidence. His parents grieved him by doubting his story; but Fanny won his heart by believing every word of it.

One day Willy and Fanny went together into the woods in search of the hollow tree. They saw several cats wandering around, but the hole was filled with rubbish, and the branches were so thick that Willy could not climb them; so they contented themselves with leaving some nice pieces of meat and a little

note directed to the King Cat; and when they went again, both the note and food were gone.

After that they often went with Topsy and Lord Graycat, who seemed to enjoy the visits very much and to be acquainted with all the cats they met; but none of them could be induced to walk on their hind feet without help.

Willie kept his promise. He was a friend to all cats from that time, and he also persuaded many a boy to cease tormenting them.



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